Everybody's Magazine
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AMERICA'S NEUTRALITY

AS ENGLAND SEES IT

WRITTEN FOR EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE BY

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LORD ABERCONWAY OF BODNANT
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THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE
THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK
SIR HIRAM MAXIM
MAURICE HEWLETT
THE ARCHBISHOP OF ARMAGH
MRS. HUMPHRY WARD
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ISRAEL ZANGWILL
ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR
GEN. SIR GEORGE B. WOLSELEY
MAJ.-GEN. SIR ALFRED E. TURNER
WILLIAM DE MORGAN
W. J. LOCKE
SIR E. RAY LANKESTER
WILLIAM ARCHER

A Symposium gathered by Perriton Maxwell

As a response to these questions:

I. To what extent, in your opinion, can America continue to maintain her neutrality, assuming Germany's satisfactory apology for wrongs committed against the United States and her citizens, and the full and complete compliance on the part of the German Imperial Government with all the demands made by President Wilson?

II. Does the British Nation really care whether the United States remains neutral or joins the Allies in their present work of crushing Prussian militarism?

III. Would Great Britain benefit one way or another if the United States went to war with Germany?

IV. What of the future of America should Germany conceivably be able to dictate terms of peace or force arbitration upon the allied nations?

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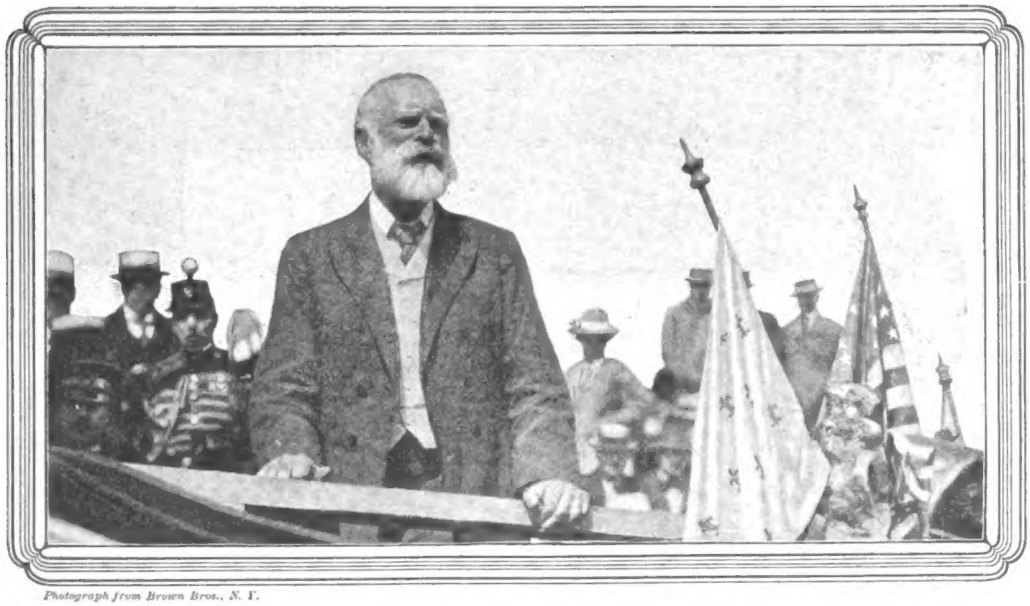
WHAT DO BRITISHERS THINK



Photograph from Brown Bros., N. Y.

VISCOUNT BRYCE

Viscount the Rt. Hon. James Bryce, former ambassador to the United States, is one of the foremost British authorities on international law.

A Challenge to All Civilization

Mr. Perriton Maxwell, during the past few months, has been seeking to discover, for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, how the British mind works when it comes to consider the relation of America to the European war. He has secured for this symposium the opinions of some of the greatest minds in Great Britain. These views—the sentiments of distinguished authors, statesmen, admirals, churchmen, peers—reveal an amazing diversity of opinion, convictions running all the way from extreme condemnation of our neutrality to heartiest approval. Here is a most unusual chance to "see ourselves as ithers see us," the "ithers" being men and women whose views we are accustomed to respect.

Most of the portraits were made especially for this symposium.—THE EDITOR.

CONSTANT pressure of work has obliged me to decline many requests similar to yours, and I am at present far too busy to be able to send an answer to your questions such as you desire. It seems to me, however, that it is not for us in Europe to suggest to America what course she ought to pursue.

My own opinions have already been expressed to friends in America. The way in which the German Government have conducted this war, their unblushing disregard of treaty obligations, their frequent breaches of international law and of the conventions they have signed, their inhuman treatment of innocent non-combatants, seem to me to constitute a challenge to all civilized nations and to threaten the future of mankind at large, the people of the Western hemisphere scarcely less than those of Europe.

Hindleap,
Forest Row,
Sussex.

Bryce

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OF AMERICA'S NEUTRALITY?

A Back Seat on Reckoning Day

H. G. WELLS

Wells has been in the British trenches in Flanders. Possibly what he saw there accounts for the bitterness of England's great novelist and philosopher.

I DO not think that there is any considerable section of opinion in Britain or any allied country that now either expects or desires the United States to have a voice in the final settlement of this war. At the outset we believed that the United States would stand with us in the defense of civilization and if need be act with us. Nobody now expects the United States to act, whatever outrages may occur. Nobody believes now that President Wilson's last message was a "virtual ultimatum." The letters and messages that come to Europe from America attract less and less attention. Britain had expected from the United States the neutrality of the just balance; she gets the neutrality of deliberate ineffectiveness.

Death has touched nearly every home in Britain; not one of us but can name sons or brothers or close friends among the dead. We have already lost more men than Germany did throughout the whole war of 1870-71. We are fighting on steadfastly, we are fighting now with our whole national being; if need be, we will fight for years, facing infinite stresses and impoverishment, to a bitter but certain victory. It will be a victory that will leave small scope for American arbitration. We fight not merely for our threatened selves; we fight for the liberty and peace of the whole world. We fight, and you Americans know we fight, for you.

War is a tragic and terrible business, and those who will not face the blood and dust of it must be content to play only the most secondary of parts in the day of reckoning.

That is, with the utmost frankness, what I am thinking, and what a very large number of other Englishmen are now thinking, about the United States.

St. James's Court,
Buckingham Gate,
London, S. W.

H.G. Wells

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SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

The creator of "Sherlock Holmes" is now giving his expert services to his country as a physician.

Every Nation the Best Judge of Her Own Honor

EVERY Briton would like to see the United States upon our side, because we are fighting the battle of liberty against aggressive militarism, and we should wish to have men of our blood at our side in so noble a contest, which will decide the future trend of the world's history.

So far as material things go, I am not clear what military or naval advantage could come to the Allies through the accession of the United States to their cause. We already hold the seas, and there are ample men for the land campaign.

I believe the American soldier to be second to none in the world, but before an adequate expeditionary force could be prepared and sent, the crisis of the war will probably be over.

Financially, the United States would, of course, be a great ally, but we believe that we have enough money to see the matter through.

As to whether the States should come in or not, it seems to me a sheer impertinence for any outsider to pronounce an opinion upon such a subject.

Every man is the best judge of his own honor, and so is every nation.

We appreciate upon this side of the Atlantic how complex and difficult is the American situation, and we rest assured that your country will act in such a way that you can justify your position to succeeding generations of Americans.

Windlesham,
Crowborough,
Sussex.

Arthur Conan Doyle.

LORD ABERCONWAY

Having many interests connected with our business, he is peculiarly interested in our course in the war.

The Future of Races at Stake

ASSUMING the United States possessed an armed force commensurate with its position in the world as one of our greatest peoples, in ordinary circumstances Germany would never have dared to trample on American rights, nor affront her with their insolent communications.

America has always stood for peace, and I for one have no blame for her because she has not provided herself with an army or a navy up to modern standards. Still, in the circumstances that have arisen, we here all deplore the position to which she has been reduced, while admitting that there are difficulties almost insuperable in the way of her enforcing the ultimatum against Germany.

Up to the present point of the war the neutrality of the United States has,

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in the opinion of most Englishmen, been of service to the Allies. As far as moral force counts for anything in this war, we have enjoyed a full measure of support from your great democracy in the fight we are making against despotism and human slavery of the worst kind. Probably that sympathy has been as effective in maintaining the neutrality of the smaller states as any action by the United States as a belligerent would have been. It has also enabled us to secure enormous supplies of war munitions and stores, which, had the United States been at war, might have been absorbed by their army and navy for their own requirements. To this extent we should have been sufferers, for this war is evidently a war of mechanical appliances against which personal courage appears to count for less than it has ever done before.

NEVERTHELESS, should diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany reach the breaking-point, the United States is in a position to render active and most valuable assistance to the Allies in the latter phases of the war, and possibly to bring it to a really effective conclusion. What the Canadians and Australians have done, the Americans of the United States can do, too. Hundreds of thousands of your men would rally to the Stars and Stripes without hesitation if their country called them, and these men would make your power felt in Europe before many months were passed. Your intervention would probably mean the collapse of German effort. But it must be clearly understood that the Allies would never consent to a patched-up peace which would leave Europe at the mercy of the military autocracy of Germany when that country should be ready for another war.

As to the future of America, should Germany conceivably be able to dictate terms of peace, there could be no two opinions. Your Monroe Doctrine would disappear. The German emissaries who have been stirring up strife in Mexico and suborning the corrupt governments of Central America have prepared the way for the virtual annexation of those southerly countries where German capital has been so largely invested. The fate of Brazil, too, would be only a question of time, and the hyphenated American of the United States would be strengthened in his determination to control the government for Germany's ends.

Let there be no mistake about the situation. The future of the Anglo-Saxon, the Celtic, and the Latin races, with all their ideals, is at stake, and it is to the interest of America as well as of Europe that the merciless ruffianism of the German military machine should be shattered to such fragments that it can never be built up again.

43, Belgrave Square,
London, W.

Abercorn

Duty Only to Humanity

I IMAGINE the general feeling among Britishers to be that America has, fortunately for herself, nothing to do with this war, except as it may affect the general future of humanity.

Monks Corner,
Marlow Common,
Bucks.

Jerome K Jerome

JEROME K. JEROME

The Englishman who wrote "Three Men In a Boat" is both a humorist and a moralist.

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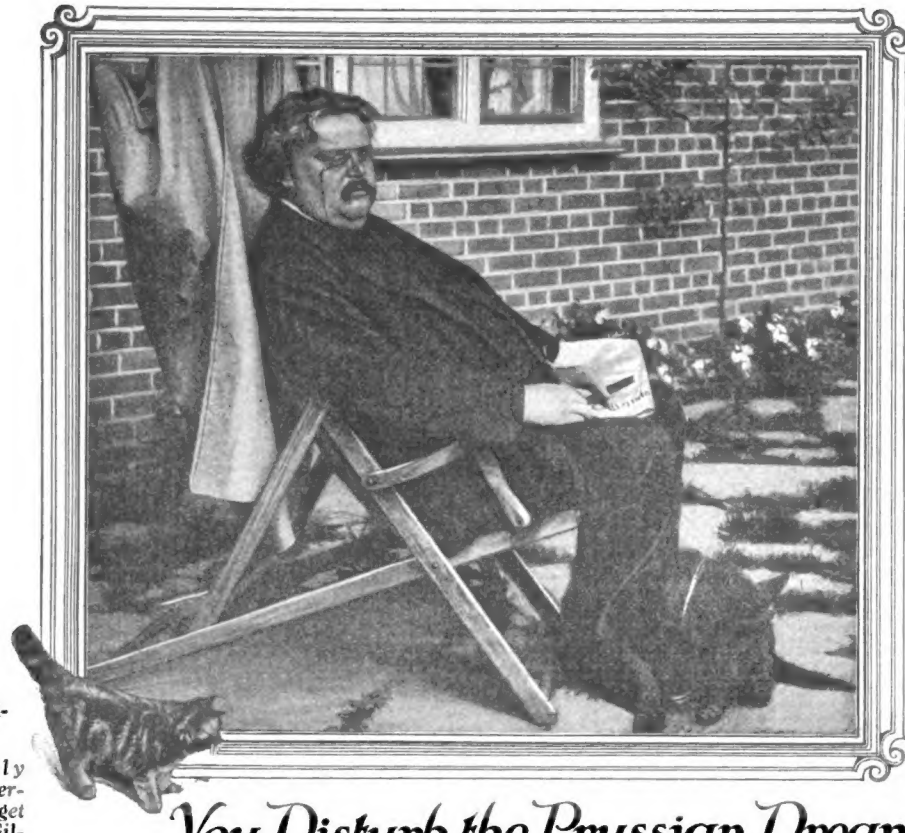

G. K. CHESTERTON

Genuinely popular wherever Britons get together, Gilbert K. Chesterton, essayist of the first rank, represents a large block of English sentiment.

You Disturb the Prussian Dream

SOME part of the question asked I should have a delicacy in answering at all; for I believe the only way an Englishman can profitably express his respect for America is by perpetually reminding himself that the Declaration of Independence is not only a literary masterpiece, but a historical fact. I know I am annoyed when Germans try to link me up in something called the Teutonic race; and I can quite understand an American (even an American friendly to England) being annoyed when we try to link him up in something called the Anglo-Saxon race. Such unifications are as vulgar as a prearranged marriage between a boy and a girl; and generally have the same result.

For the first question, therefore, touching how far Americans can carry their neutrality, I can only answer that it is a question for them, and not for me. But to the question beginning "Does the British nation care?" I can answer that it cares very much what America may do; though perhaps not quite so much as Germany cares, merely because of the moral nature of the conflict.

What makes America stupendously important is this: that she is the only adequate witness who is capable of judging, and yet is unbiased in judgment. China is impartial, but also, like so many impartial judges, ignorant. Spain and Sweden are intelligently in touch; but every one knows that Spain is in the Latin orbit, and Sweden more or less in the Germanic one. America is the

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only open court in which a man is neither preaching to the converted nor giving information to the enemy. The Germans have sense enough to know that the United States is not "the Anglo-Saxon race," but the United States; and therefore they feel (whatever they may say) that any American condemnation means, as it were, the abstract White Man condemning them, the essential European unconstrained by the current quarrels of Europe. Europeans feel as if they were being judged by their own ancestors, or by their own descendants. Thus, both the English and the Germans feel that if one of the parties bulks roughly to the American eye as the aggressor or the anarchic person, it is roughly so that he will bulk in history. It can not be denied that a moral judgment appears more decisive in history when it is supported by arms. But it is still the moral judgment that is really important.

As to the practical benefit of America's actual participation in the war, I have heard two views, and am hardly competent to judge between them. On the one hand, it is held by many Englishmen, on a merely English calculation, that in the peculiar circumstances Americans are doing more in making munitions for us than if they had to make them for themselves. On the other hand, it is held by some, including Americans, that many firms in the United States would work for an alliance including America who will not work for an alliance not including her. I am no authority on such a point.

On the last question, however—the future of America in face of a German triumph—I can speak, if not with authority, at least with certainty. There is simply no doubt in the world that a German power founded on the breaking of France and England would have ultimately to break America, too, before its work was secure. In the whole perspective of history Prussia has had but one purpose—the destruction of democracy and the substitution of what she considers scientific discipline and the gradation of ranks. She has openly professed that Junkers come first among Prussians, Prussians among Germans, Germans among men. She hopes to arrange all humanity in this hierarchy, and it would be useless and very dangerous to establish it in the smaller continent while an equality of innumerable races still flourished in the larger one.

A rich and disdainful democracy across the Atlantic is something which the German Empire simply could not afford to tolerate. If Germany gets as far as that, it would be vain to discuss whether America should fight, because America certainly will; and in that fight, please God, she would have Burgoyne beside her as well as Lafayette.

Over-Roads, Aylesbury End, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

G. K. Chesterton

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE

Besides taking the keenest interest in educational problems, he is also a thoroughgoing small "d" democrat.

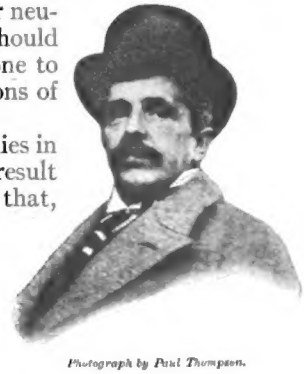
German Victory an American Peril

WHETHER America can or will continue to maintain her neutrality in the present war, or whether she should or should not take part in the conflict are questions for her alone to settle, and I do not think it is the business of persons of other nationalities to express opinions on these matters.

But should the United States actually decide to join with the Allies in crushing the enemy of their common civilization, I believe that this result would be brought appreciably nearer, and there can be no doubt that, whatever line America may take now, she will be in great peril if Germany should, unfortunately, prove victorious.

Clumber Park,
Clumber,
Worksop.

Newcastle



Photograph by Paul Thompson.

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Photograph by Paul Thompson.

LADY WARWICK

Known and loved as a champion of the "under dog," the Countess of Warwick is as versatile as she is radical.

The World's Anchor to Windward

LOOKING at the question from the broadest standpoint of humanity, I see no good reason why America should join the Allies. The United States stands for peace and progress. In its vast "melting-pot" the jarring nationalities tend, however slowly, to become useful, progressive, and peace-loving citizens. Three thousand miles of water seem to me to emphasize the proper rôle of the United States of America. Let one great nation stand aloof from the horrors of war; its sanity and judgment will yet be of service to the world.

Would Great Britain benefit if the United States of America went to war? I think not. The Allies are at the present drawing across the Atlantic vast supplies that the United States of America could not spare if it were to enter the ranks of the belligerents. A sane and friendly neutrality seems to me to be the most and best we can look for. America's sober judgment has delivered a moral verdict in our favor—we have every reason to be satisfied with this.

The United States should, and I am sure does, know by now that it must put itself in a position to resist aggression in whatever form and from whatever quarter. It is wealthy beyond imagining, not only in material resources but in pride of race and citizenship. If it will turn all its potentialities to account, it can face menace from any quarter. Without adequate preparation it stands in the position in which the Allies found themselves in August, 1914. The United States of America, like the rest of the world, must pay the price of what it stands for. No other great Power is equally able to do so.

Easton Lodge,
Dunmow,
Essex.

Frances Evelyn Warwick.

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SIR HIRAM MAXIM

The gun is better known than the man who made it, and is taking a far more active part in the war.

The United States Has Grown Up

IT IS in the power of the United States to observe the strictest neutrality as far as Germany is concerned. It would not in any way infringe international law, if the Americans refused to supply Germany with any of the necessities of life. The British nation would certainly be much gratified if their kinsmen, the Americans, should take a hand in the game and assist in suppressing the "mad bull of Europe."

England would certainly be greatly benefited if America should go to war with Germany. Sir Roper Parkington, M. P., in a recent speech said: "If the Americans should join the Allies, the war would soon be ended."

The great wealth and population of the United States and its distance from the warlike nations of Europe, renders it absolutely impossible for any European nation to invade the country, and in the event of war with Germany, the overwhelming British navy as well as the French navy would be sure to join the Americans. If England and America are wise enough to join hands they can very easily prevent future wars.

The Monroe Doctrine was all right while the Americans were a small and weak nation, but they have now become practically the greatest nation on earth, and as a world nation they must perform the duties of a world nation, the same as England has done.

Hiram S. Maxim

Norwood Road,
West Norwood,
London, S. E.

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The Atlantic No Sure Defense

Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

MAURICE HEWLETT

The man who wrote "The Forest Lovers" is one of the few Englishmen who make a serious attempt to follow American sentiment.

FROM my American correspondence I gather that thinkers of the type of Dr. William White and Mr. James Beck are exceptional in regarding the United States as morally involved in the European struggle, and still more exceptional in believing that the time may soon come when they will be actually and dangerously involved. Personally, I believe that Dr. White and Mr. Beck are right, because I regard the war as a conflict between humanity and barbarism. That is a conflict which will go on so long as there are barbarians or civilized people left in the world; and sooner or later America will have to choose between them.

It is true that the English are at war because they find the German sword at their throats, but it is also true that they are fighting for a principle. That principle is the right of races of men to racial freedom. The same principle was at stake in the Napoleonic War of a century ago; but at that time only statesmen perceived it; to-day, the people themselves know it. The American people see the Atlantic as a sufficient barrier—and so it will be so long as Great Britain can act as a cork to the Baltic. But if the Germans draw that cork—which, thank God, they will not in our lifetime—then the Atlantic will be no sure defense. Then, if it is not too late, America will have to do what Great Britain is doing now, and I don't doubt but that she will do what becomes her.

You ask me what my feeling is about actual and present American participation in the war.

My answer is, that the stronger the fight for freedom the sooner will freedom be assured. I am an obstinate idealist, and I look upon the United States as a nation founded upon an idea; the idea that all men are born free. If it is too much to expect that they will fight for that idea, I excuse myself by pointing out that they have already fought for it twice—against the English in the eighteenth century and against their Southern States in the nineteenth.

M. Hewlett.

7, Northwick Terrace, London, N. W.

For Honor, Peace and Freedom

I FEEL so strongly that the question of the active interference of the great American republic on the side of the Allies in the present war is so absolutely safe in the hands of President Wilson and his counselors, that I dare not attempt to give advice in the matter.

I am absolutely convinced that America, with her passionate love of liberty, and her hatred of crime and lust, can not but bitterly resent the action of Germany, first in forcing the present awful war upon the nations of the world, and then in the horrible and cynical brutality with which she has conducted the

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war, her contempt for treaties, and her wilful disregard for the liberties of smaller nationalities.

These have awakened, I doubt not, the righteous indignation of every true-born American subject.

But when we add to this the thought of the one hundred years of ever-increasing friendship and peaceful intercourse between Great Britain and America, and the knowledge that on the success of British arms rests not only the future peace of Europe, but even the security of American independence, and the downfall of the effort to subdue the nations of the world under the iron heel of Prussian domination—when we think of all this, then I am well assured that our brethren in America, of our own race and language, will do what is best in this cruel crisis to prove themselves the gallant heirs of the men who sacrificed all they loved most to win for America the independence for which Russia and France and Italy, as well as the British Empire, are fighting today.

Honoring as I do with all my heart the great American people, I value most keenly the sympathy and practical help which America can give—in whatever way her statesmen think best—for the cause of international honor, of national peace, and of the world's freedom from the hideous nightmare of Prussian militarism.

The Palace,
Armagh, Ireland.

John B. Armagh

ARCH-BISHOP OF ARMAGH

The Most Reverend John Baptist Crozier is one of the great scholars of the British Empire. He has been Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of all Ireland since 1911.

Britain Feels That America's Heart Goes With Her Stores and Gold

IF AMERICA can help us financially and pour out an increasing tide of munitions, that probably—given your own internal difficulties—would be best for us.

As to your own point of view—*i. e.*, the honor of the States, and the safety of your people at sea—of that naturally you are the best judges, and we shall accept whatever line you take, confident all through that the heart of America is with us.

As to what might happen if England were more severely pressed than she is now, it is of no use to speculate.

We are at present convinced that time and facts are with the Allies, and that we shall slowly but steadily win the war.

We believe that a year hence, if the war lasts till then, we shall be relatively much stronger than we are now, and the Germans weaker—and so on to the end.

The winter will show.

Mary A. Ward

Stocks House,
Stocks, Tring.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD

Courtesy of Harper & Bros., N.Y.

"Robert Elsmere," "Lady Rose's Daughter," and "The Marriage of William Ashe" have given her an audience of millions.

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G. B SHAW

His name anathema throughout Britain since his "Common Sense and the War," Shaw still waits for England to get 'her belly full of murder and destruction."

Neutrality Is Nonsense

I HAD rather not answer your questions just now; and if the other wise men are discreet they will say the same. In a situation like the present a clear statement of the interests involved is useful to all the belligerents in proportion to the intelligence with which they take advantage of it. Now there is no proof that the Germans have better brains than the English; but they are evidently much more disposed to use their brains. Under these circumstances I refrain from placing my views at the disposal of the Germans. They would see my points; whereas the English, with whose fortunes my own are bound up, would not even attend to them.

I may, however, remark that America is not neutral. She is taking a very active part in the war by supplying us with ammunition and weapons and other munitions. Neutrality is nonsense. "Crushing Germany" is also nonsense. Our present work is nothing so foolishly impracticable; we are demonstrating that the famous Prussian military machine will break its teeth on us; and I trust we shall be prepared to repeat the demonstration as often as Prussia likes to try to eat us.

The future lies with an alliance to which Britain, Germany, France, and the United States will be the first and indispensable parties.

Torquay,
Devon.

G. Bernard Shaw.

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ISRAEL ZANGWILL

The foremost Hebrew writer of the day, author of "The Children of the Ghetto" "Merely Mary Ann," and "The Melting Pot," is a believer in woman's suffrage.

Germany Needs a Gallery

I SEE no difficulty in America maintaining her neutrality unless directly attacked by one of the belligerents. America has no immediate power of placing large numbers of troops on the European battle-grounds, and her navy would not diminish the reluctance of the German fleet to come out and fight, while the loss or diminution of her export war-material would be a serious drawback to the value of her cooperation.

For these reasons England feels no righteous indignation at her holding back.

Moreover, without the mediation and assistance of America's ambassadors, ministers, consuls, and missionary ships, there would be hardly an oasis of civilization left in Europe; while, unless America continues neutral, Germany will have no "gallery" to play to; the last restraint on her scientific savagery will be swept away.

In the improbable event of Germany proving the dictator of peace, I still see no danger to America, unless a challenge to the Monroe Doctrine in Brazil or elsewhere be considered one.

But the Monroe Doctrine would lose its last vestige of meaning if America intervened in a European war.

Far End, East Preston, Sussex.

Israel Zangwill

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Photo by Paul Thompson.

ADMIRAL SEYMOUR

Sir Edward has seen many a naval battle. He represented England at the Hudson-Fulton Celebration.

GENERAL WOLSELEY

The brother of the late Field-Marshal Sir Garnet has himself served long and brilliantly under the British colors.

Neutrality With Honor

IF GERMANY'S reply was fully satisfactory, and acted upon, no further attack on ships carrying American subjects being made, the United States could remain neutral with honor, not otherwise.

I believe we should be glad to see the great United States nation join in the defense of freedom and humanity, and the stoppage of barbarous conduct both on land and sea.

If the United States joined us and our Allies, the stoppage of all supplies from America (to Germany) would benefit us, even if no further action were taken.

Queen Anne's Mansions, London, S. W.

Edward Seymour.

A Gauge of Greatness

PERSONALLY, I have always held that America would come to England's assistance if ever England was hard pressed. Great Britain as yet is not, thank God, in a hole. Still, it has puzzled me not a little during the past year to assign a good cause for America remaining neutral in this awful contest. Of course, we know that the United States has more foreign blood in its constitution than that of any other great power. Still, are we not justified in feeling that she has always looked upon Great Britain as the mother country? And is not America, just as much as Great Britain, a lover of justice and a hater of all such atrocities as those which have characterized the warfare of the Huns? It was hard to reconcile America's neutrality after the massacre of her people in the *Lusitania*. It is still harder to account for her neutrality after Germany's insolent explanation of that event, in reply to President Wilson's note.

The question is not now whether America should or should not help the Allies; it is now that the western continent of the world should prove that she is a truly great nation.

And as a friend she can no longer stand aloof and see civilization, and all that great nations are bound to uphold and hold dear, crushed and trampled under foot by barbarism and "frightfulness."

And if America still persists in remaining neutral, she may be richer and have saved many lives by such neutrality if the Allies are victorious. But if Germany is victorious, what does she expect? Not merely a changed world, surely. How will Germany deal with America then—when she and Austria and Turkey have changed that world?

That is the serious question which our brothers and sisters across the sea may do well to consider.

In conclusion, I am quite convinced that it is the unanimous opinion throughout Great Britain that America should join the Allies, and it is undoubtedly a fixed hope in this country that she will assuredly do so before many months have passed.

Thatched Cottage, Wateringbury, Kent.

J. R. Wolseley Sincerely

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Out, America Is Most Powerful

THE feeling of Great Britain toward the United States is always one of deep sympathy; it is especially so now in the most difficult and thorny path which the latter has to tread.

In the course of a speech which the "epileptic with highly developed criminal instincts" (a description thoroughly applicable to both Caligula and the Kaiser) delivered in June, 1908, to his crowd of parasitical swashbucklers, the imperial braggart boasted that he practically ruled in the United States through the medium of one Dr. Hexamer and three million German voters. The vile plot of the German reptile was meant to embrace the United States as well as Europe in its python folds. America, like Great Britain, has suffered the influx of their secret enemies to flow uninterruptedly for decades, little thinking what vipers they were cherishing in their bosoms.

As in Great Britain, so in the United States there are many Germans who loathe the Kaiser and his militarist government and who dare, except in a few cases, to openly declare themselves. But the presence of a vast number of Germans in America who are utterly without a sense of honor and who, regardless of the freedom and safety and hospitality which she has accorded them, would turn on her and rend her at the bidding of the infamous Kaiser, renders the position of your President a most critical and difficult one. People are too apt to condemn him for inertia without estimating his situation justly or fairly.

However, President Wilson can not maintain neutrality if Germany continues in her lust for blood and destruction to murder helpless American non-combatants. There is a point where the honor of a Government and the protection of its citizens must be upheld at all costs. America has the power to lay the German monster low, as it is being crushed, slowly but surely, in all other parts of the world. If, however, Germany agrees *fully* to President Wilson's demands, which seems unlikely, owing to her glee over recent murders on the seas, there appears no reason why America should not remain neutral.

I should say that the British nation would rejoice, in the abstract, in having America with her and her Allies in this holy war of liberation; but practically America is most beneficial to the Allies by her neutrality. The German flag has been swept from off the face of the deep, so there is no work left for America's splendid navy to do, while her army is unready, and if it were not so it could hardly be brought to Europe to fight. Therefore, as things now are, the Allies would hardly benefit by America joining in the actual conflict.

Germany can not win or dictate terms. If she did, America would be, according to the mad Kaiser's program, the next object of his attentions, for he despises and repudiates the Monroe Doctrine. America will no doubt, after the war, as will the Allies, stop or very greatly restrict the immigrations of Germans and Austrians into their country. Their presence is by no means necessary, while it has indeed proved to be an actual danger, owing to their innate treachery and power of deception and lack of honor.

MAJOR-GENERAL TURNER

A soldier of note, decorated for distinguished service. Sir Alfred is the author of "Sixty Years of a Soldier's Life."

Carlyle House,
Chelsea Embankment,
London, S. W.

Alfred Turner
Maj. General

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She Can Not Go Back Who Shakes Hands With the Devil

WILLIAM DE MORGAN

The author of "Alice-for-Short," "Somehow Good," and "It Never Can Happen Again" looks at us from the position of "a man in a tree."

MY answers to your inquiries are as follows:

"To what extent, in your opinion, can America maintain her future neutrality, assuming Germany's satisfactory apology or full agreement with the demands of President Wilson?"

I think the range of this assumption is too great for practical discussion. No apology for wholesale murder, committed without risk to the assassins, can be *satisfactory*. And Germany's unreserved admission of her crime is an official impossibility. Such an admission would weaken the grip of the Hohenzollerns on the docile race they are leading to destruction.

But even supposing that a formal prevarication can be made to do duty for an *amende honorable*, I see no reason why the United States should be dragged into the quarrel, except that the human portion of its population outnumbers its German portion, and the throes of humanity at grips with a wild beast may make inaction impossible. It is a question how much the majority of Americans can endure, rather than a question of national interests. Americans are fortunate in having an unfailing guide to right and justice. They have only to determine what George Washington would have done, and do it.

"Does the British nation care whether America remains neutral or joins the Allies in their present work of crushing Germany?"

England would be most reluctant that this war should be shortened at the cost of the States if the bold bid for omnipotence made by Germany could be interpreted to exclude the American continent. But, believing as we do on this side, that *Deutschland über Alles* means what it says, and not what Goethe is supposed to have meant by it, we should welcome the entry of the States into the Alliance, not only as tending to shorten the war, but as an act of prudence on the part of our new Allies—an anticipation of an inevitable struggle to come.

The fact that we (that is to say, the Allies) hope to cut the claws of the German leopard ourselves does not exclude the *possibility* of a German triumph. When battles are fought with poisons—and the resources of infectious microbes are as yet almost untouched—it is well not to be too sure that the old rhymed saying of bygone days may not turn out true, with one word changed:

German axe on English oak,
On English neck a German yoke;
German spoon on English dish,
And England ruled as Germans wish—
Good hap in England never more
Till England's rid of all the four.

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"Would this country benefit one way or the other if America went to war with Germany?"

The answer to this is almost anticipated by the foregoing. If America gave way to the feeling of the American Admiral in China who said, "Blood is stronger than water" and threw the weight of his gunfire into the English scale, the war would certainly be shortened, and England and civilization would benefit. The argument that England would lose, in munitions supplied, what she gained by the incoming of a new and powerful ally, is obvious nonsense, especially in view of the rapid new production of war material in England, constantly increasing.

"What of the future of America should Germany win?"

If all the world but America were ruled by Germany, the United States, already partly German, would soon follow suit and become wholly so. *Di meliora piis!*

I am no hater of Germans. On the contrary, I have reason to love many that I have known, many that I know. Some of the happiest days of my life have been passed on the North German Lloyd ships. But I am bound to say that Prussian passengers who came on board—often human baboons—did not contribute to my satisfaction.

The crews, on the other hand, were as nice fellows as may be met anywhere in a month of Sundays, and I am sad at heart to think of the ships I have been on that have been sent to the bottom.

But when I speak of Germany I mean the Germany that places responsibility to the state above responsibility to a possible Unseen; that regards war, not as a contest of strength, warrior-wise, but as the effort of enemies to injure each other, sneak-wise, as by poison gas, if that is the safer way; the Germany whose denizen abroad plots destruction to his host on the very hearth of his hospitality, and organizes armies of incendiaries within hail of the fire-stations he looks to day by day for protection: that is, the Germany of militarism; as foolish as the "militancy" of the suffragette, as wicked as the last word of hell against heaven. Poor Germany! *Facilis descensus Averni.* She can not go back who shakes hands with the devil—she must needs kiss his lips in the end.

William De Morgan

127, Church Street, Chelsea, London, S. W.

"Jealous of American Honor"

I GREATLY appreciate your letter, and if I have delayed answering it, it is because I have required a little time to think over the request it contains. Up to now I have carefully refrained from writing anything on the situation for the American press. I have a great love and admiration for America, where I have many known, and (a greater privilege still) many unknown friends, and I feel deeply jealous of her honor. I have trusted, and I continue to trust, in her standing for righteousness. For a small voice like mine to proclaim such a belief to a great nation would be, I think, both impertinent and presumptuous. Again, if I knew less—or if I knew more—of America and her intricate problems I might answer your questions. And now the sinking of the *Arabic* complicates matters still further.

Most whimsical of living novelists, Mr. Locke long ago won his way into the affections of American readers.

Corner Hall,
Hemel Hempstead, Herts.

W J Locke

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Photograph by Brown News Service.

SIR E. RAY LANKESTER

A leading British scientist, he is noted for his biological researches and his discoveries in zoology and comparative anatomy.

America May Hurt Her Eyes, Looking Too Long at Her Money Pots

MY FEELING is one of extreme regret that the United States of America did not, at an early stage of the war, join the Allies in the work of restraining Germany the war-maker, the breaker of treaties, the power which defies the traditions of humanity.

I know that a vast majority of the people of the United States regards the unprovoked destruction and looting of Belgian cities, the murder of Belgian men, women, and children, and the enslavement of their survivors, as well as the sinking of ship-loads of innocent travelers on the high seas by the Germans, with as much horror and indignation as I do. They also know, as I do, that the slaughter of millions of men and the arrest of the work of civilized humanity during the past year is solely and directly the deed of the German military class, which, with remorseless ambition, has deliberately educated and prepared Germany to seize, plunder, and murder her neighbors, at the moment chosen by it, for the purpose of establishing the German war-lords as the masters of the world.

This being common knowledge, one may well ask: "Why is it that the United States of America has not joined with the great states of Europe to destroy, as a duty to humanity, the Prussian military tyranny?"

In my judgment, the American abstention from war with Germany is owing to a mistaken though patriotic desire on the part of many leading Americans to safeguard and increase the material prosperity of their country.

I do not presume to say that they are wrong in principle, but I am convinced that the "material interests" of a nation can not be separated from its "moral and spiritual interests." Material interests can never be permanently and greatly advanced by shutting our eyes to the call of honor and humanity and allowing our devotion to freedom and justice to dwindle.

I am asked what I think would be the future of America should Germany triumph in this war—and America remain neutral. I do not hesitate to say that America, having tolerated, submitted to, and sought profit through the triumph of German iniquity, would lose her self-respect and her power to oppose and destroy what is vile and injurious. Having refused at this moment to strangle that hateful thing, unscrupulous militarism, she would hereafter fall a victim in her turn to German intrigue, and military ambition.

On the other hand, were America to abandon neutrality and to seek with the Allies to make an end to militarism and to establish freedom, justice, and good-will among men, she would enter upon a path which, whatever its immediate difficulty and cost, must insure her real and enduring prosperity.

The value and effectiveness of America's participation with us in this war can not be overestimated. Not only would her soldiers and ships and her makers of munitions and her money shorten the war and save endless misery and slaughter, but her coming in would give overwhelming unanimity to the condemnation of the German madness which her present attitude, to some extent, encourages. Her union with us in this crisis would have far-reaching results. It would tend to new developments in British and American relations and lead to the final repression of war.

Thurloe Place,
South Kensington,
London, S. W.

E. Ray Lankester

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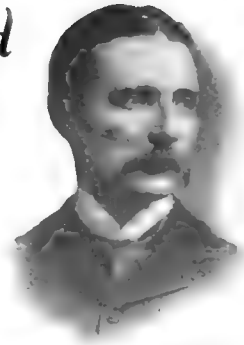
What a Germanized Europe Would Mean to the United States



Photograph from Brown Bros., N. Y.

WILLIAM ARCHER

An accepted authority on English drama, he is especially notable as the man who introduced Ibsen to the English-speaking stage.

I SIT down to answer your questions on the morning after the sinking of the *Arabic*. What influence that event may have on the relations of Germany and the United States I neither know nor propose to conjecture. But I should like—since you are good enough to offer me the opportunity—to state my view of the essential relation of America to this war of the world-ideals, quite independently of the situation created by German maritime outrages.

If her honor demands it, America will actively resent the accumulation of German insult and injury to which she has been subjected; if her honor does not demand it, she will not. It is not for us in England to express any judgment on that point. I will only say, as a life-long lover of your country and believer in her splendid destiny, that the day which saw the United States and England fighting side by side for the freedom of the world would be to me a day of heartfelt pride and happiness.

The view I wish to suggest, however, was formed long before there was any question of the United States' taking up arms in the present conflict, and would remain unaffected if Germany had been as careful to conciliate American feeling as she has in fact been reckless in outraging it. The United States, as it seems to me, is as directly interested in the victory of the Allies as any of the actual combatants. This does not mean that she ought o have intervened at the first or, necessarily, that she ought to intervene at all. There is every reason to hope that the Allies will, by their own strength, succeed in defeating the gigantic destructive organization of Germany and the dogged tenacity which she is certainly showing. What I mean is that a substantial German victory—a victory leaving Germany in possession of Belgium—would create a situation absolutely intolerable to the United States, unless she is prepared to sacrifice the whole advantage of her geographical position, and every ideal for which she has hitherto stood.

In Belgium lies the crux of the whole matter. On all other points controversy is possible. It may be that Germany did not will the war, but only blundered into it. It may be that Russia began to mobilize too hastily. It may be that if France had done this, or England had done that, the catastrophe might have been averted. I do not believe in any of these "maybe's," but they are arguable by Germanophil ingenuity. It may even be that sheer urgency of self-preservation compelled Germany to strike at France across Belgium. But when, having done so, amid horrors unexampled in the past three centuries, Germany announces her intention of wiping Belgium off the map of Europe and robbing the Belgians of their nationality, after having robbed them of everything else, all possibility of argument ceases.

FOR such an act there can be no plausible pretext in law or equity. It is sheer undisguised, unashamed filibustering, justifiable only by that denial of all moral obligation between state and state which is the cornerstone of German political theory. Is that theory to triumph and rapacious military force henceforth to override all laws, all boundaries, all scruples, all patriotisms, all humanities?

Such is the clear-cut issue presented to the world by the German occupation

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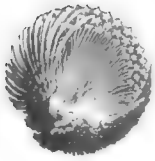
of Belgium. It is fortunate for the world, though it is Belgium's calamity, that all wrangling as to the original responsibility for the war can now be brushed aside as unimportant. Had Germany let Belgium alone, or even treated her decently, she might have hoped, even in the face of her openly avowed principles, to retain the sympathy of superficial observers, by posing as the victim of aggression on the part of envious neighbors. But that pose is now hopelessly exploded. Germany stands forth on the skyline as the rampant "beast of prey" of Nietzsche's ideal, determined at all hazards to reign supreme in the blood-stained jungle of the planet.



To the American people, rearrangements of European territory and redistribution of colonies in the Eastern hemisphere may not directly mean very much. But if Germany remains in possession of Belgium, and is thus enabled to assure herself that her principle of statecraft as the apotheosis of force has triumphantly vindicated itself in practise, then I say that the whole atmosphere of the world will have changed in such a way that no believer in the ideals of democracy and humanity will be able to draw free breath in it.

The immediate result will be the absolute predominance of military autocracy in the Eastern hemisphere. Germany will have all Europe, except Russia, at her feet. The dismemberment of France, even if delayed for the moment, will come in a few years. The small nations will live, if at all, simply on German sufferance. If Holland be not actually swallowed up, she will be forced to hand over so much territory as to make the mouth of the Scheldt entirely German, and to let no question of neutral waters impair the effectiveness of the pistol held at the head of England. Desperately, with all her might, England will strive to maintain her command of the sea; but there are limits to her resources, and when Germany has all Western Europe in her pocket, she will be able to offer England the alternative of submission or bankruptcy.

Meanwhile, Russia will be sulking in the east, her vast resources rendering her just sufficiently formidable to afford a valid excuse for the maintenance of the German military machine at its highest power and efficiency. The possible developments of Japan and China are beyond the scope of prophecy; but there is not the least likelihood of their taking a democratic or humanitarian turn. The Old World, then, would practically be divided, so far as conjecture can run, into three great military organizations: the Teutonic, the Slavonic, and the Mongolian, each armed to the teeth, and consequently able to suppress without remorse any stirrings or revolt against the serfdom to which the masses of the population would certainly be reduced.

The next development would probably be the swallowing of one autocracy by another. Then, as in the song of the nigger-boys, there would be two military autocracies instead of three; and finally, no doubt, there would be one instead of two.

THIS is no remote and fantastic nightmare. It is a condition of things which might very well work itself out within the present century if the German annexation of Belgium is permitted to stand as an accomplished fact. Is that to be or not to be? Such is the momentous question which, in the event of a German victory, the United States would have to answer.

In the forecast above attempted, America is left entirely out of account. It is assumed, for the sake of argument, that she simply stands by and looks on. But even if this course were possible to her for a certain time, it would in the long run prove impossible. The planet can not be divided into two parts, like the auditorium and the stage of a theatre, so that a group of democracies

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seated in the western auditorium should be able to watch at their ease the terrific drama of Militarism Triumphant tearing Civilization to tatters on the eastern stage.

It is sometimes said that Germany's first step, on destroying the sea power of England, would be to challenge the Monroe Doctrine and attempt to found a new Germany in South America. That is probably not the literal truth; it would not be Germany's first step, but rather her second. Her first step would be to suggest to the United States a partition of the planet, saying: "You claim a free hand in your hemisphere? Very well, we concede it, so long as you leave us a free hand in ours." Is that a compact to which America could either with dignity or with common prudence consent? It would place her in this dilemma: either she would have to look on idly while Germany grew overwhelmingly powerful (in which case the compact would be a mere "scrap of paper" the moment Germany chose to denounce it), or she would have to keep pace with Germany in conscript armies and gigantic sea and air navies, thus relinquishing the whole advantage of her transoceanic position. The world can not be peacefully divided between autocracies organized for war and democracies organized for peace. One ideal or the other must win the day all the world over.

ASSUMING that America does not actually intervene in the present war, she will have to be prepared for one or other of three possible eventualities. Should the Allies win a decisive success, it will then be America's part to urge moderation in victory, and to work for a peace which shall be a healing of old sores, not an opening of new ones. The one essential point is, not a humiliation, nor even a real weakening of Germany, but a practical demonstration that her prophets of the past forty years have been false prophets, and that her true welfare is not to be sought in aggression and conquest.

If the war should result in a stalemate, and the fate of Belgium be left trembling in the balance, America, by the mere weight of her influence, might easily deflect the balance on the right side.

If, on the other hand, Germany should definitely win, and should claim Belgium as the prize of victory, then would be the time for America to step in and say: "If you insist on this iniquity, I may not have power for the moment to prevent it. But take note that I once for all make common cause with the nations who hold your principles and actions in abhorrence. Do you really think it practicable to pit your resources against those of the whole Anglo-Saxon and Latin world? If so, go ahead: sit tight in Belgium, and pull yourself together for the real Armageddon. You make it all the more abundantly evident that German militarism is a disease which must be rooted out before free men can once more breathe freely on this planet."

America is like a fortress surrounded by the widest and deepest moat that is, or can be, in the world. But even such a moat as the Atlantic is not, in these days, sufficient for security. If the people of the United States are to "sleep quietly in their beds," they must hold a "bridge-head" on the other side of the moat—or have it held for them by a people on whom they can rely, and with whom they can cordially work together. Such a bridge-head is Britain, planted there, one might almost say, by a far-seeing historic Providence. It would be a gigantic tactical error to suffer that bridge-head to fall into the hands of a potential and probable enemy, or even to be dismantled of its battlements. If Belgium passes finally under German rule, England's strength will be so much impaired that America will, to all intents and purposes, have lost a priceless outwork and the key to her defensive position.

27, Fitzroy Square,
London, W.

William Archer

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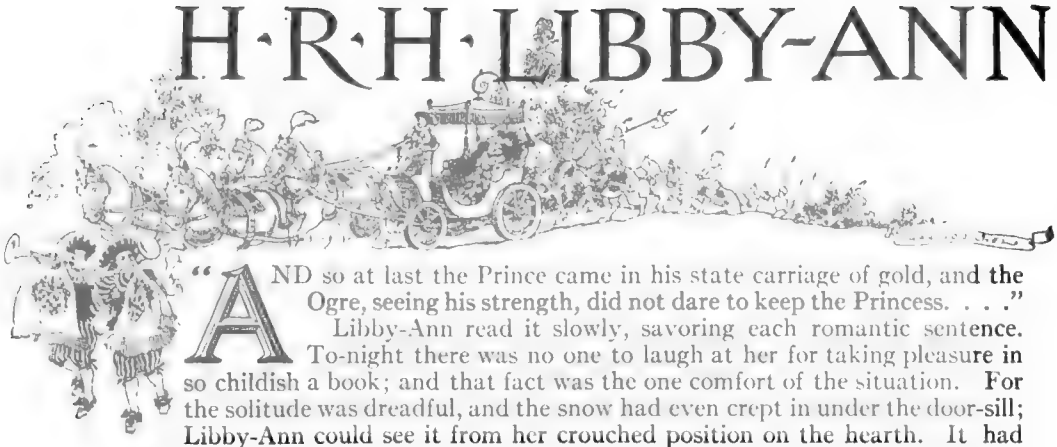
H·R·H·LIBBY-ANN



"AND so at last the Prince came in his state carriage of gold, and the Ogre, seeing his strength, did not dare to keep the Princess. . . ."

Libby-Ann read it slowly, savoring each romantic sentence. To-night there was no one to laugh at her for taking pleasure in so childish a book; and that fact was the one comfort of the situation. For the solitude was dreadful, and the snow had even crept in under the door-sill; Libby-Ann could see it from her crouched position on the hearth. It had filtered through the chinks of the east window, too, cutting the blackness of the night beyond into fresh silhouettes at every new drive of the jeering gale. The house was full of strange, untoward noises; of cracklings and creakings, as of ghostly footsteps, or—worse yet!—of trespassing human feet.

"Did not dare to keep the Princess. . . ."

A shutter banged distantly, and Libby-Ann started from her seat trembling. Then she pulled herself together.

"Of course it's nothing!" she said aloud. "I know it's nothing. None of the noises are anything but *noises!* Still . . ."

She glanced apprehensively over her shoulder as the lonely little building trembled from attic to cellar. It seemed the very heart of a maelstrom, whose malignity was centered upon herself. Libby-Ann defied it with a laugh that had a sob of sheer loneliness and terror perilously close behind it. Then, crossing to where the supper lay spread upon the red-and-white checked cloth, she turned the dull flame of the swinging lamp above it a trifle higher, glanced at the clock, whose solemn face told that the hour was well past ten, and then gazed mournfully at the untouched food.

"He won't be home to-night!" she said. " 'Tisn't possible now. Something must have happened! Oh, isn't it just *awful* to have such a Christmas Eve!"

A log fell in the grate, and Libby-Ann jumped. Eat? Impossible! As well put the things away and be done with the pretense! Picking up the butter-dish and the cake, she started boldly for the kitchen. It seemed a mile away, a mile terrifyingly full of treacherous shadows. But she kept bravely on until, just as she reached the door-sill, there came a lull in the wind, and over vague distances of snow-muffled, silent lands, a faint sound. Doubtful of her over-strung imagination, she stood still, rigid with listening. Silence. Then it came again, between the low moanings of the gale; a faint tinkle of little bells, distant as yet, and hardly perceptible except to anxiously straining ears, but of blessedly human significance. Libby-Ann set back the cake and the butter hurriedly, and took down the lamp.

"Father!" she exclaimed in a tone of relief that was a confession of all the agony of nervousness which, for hours past, she had been denying to herself. "Father! He's managed to get back after all!"

And then she shuddered involuntarily, the grim atmosphere of her difficult parent seeming to move into the house ahead of him at the mere mention of his approach. Yet it was better—far better, than this being alone with the terrifying nothings which women find in a house at night.

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A CHRISTMAS STORY

By
Nina Wilcox Putnam
Author of "In Search of Arcady"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENMAN FINK

"AND SO AT LAST THE PRINCE CAME IN HIS STATE CARRIAGE OF GOLD."

She placed the lamp at the unshaded east window, tapping away some of the snow that he might see the lights the better, and then went about straightening the things on the table, listening—but vainly, now.

"He must have been in the hollow when I heard him," she murmured. "I'll just put the coffee back on the hob. . . ."

As she did so, the book of fairy-tales lying open on the hearth-rug caught her eye. With a swift gesture she gathered it up, listening again and holding on to the book as to a friendly hand that soon must be relinquished. Again the bells! Nearer now. They were coming up the hill-road, they were turning in at the lower gate. In another instant he would be there!

"Where was I?" Libby-Ann breathed anxiously. "Oh, yes! 'And so at last the Prince came in his state carriage of gold. . . .' That was it!"

She slipped a marker between the pages, and closing the volume with a snap, hid it under the cupboard by the hearth. A faint "Hullo!" came from without, almost inaudible through the storm, which had increased again. The call was utterly unexpected. What could it mean? Father never called. He would simply stable Bess and come stumping in, silent and morose and hungry. Again came the call: something about "What ho! the castle!" At least that was what it sounded like.

Libby-Ann looked at the clock. Close to eleven! What on earth could the call forebode? Never before in all her nineteen years had a stranger visited the lonely mountain farm at such an hour. Something must have happened to her father! In an agony of fear she crossed to the side door, undoing the bolts with trembling fingers. As she opened, a fierce blast of icy air entered joyously, scattering the ashes on the hearth and playing havoc with the lamp-flame, which promptly danced to its piping. And with the wind came the words, unmistakable this time:

"What ho! The castle!"

Libby-Ann looked cautiously around the edge of the door, her heart beating furiously with a terrible (yet lovely) sense of something tremendous about to happen. And there in the stable-yard was an incredible sight.

The Prince had arrived in his golden carriage of state!

At any rate, it was a golden carriage. Of that there could be no vestige of doubt. It was about the size of a small house, and square, and its sides, even under their heavy burden of snow, glittered with gold. A pair of huge white

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"DEAR PRINCESS OF THIS LONELY STRONGHOLD, IS THE LORD OF THE CASTLE AT HOME?"

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'HE IS NOT' THE STORM HE MUST HAVE STAYED IN MIDDLETOWN FOR THE NIGHT'

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horses, caparisoned in crimson and little silver bells, drew the coach, the reins by which they were guided passing through an aperture in the front to the warmly lighted interior, in which sat a wonderful young man. He smiled at her, showing a gleam of very white teeth. It was a splendid smile, and it set her heart beating anew, in a strange, expectant sort of way.

Behind him, and around him in the interior of the car, or whatever it was, were innumerable objects, forming a sort of decorative background; little shelves, boxes, glass cases, on which the light of the lantern that swung from the ceiling shone glitteringly. Indeed, the whole thing glittered and swam before her eyes, as she stood rooted to the spot, unmindful of the cold and the snow that eddied in about her feet.

"Snow Princess, is the barn-door open?" shouted the young man.

Libby-Ann could only nod, speechless.

"All right, then!" the young man cried, gathering up the reins with a beautiful, sure gesture. "I'll put 'em up, and be right in. Come on now, Pegasus; come on, Phœnix! On, my brave steeds— one more pull, and then a feast, and blessed sleep!"

The horses, who had stood like statuary figures of fatigue, pricked up their ears at the command of his silver voice, and the whole gorgeous affair lunged forward through the encumbering snow. As it vanished around the corner of the house, Libby-Ann caught a fleeting glimpse of an illuminated sign which said something about popcorn; but it was meaningless to her dazed eyes.

Then through eons of magical time she waited, dumb and motionless, once the door was mechanically closed. Finally the sound of his approach, stamping on the porch, electrified her into action, and, flying to the mirror above the mantel, she snatched one fleeting, despairing glance at her white little face and smooth hair, so tightly brushed back. It was dreadful—*dreadful!* The Prince had come at last—and caught her in calico! If only she were not so plain, so unornamental, so hopelessly unattractive! Of course no one ever noticed *her*—but perhaps, if only she had thought to rush up-stairs and put on her lilac silk with the sprigged pattern . . . Well, it was too late for that now!

He flung the door wide, brushing off the snow from sleeve and breast, shaking his woolen cap, and baring his yellow head, on which the curls grew rough and vigorous. Then he came in and closed the wild night out, shooting the bolts with care. Somehow the sight of it sent thrills of delightful terror up and down her spine. Then he made her a grave bow of salutation, his twinkling blue eyes taking her into his confidence and challenging her imagination, her sense of play, her capacity for finding life a great, wonderful, joyous game.

"DEAR Princess of this lonely stronghold," said he, "is the lord of the castle at home?"

"He—he is not!" she stammered, smiling and blushing. "The storm—he must have stayed in Middletown for the night."

The stranger gave a low whistle. "Middletown!" said he. "That's where I was bound for when I lost my way in the snow—and, incidentally, the trade I might have had at the shopping-center to-night, along with it."

"It's twelve miles over the mountain," said Libby-Ann.

"Then it's plain I can't get there to-night!" he exclaimed, making a wry face. "Great Scott! And to-morrow is Christmas! I promised my mother, too, that I'd be home for sure. But the horses are dead beat, and so am I: the Ark is pretty heavy. . . . Lovely Princess, is your royal mother visible?"

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Libby-Ann shook her head. "My mother is dead," she said simply. "There is no one here but me."

Instantly his manner changed. "Forgive me!" he said, gravely and sweetly. "Here I come rushing in with my fooling and nonsense, never dreaming that you were alone. Please forgive me—I only talk that way to keep the world as beautiful and gay as I'd like to have it. I'm not crazy, really. I—I apologize!"

"Oh, don't!" said Libby-Ann, suddenly, breathlessly. "Go on that way, please! I understand!"

"You do?" he exclaimed, coming a step nearer. "You don't say! Good! But now about my staying . . . maybe the horses can go on . . . why, I never thought of there being only a lone girl . . ."

"Of course you'll stay," she replied, her hands twisting nervously under her apron in fear lest he vanish into the night as mysteriously as he had come.

IT WAS DREADFUL! THE PRINCE HAD COME AT LAST—AND CAUGHT HER IN CALICO!

The stranger seemed to hesitate, advancing doubtfully from the door toward which he had instinctively taken a few steps.

"Well, if you really don't mind," he began, smiling again.

"A Wilton never turned away a guest yet!" she assured him, proudly, innocently. "Of course you can have the best chamber. And—and you must be hungry, too. There's supper, and coffee all hot," she added timidly.

He laughed his silver laugh that was like Christmas bells for gladness.

"You *are* a Royal Princess, for sure!" he cried, slipping out of his great-coat. "I knew it at first sight—indeed, as soon as I saw your castle on the hill, with the light beckoning in the window! Coffee? With pleasure, your Highness!"

He drew up the chair which she indicated, making a delightful grimace over the food like a pleased boy, as she uncovered it. He seemed perfectly at home and at his ease once more, the slight shadow of his hesitation wholly vanquished.

"I'm fiercely hungry," he confessed, "but *not* so hungry that I'm going to turn cannibal and begin on you, so you needn't look so scared, child! Cheer up, and smile at a poor wanderer. Honest, I'm a perfectly desirable citizen; a good, respectable merchant, though not exactly what you might call steady, seeing that I move about a good bit, shop and all. But otherwise in good standing, I can tell you truly. So don't be afraid, Princess—smile a little!"

She brought him the coffee from the hob, holding the hot handle with her apron, her gray eyes wide, her timidity melting. For he was irresistible as the west wind in summer, so full of romance and gentle sport.

"Feast well, O Prince!" she said shyly, half-shamefacedly, scarce knowing herself. "Feast well; the Ogre will not be home to-night!"

He dropped his fork in surprise, and his laugh rang out again, full of delight

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"OH, LOVELY LITTLE PRINCESS, HOW STRANGE I NEVER HAVE FOUND TRUE HAPPINESS BEFORE!"

and encouragement. "Well! I'm blessed if you don't really understand!" he cried, springing up to help her. "Here! Let me pour that! Aren't you going to eat, your Highness?"

"I—I guess maybe I will," she answered. "I wasn't hungry before, because the house is so—so *alone*, with father not getting back, and all, but now . . ."

"I know!" he nodded. "House all creaks and groans, and your heart jumping up and down!" He arranged a chair for her. "Now you sit here, and let me do the waiting."

"But that's the woman's work!" she protested, though feebly. He had such a queer yet charming way of sweeping matters along, and making the oddest things seem all right.

"Not in my world, it isn't!" he said firmly. "In my world the Prince serves his lady, always, and the meanest task is an honor when it is performed for her!"

"How lovely!" sighed Libby-Ann. "But—but . . ."

"But what?" he asked. "Go on. Say it! You have got to get the habit of *saying* things. That's half the fun of thinking them. Go on—But what?"

"But are you *real*?" Libby-Ann burst out.

"Am I real?" he retorted gaily. "Just watch me get after this wonderful pie!"

"Is it really wonderful pie?" she asked solemnly. "I—nobody ever said anything nice about my cooking before."

"They *didn't!*" He seemed astonished. Then he took a swallow of coffee, set down the cup, and regarded her almost seriously. "It's magnificent pie!"

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he declared. "And I'm a good judge, too, for my mother is *some* cook. But what makes you ask if I am real? Was it my appearing so suddenly?"

She nodded. "Partly," she said.

"And what was the rest of the reason?" he wondered, very frankly, with simple curiosity. "Please tell me!"

She could deny him nothing. If he had asked for the sun, she would have gone after it. Slowly she got up and went to the cupboard, from beneath which she drew the red-bound fairy book. Somehow she could not help doing it. She did not exactly want to, and yet she felt so sure that he would understand! Opening it at her marker, she placed it before him on the table.

" 'And so at last the Prince came in his state carriage of gold,' " he read aloud; 'and the Ogre, seeing his strength, did not dare to keep the Princess.' . . . "

With a sudden blush she snatched the book back, holding it tightly to her breast, as the crimson mounted her burning cheeks.

"Hello!" said he, as though all at once he beheld her through new eyes. With the color in her face she was as nearly pretty as her tightly bound hair permitted.

"I was reading it when you called," she stammered.

"I see!" he nodded, that new consciousness still burning in his eyes. She was perfectly well aware that he was really seeing her for the first time, and vaguely wondered why. He held out his hand for the book. "Let's have it back," he begged. "It looks like a pretty story: I'd like to know how it ends."

"Oh, no!" cried Libby-Ann, hastily. "That is, the end is no matter. I was just trying to show you how I came to wonder if you could be *real*, and how it was that I could understand the—the 'game'!"

"Because you live just in fairy-tales!" he said softly. "Poor little girl!"

"You have to live that way, up here on the farm," she murmured.

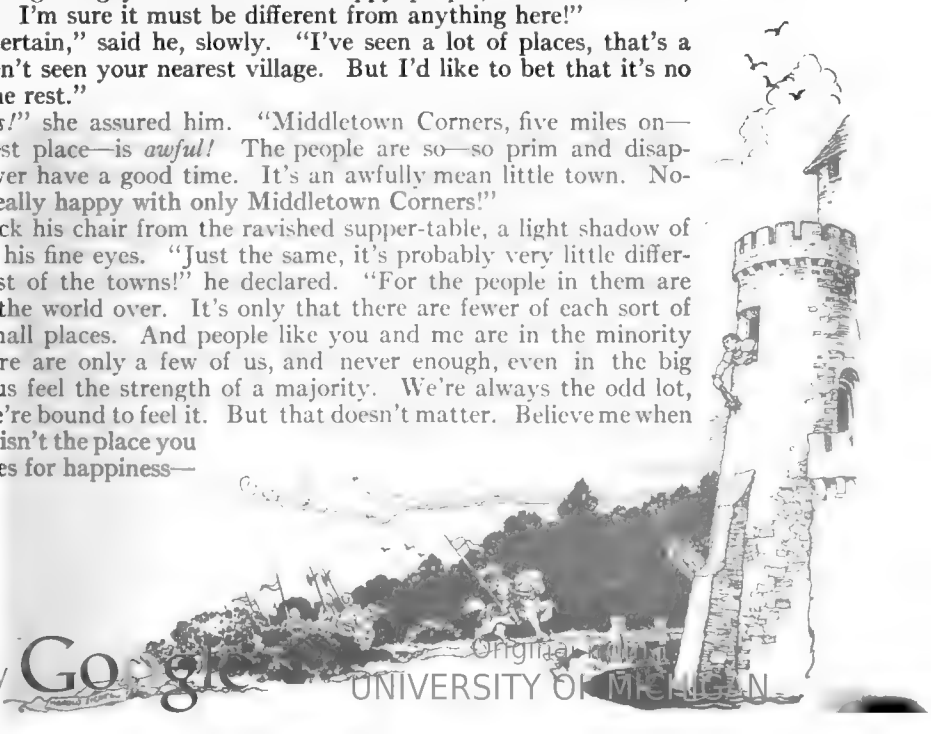
"Yes, I suppose so," said he. "But then, you have to anywhere. Life is a little dull, you know, unless *you* make it interesting!"

"Dull?" cried Libby-Ann, dropping the last vestige of her self-consciousness. "Not *your* life!—wandering about from place to place. Why, it must be wonderful, seeing the gay towns and the happy people, and the theatres, and everything! I'm sure it must be different from anything here!"

"I'm not so certain," said he, slowly. "I've seen a lot of places, that's a fact; and I haven't seen your nearest village. But I'd like to bet that it's no different from the rest."

"Oh, but it *is!*" she assured him. "Middletown Corners, five miles on—that's the nearest place—is *awful!* The people are so—so prim and disapproving, and never have a good time. It's an awfully mean little town. Nobody could be really happy with only Middletown Corners!"

He pushed back his chair from the ravished supper-table, a light shadow of seriousness over his fine eyes. "Just the same, it's probably very little different from the rest of the towns!" he declared. "For the people in them are much the same the world over. It's only that there are fewer of each sort of people in the small places. And people like you and me are in the minority everywhere; there are only a few of us, and never enough, even in the big cities, to make us feel the strength of a majority. We're always the odd lot, and, in a way, we're bound to feel it. But that doesn't matter. Believe me when I tell you this: it isn't the place you live in that makes for happiness—



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it's the way you live! The town doesn't matter. Think! Why, if you were to move away from here to-morrow, you'd take yourself along. And your *inside* life would still be your real life! What folks really mean when they say they want to leave a place where they couldn't succeed in living happily, is, that they want to run away from *themselves*. They want to leave themselves behind, and it can't be done!"

"I expect that's true," said Libby-Ann. She looked across at him as though in a dream, and somehow in that instant her fear of her father, of her lonely life, of that dreary round of housework, melted into nothingness, and a new, brave feeling flooded her veins like wine.

"I TOO, used to have the idea that roving would help," he went on after a little pause; "that if I went away things would be better with me. I had a good start in life; the opportunity for a college education. And I made a bad mistake. I didn't make good, as I should have done after all the sacrifices mother made to give me my chance. I was always dreaming, loafing, and I couldn't study. Somehow the idea of the university and a profession didn't interest me. And when the time came, I couldn't pass the examinations, and there was no more money for tutoring . . . and later, when I saw how disappointed mother was in me, and how the friends and neighbors talked, I thought I'd get away, that the town was no place for me, and that I'd have to go to some better place to make a decently happy life for myself. Well, I've succeeded pretty fairly. I make a good living, too, and can take care of mother now. But it wasn't because I took my body away from home that I succeeded. It was because I learned to live inside my body. And by doing that the very best I could—I got along."

He finished off with a sigh and, rising from the table, went closer to the hearth, piling on new logs. Spellbound, Libby-Ann followed. And when he found a seat close to the blaze, she took a place opposite him on a cushion. The lamp had flickered and burned out, leaving the room with only the firelight, but neither of them noted the fact. The corners filled with shadows, crouching and mysterious, and across the low ceiling other shadows of a gayer sort danced in company with the flames. The air was sweet with the warm odor of the crackling pine and the smooth smoke of dry applewood. The glow of the fire was reflected on Libby-Ann's cheeks, and her gray eyes were very wide. Some mystic and tender spirit had crept into the room, enclosing the two of them as though in a mist. Her heart beat so that it almost pained, and yet she would not have had it otherwise! Presently he spoke again:

"I'd like you to know my mother," he said dreamily. And the words seemed to increase immeasurably their intimacy. "She is so dear, so wonderful and patient. She is like one of the wise women of the Bible—'She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.' Often I see her in my imagination, when I'm driving my shop over the quiet roads, and there is no sound but the birds, and the rustle of hidden creatures in the woods, and the tinkle of my horses' little silver bells as they pull me along in my 'state carriage of gold.' And there she is, waiting for my return, always so glad to greet me with her quiet 'Well, son!' . . . I'd like you to know her!"

Libby-Ann said nothing, but leaned a little closer to the fire, a queer, tight feeling in her throat. A strand of her hair came unfastened and, falling over her shoulder, curled along the curve of her flushed cheek. With a quick gesture she tried to replace it; but instantly his hand was on hers.

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"Don't!" he begged, in a husky voice. "It is beautiful like that. *You are beautiful!*"

"No, no!" said Libby-Ann, faintly. Then the rest of her hair followed the first strand, so that her face was enveloped in a surprising cascade of little curls. And Libby-Ann, looking into his eyes, saw that she was a woman. That strange, intoxicating mist was enwrapping them closer now. He bent near, taking both her hands in his, his face very grave, his silver voice low and vibrant.

"Oh, lovely little imprisoned Princess!" said he. "How strange that I should have traveled so many roads, and never found true happiness before! I thought that I was looking for success, for peace, for a thousand different things, while all the time I was really searching just for—*you!*"

She felt herself being drawn toward him, very slowly, nearer and nearer, into those great, strong arms. And then, sudden and terribly beautiful as a lightning bolt, their lips had met.

For an incalculable period the world spun under her, and the raging storm without seemed a puny thing to the storm within her. At last he put her away, almost roughly, and arose. Trembling, she watched him, feeling transformed, glorified. With a heavy movement he passed a hand over his eyes. "No!" he muttered, placing the table between them, as if he feared to touch her. Then he spoke to her. The room was almost in darkness now, the red coals on the hearth serving more to shadow than to reveal his face. "It is late," said he, sharply. "You must go to bed."

She was stunned, jolted heavily back to earth. But bravely, though wonderingly, she faced this sudden change. "But your room—I must make up the bed . . ." she began.

"Never mind me—I will sleep here!" he replied briefly. "But please, will you go now, at once—I—*please!*"

"Very well," said Libby-Ann, deeply wounded and terribly confused.

She lit a candle, and went to the door with leaden steps. He followed, opening the door for her. Then he stopped her with a gesture, and by the candle's light she saw that though his lips were set, his eyes were miraculously tender still. "Little Princess!" said he. "What is your name?"

"Libby-Ann," she told him; the homely sound of it seemed to typify all her drab existence.

"Elizabeth-Ann!" said he, smiling now. "Two of England's queens!"

"And what is your name?" she asked.

"My name is Freedom Day," said he.

Then he kissed her hand, just in the manner of the courtly Prince he looked, and shut the door behind her softly. . . .

HE KISSED HER HAND, JUST IN THE MANNER OF THE COURTLY PRINCE HE LOOKED.

The Christmas dawn was clear and cold as Libby-Ann, her curls caught up beguilingly in a snood of blue ribband, crept quietly down the stairs. Far off in the east

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the crimson sun was sending advance rays over the glistening fields of snow, tinting the heavy-laden branches of the trees with rosy hues, gleaming on icicled eaves and frosted hedgerows. The world was intensely still, intensely glad, as though the whole universe laughed for holy joy.

Very softly Libby-Ann entered the kitchen, bending swiftly and silently over the soon cheerily crackling stove and the preparations for breakfast.

Then, when all was ready, she tapped upon the door of the living-room, smiling to herself the while. There was no response. With apprehension creeping over her like an icy cloud, she waited a breathless moment, and knocked again, louder. Still the intense quiet, broken only by the snapping of the kitchen fire. Then, with a desperate movement, she opened the door.

The living-room was empty!

DESPAIR swept over her like a storm. Gone! He was gone! Impossible! After last night, after the beginning of life for her! With stumbling feet she managed to reach the east window, and looked out.

There on the smooth new snow lay the evidence, damning, irrefutable—a heavy wagon-track, and the mark of horses' hoofs, breaking the sparkling surface, leading away—away over the brow of the hill, clean-cut and clear, into the distance, into the shining, unknown world. With a heavy sob she buried her face in her arms, and kneeling there by the frosted glass, the cold light shining full upon her, she wept as though her heart would break. Time passed, unreckoned, hideous. She could not live, she could not! But at length she gathered her miserable little body from the floor and turned to the mirror above the cold hearth. From it her tear-stained face stared back at her out of a tangled mass of curls.

"No use for them now!" she murmured, gathering them up and unmercifully twisting them into their accustomed sleekness.

Resolutely she turned away and, choking back a sob, set about clearing the disordered table. The dreary monotony of her life had begun again. There was the butter and the cake. There was the plate of cold meat, there was . . .

Amazed, she picked it up: a huge round box with a pattern of holly on it and tied with a great crimson satin ribband which held in place a pair of little gilt tongs. Candy! A box of candy of a size and beauty beyond belief. And, better still, a little note. With shaking fingers she opened it and read.

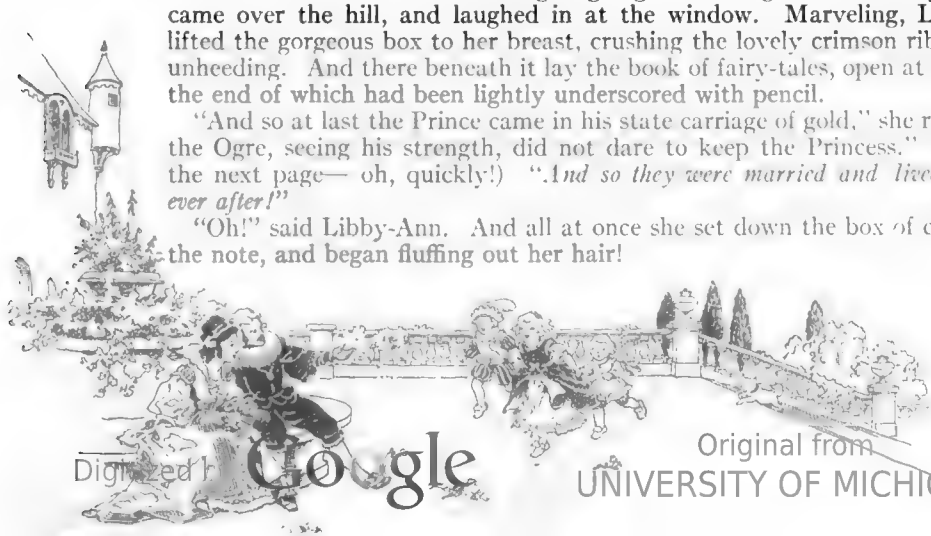
"Dear!" said the note—and the silver voice seemed to be speaking. "Dear! I have gone off early so as surely not to disappoint my mother. Merry Christmas, and my best box of candy to you. I will be back on New Year's Day, to face the Ogre and to finish the fairy-story. I love you. FREEDOM."

DECORATIONS BY HAROLD SICHEL

After a moment the world began going around again. Suddenly the sun came over the hill, and laughed in at the window. Marveling, Libby-Ann lifted the gorgeous box to her breast, crushing the lovely crimson ribbands all unheeding. And there beneath it lay the book of fairy-tales, open at her story, the end of which had been lightly underscored with pencil.

"And so at last the Prince came in his state carriage of gold," she read, "and the Ogre, seeing his strength, did not dare to keep the Princess." (Over to the next page— oh, quickly!) "*And so they were married and lived happily ever after!*"

"Oh!" said Libby-Ann. And all at once she set down the box of candy and the note, and began fluffing out her hair!



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THE GRAND LITTLE FELLOW

By Mary Brecht Pulver

Illustrations by Orson Lowell

HE ROLLED HIS EYES AT MISS DAISY AS HE ASKED FOR THE BOSS.

THE minute we set eyes on Hannis we had him numbered and pigeon holed—or so we thought. Old Fuerst, our chief, picked him up out in Cincinnati, to take young Iverson's territory. He came with a good record for sales from another paint concern, and I may as well say at once he made good—A No. 1 good—with us from the start—selling paint. But he didn't stand anywhere on anything else.

The first time he blew into the central office, he sent shudders over the whole force. Miss Daisy, the stenographer, was in, and half a dozen of the older boys in off the beat, waiting to see the chief. They'd been chaffing and laughing at the old gait for a half-hour when the door opened and in walked Hannis and sat down. You could have heard a pin drop for two minutes.

If ever a man was the living contradiction, apparently, of all the rules ever laid down for a salesman's correct deportment and appearance, that man was Hannis. He was one of those everlasting exceptions, who succeed in spite of, not because of. He looked like a barkeep in Sunday clothes, or a race-track tout, or a melodrama villain. You noticed his pants and vest first. Flash, very. Almost as soon you noticed his thick watch-chain and his heavy rings, and his hard, glossy red cheeks and mustachio. Not mustache—*mustachio*. The ends looked like the last two letters. He had black, not-at-all-bashful

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eyes, and he rolled them now at quiet Miss Daisy as he asked for the boss.

OLD FUERST

Conversation went on rather crippled after that. It never did go smoothly in the presence of Hannis. No one liked him from the start. We fellows of the sales force, under the chief's example, had grown pretty clubby together. When we got in off our territories we held experience meetings, generally, and usually had a little game when business was done. We'd all been on the force pretty long, and knew one another's affairs.

We knew when Markham's oldest boy went down with appendicitis—we chipped together and sent him flowers; we knew when Lester expected the third addition to his family; how long Hopkins's wife was laid up with rheumatism, and what a struggle he had with his "help;" we knew, in fact, pretty much everything. We were like a family, and gossiped like a set of old squaws. However, we didn't intend to gossip with Hannis.

It may have been unfriendly, but the man irritated us. The Original Four-Flusher, Roddy called him. He didn't talk much the first few times he met us. When he did, it was with a loud "I tell you so" sort of manner that turned one's stomach. We had an idea that if we got careless and encouraged him, he'd go the limit on the talk question. We weren't wrong.

One night, the boys were relaxing over poker in the room old Fuerst lets us use as our "club." We'd been a little noisy and lively, chiefly, we pretended, because of Stanning. He's our youngest member, and had been presented with his first heir that day. It got all of us a little—sympathy I suppose, for we'd all been there.

Anyway, we were quite happy until in walks Hannis and hangs up his hat. He had just come in off his third trip and had made a record selling, and I suppose he felt happy, too.

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"RODDY"

"Evening, gentlemen," he said a bit pompously, sitting down near by. He rolled his eyes at the cards a little longingly, but nobody was asking him to cut in. Roddy, who's a kind old owl at heart, asked politely about his trip. Hannis got out his tobacco and answered complacently. I suppose it didn't help any that a fellow of his get-up could pull things over so easily. There were a few more remarks, then we lost interest in Hannis, who came over to watch us silently a while, then strolled out to talk with Miss Daisy.

We could hear him in the next room, talking to her in his somewhat brassy bass.

"Yes, sir," we heard him say, "I moved my family out to New Rochelle. Better that way than crowded in the city. Nice little garden plot we have; easy commuting distance; crackerjack cottage—Mrs. Hannis and I glad to get out where it's green——"

It was the first inkling we'd had that Hannis was married. His appearance wasn't at all of the kind you associate with domestic life.

"I'll bet he beats his wife—looks like a regular dayvil. I'll call you," said Perkins.

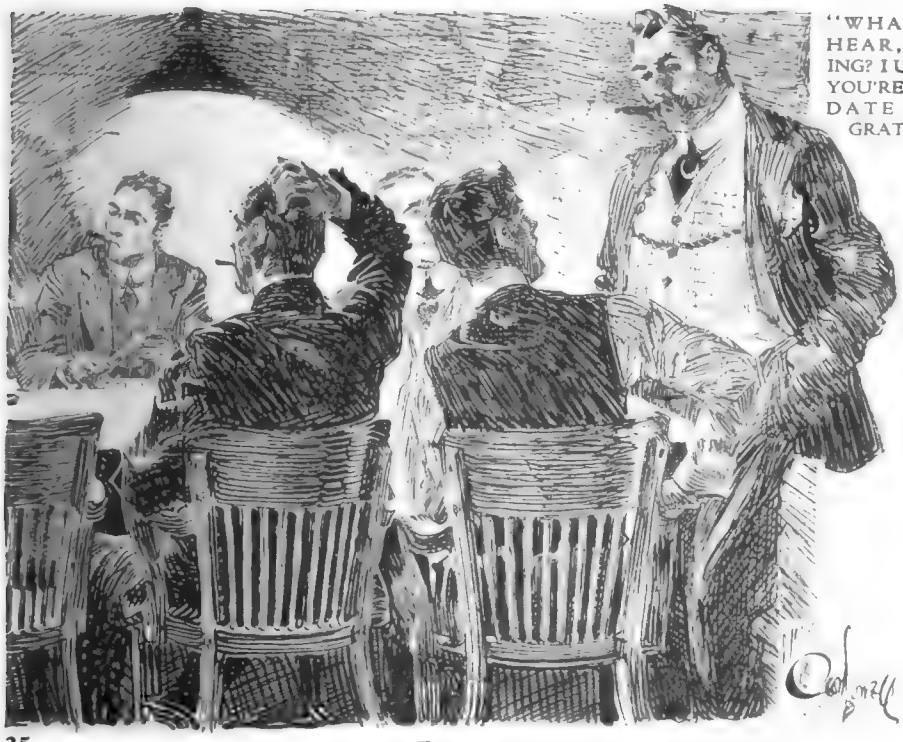
"Goddy!" mumbled Stanning, and we all laughed. That was Hannis's favorite expression. He was a Kentucky Irishman, and had brought it up to New York. In these few weeks he'd used it some several dozen times.

It was some minutes before Hannis came back. I imagine Miss Daisy had given him a tip.

"What's this I hear, Mr. Stanning?" he said. "I understand you're a candidate for congratulations."

"I am that," said Stanning; "he's a boy, and a dandy."

Hannis had lit up again. He stood pulling his cigar a minute, squinting.



"WHAT'S THIS I HEAR, MR. STANNING? I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE A CANDIDATE FOR CONGRATULATIONS."

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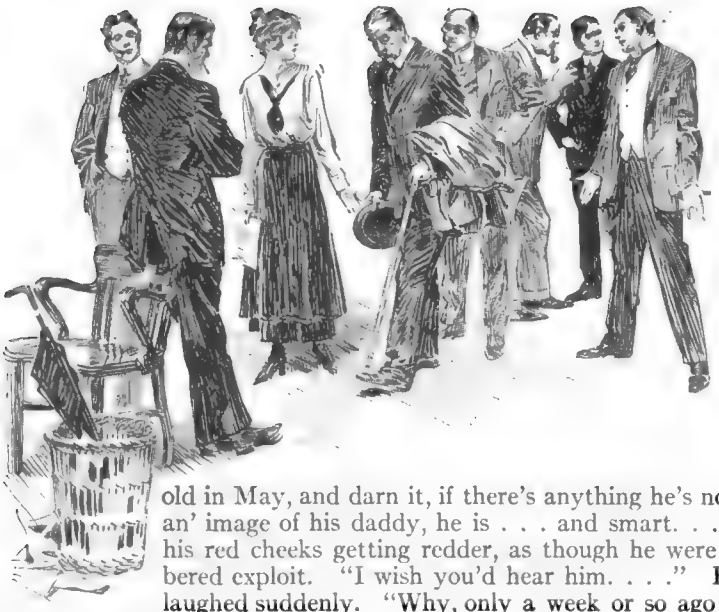


MISS DAISY USED TO PITCH INTO US.

"By the living, that's the greatest feeling in the world. I *know*." He threw back his shoulders and breathed deeply.

"You have a family?" Roddy asked, a little surprised.

"I have the niftiest little proposition in the way of a boy out home in New Rochelle you ever put your eyes on." He shook his finger at us solemnly. "Will I ever forget the night he was born? No sirree. He's a clip, he is—a young limb! Seven years old in May, and darn it, if there's anything he's not up to, lead me to it. Spit an' image of his daddy, he is . . . and smart. . . ." He chuckled suddenly, his red cheeks getting redder, as though he were convulsed by some remembered exploit. "I wish you'd hear him. . . ." He slapped his thick leg and laughed suddenly. "Why, only a week or so ago he says to me—there was a little burro-mule the children was riding at five cents per—and he says, s'e, 'Pop, I want to *burro* a nickel off you. I want to get a ride.'"

He choked with his own chuckling and slapped himself again. "Goddy!" he brought out, strangling.

"Well, now—that's nice," said old Roddy, "they're the real thing, all right. I've got three of my own"—old Roddy in a mild way does the paternal brag, too.

Hannis nodded and stuck his thumbs in his vest-pockets.

"I tell you, gentlemen," he said, "it's the finest feeling in the world. Pulls out the best in you. There isn't anything I wouldn't tackle for that grand little fellow out home. Keeps a fellow young. Makes him all over. Keeps him straight, too. And entertaining! My good gosh, if I told you some of the things that boy of mine says, you wouldn't believe it. Why, a few weeks ago he says, s'e, 'Mom, does a duck float or swim?' Hee-hee—gosh!"

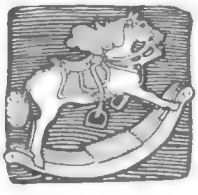
What's the use to go on? That was the beginning and introduction of the Grand Little Fellow at New Rochelle, for the office force.

Every two weeks, when Hannis finished a trip, he'd hang over two full days, and we'd hear fresh chapters from the life of the Grand One.

"It's like a 'Black Box' series—or the 'Adventures of Kathlyn'," Perkins grumbled. "He caught me for fifteen minutes going out to lunch, and gave me the latest."

"Have ye been after hearing what my grand little felly was sayin' only last week? He says, s'e, 'Pop, why is a lobster a lobster?'" Big McCormick used to imitate Hannis to us between whiles.

"I'll bet the boy's a regular young hellion—must be if even half what Hannis says is true. I can just see the 'spit an' image.' One of those black pop-eyed little devils, all red cheek and horny fist. . . ."



We got what fun we could out of it, but we got pretty

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sick of it, too. Over cards, "smoke-talk," or at luncheon, if Hannis came in, everything went by the board—whether he got any encouragement or not—for talk about his boy. I must say the youngster seemed like a bright, lively number. If we had liked Hannis better——!

Miss Daisy got her full share, too. She didn't seem to mind, having kept a warm heart, even after twenty years as a steno.

"And how's the little lad?" we'd hear her ask.

"FINE," Hannis would brag, "comin' on lively as a clipper. Gone into the third reader. He got that note of yours, and he says to tell you he read it easy as anything. He says, 'Tell her,' s'e, 'my typewriter's out of order, or I'd write her a line myself.' He's a fine boy, Miss Daisy"—etc., etc.

Miss Daisy used to pitch into us. "You're hard on Mr. Hannis, I think. Any one can see he's a good father. Simply devoted. I don't see why you don't care to hear about his boy. Seems like a nice little chap."

"If you want to know the truth, Miss Daisy—we're all jealous," Roddy would answer. "Hannis's grand little fellow has our offerings skinned. Besides, when Stanning wants to talk about young Stanning's first tooth, or Chapman begins on the trouble they had with his youngster's vaccination, or I get to telling about little Ben's history-marks, Hannis stuffs it all down our throats telling what the 'grand one's' tooth or vaccine or history record has been. We're peeved, that's all."

"HE CAUGHT ME FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES GOING OUT TO LUNCH AND GAVE ME THE LATEST."

At Christmas time, we were accustomed to send the youngsters of the force an "office offering." We included Hannis, of course. We sent the "grand one" a fine rocking-horse, gray-and-white markings, long tail and mane, red saddle, steel springs—stout enough to last the average boy some years.

Hannis thanked us personally after New Year's. His face was genuinely moved, his voice actually husky with gratitude.

"Gentlemen," he said solemnly, "I'd give a lot if you could have seen my little chap's face when he got that horse." Then he began to chuckle. "Gentlemen," he said, "mebbe it will surprise you to know that there isn't a hair left to that horse's tail or mane to-night." He paused and chuckled harder. "Gentlemen, what would you say, if I tell you there isn't any head to that rocking-horse to-night?"— his face got almost purple—"What would you s-say —hee, hee—if—foo—if I told you—ha, ha—there *isn't any rocking-horse at all to-night?*" He went off into a semi-convulsion over it, ending with his favorite slap and "Goddy."

"Well," said Perkins slowly, "that's nifty work. But if he enjoyed doing it——"

"Enjoyed it!" Hannis sat and boiled over with chuckles for five minutes. That was New Year. At regular intervals from then until spring we kept

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getting the bulletins from New Rochelle. Mostly we paid no attention, and of course it came in concentrated doses, for times when we and Hannis were out selling paint we forgot all about it. We'd got used to being bored about it long before summer set in, so that Hannis's uninvited monologues rolled off our surface pretty well.

It was in May, some time, that one evening he entertained us longer and more richly than usual. A new fellow, a nice likable chap, had joined the force a few weeks before, and I suppose the chance for a new audience moved Hannis. Anyway, he put over a tall line about his young one.

The new fellow, Hall, yawned considerably, and finally tried to break it up by chaffing.

"Looky here, Mr. Hannis," he said, "it's all very well to keep on talking this way. We can't contradict you. That's what strikes me as unfair. You've been entertaining us fellows off and on for weeks, but we've never had a peep at the goods. Why don't you fetch him over here and show him off to us? I'd like to see the paragon."

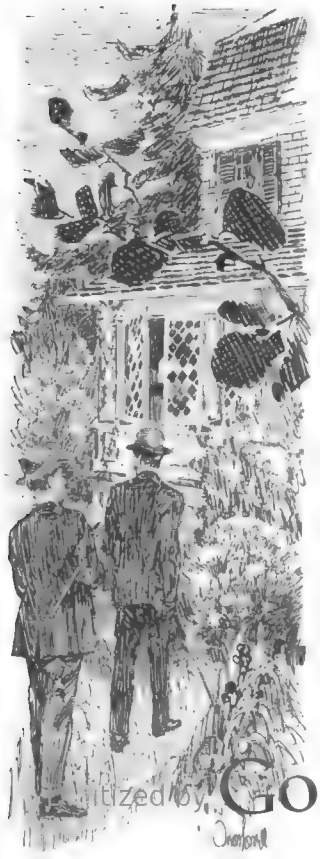
This was just the idea Roddy and some of us had been dreading—one Hannis being plenty—and Roddy groaned a little. But Hannis didn't seem to light up on the idea.

"Fetch him over?" he repeated. "We-e-ll——"

"Yes," said Hall, "if you *can*. D'you know, Hannis, I'm kinda inclined to the idea that he's a fake? I don't believe you've got any boy out there," he jollied.

It was funny to see the effect on Hannis. He seemed to get a little pale for a minute. He looked as if he actually felt pain. Your four-flusher can't stand even the echo of a doubt. Then he creased up his face and began to laugh.

"My gosh, that *is* a good one," he laughed. "Well—I will. I'll fetch him over Saturday, sure as shooting. You gentlemen may as well get the blue ribbon ready—and stand for the cigars."



"SOMEBODY ELSE BUILT IT," RODDY MUMBLED.

"We will," says Hall solemnly, "and cakes and ice-cream besides for the young 'un. But mind you, Hannis, if he don't come up to the mark! He's got to back all these statements of yours!"

Hannis laughed. "I should worry," he said, "you're going to get the surprise of your lives. You're going to see some boy."

That was Thursday noon.

He was in a few minutes again on Friday and he referred to it.

"Saturday at noon sharp," he promised, "he'll be here."

But he wasn't. Hannis came into the office with a long face just after noon. "That's the devil of being on the road," he said to Miss Daisy's inquiries. "Family makes plans, and you're never on. Can't put my little scheme through to-day. Have to wait a week or so. Cigars are on me. Wife promised to take the boy to the Zoo, this time."

"Dangerous scheme. I'd be afraid they'd keep him there," Perkins mumbled to himself.

We weren't any of us very keen about meeting the New Rochelle wonder.

Some weeks went by. We'd put the Hannises out of our minds again. Then one evening Roddy and I finished a round and got into the office early.

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THERE WAS TORTURE, THERE WAS SHAME, THERE WAS FURY IN HIS FACE. BUT THERE WAS ALSO SOMETHING GRAND—A DESPAIRING FATHERHOOD THAT WOULD STAND TO THE LAST DITCH FOR ITS OWN!

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"THE SADDEST EYES I EVER LOOKED AT."

"See here," said Roddy, "I've been bit by the fishing-bug. I'm going to lay off early next month a few days. What do you say to takin' a run up to the Adirondacks?"

I said yes, if I could manage it, and we talked in the usual spring-fishing style.

Both were excellent hot-air fishermen. We got excited over baits. Finally Roddy, since it was a nice evening, said we might run out to New Rochelle and see a cousin of his who was a trout expert and get advice about tackle, etc.

I had no objection, so we made the trip together. Roddy hadn't seen the cousin in nearly two years, so when we got to New Rochelle it wasn't at all surprising to learn that he had sold his bungalow and moved away two months before.

We fooled around a little, looking the place over, and the idea seemed to strike us simultaneously.

"Hannis," we said together.

"The 'grand one'—sure enough," said Roddy.. "Now's a good chance to look him over."

"Oh, rats," I said, "let's not go bothering them! We don't care about him. It'll only make him more intimate——"

"I d' know," Roddy seemed taken with the idea; "let's go have a look at our friend. He ended his trip yesterday——"

Well, the upshot was, we got a drug-clerk to help us. Presently we learned where Hannis lived.

It was a stiffish walk into one of the farthest nooks, but a nice-looking house when we got close.

"Somebody else built it," Roddy mumbled.

There were a great many climbing roses, and a tall hedge, and some large spruce-trees. There were no other houses close by.

"Fancy our flash friend chumming up with this kind of hermitage," Roddy grinned.

We went up the concrete walk to the front door, but we didn't ring. The sound of a voice came around from the side—Hannis's brassy bass. He seemed to be singing something, and Roddy nudged me.

"Papa cooing to his paragon. Let's go round and surprise him."

A light came through two long, wide-open French windows on the side veranda. We walked right up to one.

"Evening, Hannis," called Roddy.

He spoke before he really saw.

Hannis sat in a rocker beside the light. He was in his shirt-sleeves and half-crooning, as we had thought. Some one—something—sat on his lap, huddled in his arms. It was very still for a second, and we got a full look. It was a boy—or what God meant for a boy. Twelve or thirteen, at a guess, he looked: the long, wasted arms and legs told that. You couldn't tell about the rest. The body was shrunk and gnarled out of all human semblance; the head hung down, lolling, uncontrolled, on Hannis's breast. The wan, white face was utterly vacant, mouth agape, eyes wide, unseeing.

And it was to this Hannis had been crooning. . . .

He didn't recognize us for a minute—Hannis—then he rose

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slowly, and without speaking. He held that piteous thing of his in one arm, and tried futilely to shield its poor idiot face with the other.

His own face—God! There was torture, there was shame, there was fury in it. But more than all there was something grand. Something elemental, defiant, too—a sort of despairing fatherhood that would stand to the last ditch for its own!

Roddy found his voice first—a dry, cracked voice. "I—excuse us. We—we happened out here. Not—intrude . . ." he put out his hand, not finding any more words.

HANNIS did not speak. He stood there very still, holding that broken child against his breast, half-shielding it with his thick hand (the light fell bright on his heavy, flashy ring).

Somehow we found our legs and moved. We went off that veranda silently, without another word.

"God!" Roddy whispered.

Something moved in the shrubbery at the gate, and a woman came to meet us—a sweet-faced little woman with the saddest eyes I ever looked at.

"Oh," she cried softly, "don't, *please*, be offended. Mr. Hannis will feel so bad to-morrow about it—but he was so taken by surprise— We—we never see any one out here. We—we're not *anxious* to, *you* understand." She clasped her hands tensely. "You're Mr. Roddy, aren't you?—and Mr. Carr? Mr. Hannis has described you— Oh, you don't know, you can never understand what this means to Mr. Hannis— He *couldn't* speak to you—or make you welcome."

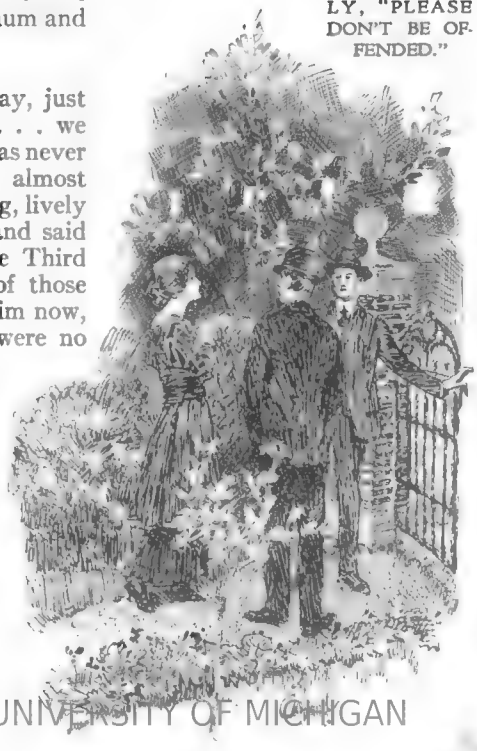
Roddy stopped her. His voice was broken. "Mrs. Hannis—I'd give anything—*anything* if we hadn't——"

"Oh, I *know*—and it's all right. You're very kind. When Mr. Hannis is over the shock and sees things clearly. . . . You know, he—he's sensitive and *proud*. That's why we came here to stay. It's so out of the way. It's hard for both of us—but I think it's the worst for Mr. Hannis. He's—never seemed to really be himself since. . . . You see *I* had had Laddie all his baby years—that was *something;* but Mr. Hannis was looking forward to—to being his companion and chum and all that—and then—when . . ."

"You mean—this is recent?"

"Five years," she said. "He was seven in May, just the week before he was taken sick. Paralysis . . . we fought hard and—we saved his *life*. Mr. Hannis has never been the same . . . Nights he sometimes goes almost crazy. You see, Laddie was such a bright, cunning, lively little fellow. He followed his papa everywhere, and said so many cute little things. He was put into the Third Reader just before— His papa always thinks of those days—and talks of them. He keeps *hoping* for him now, but of course there really *is* no hope—" There were no tears in her eyes. All the tears that ever were, spoke in her voice.

"Oh, he's still the apple of his papa's eye. He *knows* his papa. And really, Jim—Mr. Hannis—is so good to him and so gentle—like a woman, really—but of course—! Oh, I'm so sorry! Mr.



"OH," SHE CRIED SOFTLY, "PLEASE DON'T BE OFFENDED."

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Hannis—when he realizes to-morrow—he'll feel *dreadful* not to have asked you in—or spoken to you——"

Somehow we got away. Roddy was shaken clear through, and I felt like playing the cry-baby . . . I have two boys of my own—no paragons, but——

"It's memory—he's living on memory. All he's got," Roddy blurted. "Carr, I'd give years of my life—anything—not to have gone in on him. God, it was like looking into the man's naked heart!"

"Yes," I said, "but how could we know? He won't resent it when he comes to think it over. Best thing we can do is to keep it to ourselves."

"I DON'T know," Roddy groaned. He was so stewed up with regrets he couldn't get away from them. "He knows we've called his bluff. I call what he's got one rotten deal. . . ."

Well, we did intend to lie low and say nothing, but one way and another the thing got around. I only told two or three myself, so Roddy— Anyhow, the boys were mighty sympathetic. They were all ready to spill over on Hannis—if they'd had a chance. But he wasn't giving them any. He never came near us. Twice he went on his territory, and reported to the chief on the phone or outside.

Of course, though, this couldn't last. It was a rainy night late in June when we saw him again. We were just sitting down to a little game when we heard feet outside; and the door opened and in came Hannis. You could have heard a feather fall. He stood just inside looking at us. He looked older, thinner—a little sheepish, too—and a lot of his high color seemed to have faded out. Then he said, quietly: "Evening, gentlemen."

Roddy came to life then. "Hello, Hannis," he said. "Glad to see you back. We were just sitting down to pinochle. Got a place, if you'll join us——"

It was the first time he'd ever been asked, and Hannis got a little pale, and looked around at us. All at once he seemed to know that we all knew. . . . He tried to pull himself together, but his mouth twitched. I thought he'd blubber, for a minute. It was Roddy who saved all of us. He went right at Hannis like a surgeon, cutting right into the raw wound to cleanse it.

"Ever since that night at New Rochelle, I've been thinking about you, Hannis. How's the little shaver coming on?—we've all been wanting to know." He didn't wait for an answer. "Say," he said, "I'll bet you he was some youngster. I was telling Mrs. Roddy some of the things you told me."

It took Hannis square in the chest, then his color began to come back in queer blotchy markings. His hand shook a little as he drew out a chair.

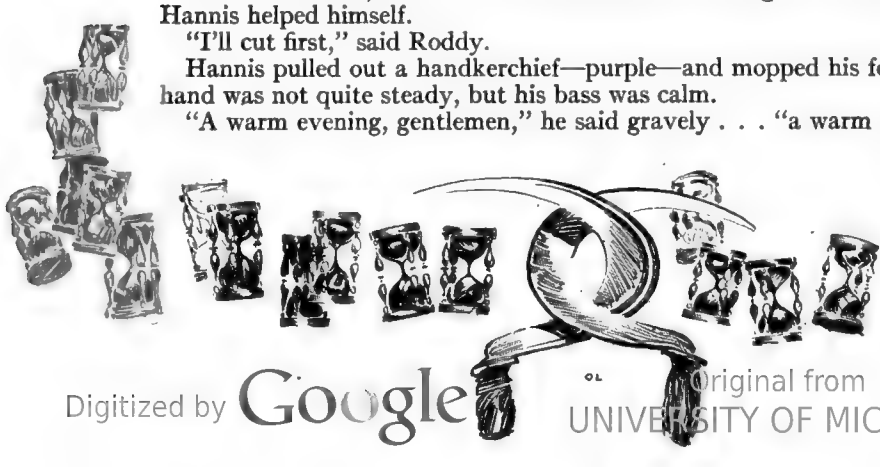
"Gentlemen," he said gravely, and he slipped into the past tense without a tremor, "he was one of the most remarkable children I've ever known. Only a few weeks a—before—it happened, he said to me, s'e, 'Pop—'" he broke off suddenly, staring at the floor, then suddenly he pulled himself together. "A fine little chap," he faltered.

"Have a smoke, Hannis." Perkins shoved the cigars across to him, and Hannis helped himself.

"I'll cut first," said Roddy.

Hannis pulled out a handkerchief—purple—and mopped his forehead. His hand was not quite steady, but his bass was calm.

"A warm evening, gentlemen," he said gravely . . . "a warm evening."



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NAN of MUSIC MOUNTAIN

by Frank H. Spearman

ILLUSTRATIONS AND DECORATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA

HENRY DE SPAIN is general manager of the Thief River stage-line, with headquarters at Sleepy Cat. His real job is to subdue the outlaw clan of Morgan's Gap, who have had their own way in the valley for years. One of their men, Sassoon, stabs a stage-guard, and de Spain, at night, follows him into the natural stronghold of Morgan's Gap, and by a clever ruse drags him from his shack.

At the exit of the Gap, while the other two men wait just outside, he encounters Nan Morgan, niece of the Morgan chief. She halts him, questions him and his prisoner sharply, threatens to call her uncle; but at the critical moment the men beyond the Gap raise a commotion, and in the confusion de Spain rushes his prisoner out.

The Morgans openly declare themselves for revenge on de Spain, and make an unsuccessful attempt to "get" him. He, meantime, is growing deeply interested in Nan Morgan, who shows no more friendliness toward him than do the rest of her family. One day he finds her horse in the stage barns at Calabasas and discovers that she has gone to Sleepy Cat for medicine and will be back by the next stage. He goes down to the Calabasas Inn to get some coffee ready against her return—and walks into a trap. Sassoon and three of his Morgan friends follow him into the empty inn and lock themselves in with him. There is a terrible fight, in which de Spain, despite the terrific odds, kills two of his enemies and wounds the two others. He himself is seriously hurt, but jumps through a window, throws himself on Sassoon's horse, and escapes.

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When he stops for water the horse escapes, and de Spain, desperately hurt, barely able to walk, wanders about until he finds refuge in a cavern on a mountain ledge. Here Nan Morgan comes upon him. She is bitterly distrustful of him, but eventually, convinced of his helplessness, brings him food, and tells him where he is—within the Gap, on Music Mountain. She goes through a terrific struggle between pity and hatred of her family's enemy; but the decision is turned in de Spain's favor when he defends her against her drunken cousin, Gale Morgan. That night she shows de Spain a narrow trail across the next mountain, and meets him beyond, outside the Gap, with a horse and the belt of cartridges he had left at Calabasas.

Just before he leaves, de Spain tells her that they are engaged. Nan indignantly repels the idea, but she stands for an hour, anxious and tense, listening for some sound from the desert into which he has vanished.

DAY was breaking when the night-boss, standing in the doorway at the Calabasas barns, saw a horseman riding at a leisurely pace up the Thief River road. There was something strange and yet something familiar in the outlines of his figure. But when the night rider had dismounted in front of the barn door and, limping stiffly, walked forward on foot, and told the night-boss bruskly to take his horse, the man rubbed his eyes hard before he could believe them. Then he cried out a greeting and led de Spain into the office.

"There's friends of yours in your room up-stairs right now," he declared, bulging with shock.

De Spain, sitting down, forbade the barnman to call them, only asking who they were. When he had asked half a dozen more leisurely questions and avoided answering twice as many, the barnman at de Spain's request helped him upstairs. Beside himself with excitement, the night-boss turned, grinning, as he laid one hand on the door-knob. "You couldn't have come," he whispered loudly, "at a better time."

The entryway was dark and, from the silence of the room, one might have thought of the occupants, if there were such, as wrapped in slumber. Then during an interval a faint clicking sound could be heard. The night-man threw open the door. By the light of two stage dash-lamps, one set on the dresser and the other on a window-ledge, four men sat about a table in the middle of the room in a life-and-death struggle at cards. No voice broke the silence.

No one—neither John Lefever, Bob Scott, Frank Elpaso, nor McAlpin—looked up when de Spain walked into the room with the night-man tiptoeing behind. He advanced composedly toward the little table. Even then his presence would have passed unnoticed but that Bob Scott's ear mechanically recorded the limping step and transmitted to his trained intelligence notice of something unusual.

Scott, picking up his cards as Lefever dealt, raised his eyes. Startling as the sight of the man given up for dead must have been, no muscle of Bob Scott's body moved. His expression of surprise dissolved into a grin that invited the others, as he had found out for himself, to find out for themselves.

Lefever finished his deal, threw the pack on the table, and picked up his hand. His suspicious eyes never rose above the level of the faces at the table; but when he had thumbed his cards and looked from one to the other of the remaining players to read the weather signals, he perceived the unwonted expression on the scout's face, and looked to where Scott's eyes were turned.

Lefever's eyes, at the sight of the thinned, familiar face behind Elpaso's

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chair, opened like full moons. The big fellow spread one hand out, his cards hidden within it, and with the other hand drew down his chip from the pot. "Gentlemen," he said lightly, "this game is temporarily interned." He rose and put a silent hand across the table over Elpaso's shoulder.

"Henry," he exclaimed impassively, "one question, if you please—and only one: How in thunder did you do it?"

Concerning an interview under a pine-tree.

ONE week went to repairs. To a man of action such a week is longer than ten years of service. But, chained to a bed in the Sleepy Cat hospital, de Spain had no escape from one week of thinking; and he thought for the whole week about Nan Morgan—her comely body, which he worshiped to the tips of her graceful fingers; her alert mind, which he saw reflected in her simplest thought; her mobile lips, which he followed to the least sound they gave forth!

The longer he pictured her, as she had appeared to him like a phantom on Music Mountain, the more he longed to be back at the foot of it, wounded again and famished. And the impulse that moved him the first moment he got out of bed and into a saddle was to spur his way hard and fast to her; to make her, against a score of burly cousins, his own; and never to release her from his arms again.

With de Spain, to think was to do; at least to do something. Not without further careful thinking and not without anticipating every chance of failure. But his way was to cast up all difficulties and obstacles in a situation, then to brush them aside, and have his will if the heavens fell. And he now set himself, while carrying on his routine work every day, to do one particular thing—to see, talk to, plead with, struggle with this girl who had given him back his life against her own marauding relatives.

For many days, Nan seemed a match for all the wiles de Spain could use to catch a sight of her. He spent five days riding up and down the line on horseback; driving behind his team; on the stages; in and out of the streets of Sleepy Cat—nominally looking for stock, for equipment, for supplies, or, frankly, for nothing—but always looking for Nan.

When two weeks had passed without de Spain's having seen Nan, or having heard of her being seen, the conclusion urged itself on him that she was either ill or in trouble for helping him. A moment later he was laying plans to get into the Gap to find out.

Nothing in the way of venture could be more foolhardy—this he admitted to himself; nothing, he consoled himself by reflecting, save something stronger than danger could justify it. Of all the motley Morgan following within the mountain fastness, he could count on but one man to help him in the slightest degree; this was the derelict, Bull Page. De Spain, accordingly, lay in wait for the old man and intercepted him on the road to Sleepy Cat, walking the twenty miles patiently for his whisky.

"You must be the only man in the Gap, Bull, that can't borrow or steal a horse to ride," remarked de Spain, stopping him near the river bridge.

Page pushed back the broken brim of his hat and looked up: "You wouldn't believe it," he said, imparting a cheerful confidence, "but ten years ago, I had horses to lend to every man 'tween here and Thief River." He nodded toward Sleepy Cat with a wrecked smile, and by a dramatic chance the broken hat-brim fell with the words: "They've got 'em all."

"Bull, is old Duke Morgan a Republican?"

Bull looked surprised at the turn of de Spain's question, but answered in

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HE THOUGHT FOR THE WHOLE WEEK ABOUT NAN MORGAN.

good faith: "Duke votes 'most any ticket that's agin the railroad."

"How about picking a couple of good barn-men over in the Gap, Bull?"

"What kind of a job ye got?"

"See McAlpin the next time you're over at Calabasas. How about that girl that lives with Duke?"

Bull's face lighted: "Nan! Say, she's a little hummer!"

"I hear she's gone down to Thief River teaching school."

"Came by Duke's less'n three hours ago. Seen her in the kitchen makin' bread."

"They're looking for a school-teacher down there, anyway. Much sickness in the Gap lately, Bull?"

"Only sickness I know lately is what you're responsible for y'self," retorted Bull with a grin. "Pity y' left any chips at all from that Calabasas job."

"See McAlpin, Bull, next time you're over Calabasas way. Here—" de Spain drew some currency from his pocket and handed a bill to Page—"go get your hair cut. Wear your whiskers long and your lips tight."

"Right-o!"

"You understand?"

"Take it from old Bull Page, he's a world wonder of a sucker, but he knows his friends."

"But remember this—you don't know me. If anybody knows you for a friend of mine, you are no good to me. See?"

Bull was beyond expressing his comprehension in words alone. He winked, nodded, and screwed his face into a thousand wrinkles. De Spain, wheeling, rode away, the old man blinking first after him and then at the money in his hand. He didn't profess to understand everything in the high country; but he could still distinguish the principal figures on the end of a bank-note. When he tramped to Calabasas the next day to interview McAlpin he received more advice, with a strong burr, about keeping his own counsel, and a little expense money to run him until an opening presented itself on the pay-roll.

But long before Bull Page reached Calabasas that day, de Spain had acted. When he left Bull at the bridge, he started for Calabasas himself, took supper there, ordered a saddle horse for one o'clock in the morning, went to his room, slept soundly, and shortly after he was called started for Music Mountain. He walked his horse into the Gap and rode straight for Duke Morgan's fortress. Leaving the horse under a heavy mountain pine close to the road, de Spain walked carefully but directly around the house to the east side. The sky was cloudy and the darkness almost complete. He made his way as close as he could to Nan's window and raised the soft, crooning note of the desert owl.

After a while he was able to distinguish the outline of her casement and with much patience and some little skill remaining from boyhood days, he kept up

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the faint call. Down at the big barn the chained watchdog tore himself with a fury of barking at the intruder; but mountain lions were common in the Gap and the noisy sentinel gained no credit for his alarm. Indeed, when the dog slackened his fierceness, de Spain threw a stone over his way to encourage a fresh outburst. But neither the guardian nor the intruder was able to arouse any one within the house.

Undeterred by his failure, de Spain held his ground as long as he dared. When daybreak threatened, he withdrew. The following night he was in the Gap earlier and with renewed determination. He tossed a pebble into Nan's open window and renewed his soft call. Soon, a light flickered for an instant within the room and died out. In the darkness following this, de Spain thought he discerned a figure outlined at the casement. Some minutes later a door opened and closed. He repeated the cry of the owl—and could hear a footstep; the next moment he whispered her name as she stood before him.

"What is it you want?" she asked, so calmly that it upset him. "Why do you come here?"

Where he stood, he was afraid of the sound of her voice, and afraid of his own. "To see you," he said, collecting himself. "Come over to the pine tree."

Under its heavy branches, where the darkness was most intense, he told her why he had come—because he could not see her anywhere outside.

"There is nothing to see me about," she responded, still calm. "I helped you because you were wounded. I was glad to see you get away without fighting. I hate bloodshed."

"But put yourself in my place a little, won't you? After what you did for me, isn't it natural I should want to be sure you are well and not in any trouble on my account?"

"It may be natural, but it isn't necessary. I am in no trouble."

"Excuse me for coming, then. I couldn't rest, Nan, without knowing something. I was here last night."

"I know you were."

He started a little: "You made no sign."

"WHY should I? I suspected it was you. When you came again tonight I knew I should have to speak to you—at least, to ask you not to come again."

"But you will be in and out of town sometimes, won't you, Nan?"

"If I am, it will not be to talk with you."

The words were spoken deliberately. De Spain was silent for a moment. "Not even to speak to me?" he asked.

"You must know the position I am in," she answered, "and what a position you place me in if I am seen speaking to you. This is my home. You are the enemy of my people."

"Not because I want to be." He paused before continuing: "Do you count Gale Morgan as one of your people?" he asked evenly.

"I suppose I must."

"Don't you think you ought to count all of your friends, your well-wishers, those who would defend you with their lives, among your people?" She made no answer. "Aren't they the kind of people," he persisted, "you need when you are in trouble?"

"You needn't remind me I should be grateful to you——"

"Nan!" he exclaimed.

"For I am," she continued, unmoved. "But——"

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"It's a shame to accuse me in that way."

"You were thinking, when you spoke, of what happened with Gale on Music Mountain."

"I wish to God you and I were on Music Mountain again! I never lived or did anything worth living for till you came to me that day on Music Mountain. It's true I was thinking of what happened when I spoke—but not to remind you that you owed anything to me. You don't."

"I do, though."

"I spoke in the way I did because I wanted to remind you of what might happen some time when I'm not near."

"I sha'n't be caught off my guard again. I know how to defend myself from a drunken man."

He could not restrain all the bitterness he felt: "That man," he said deliberately, "is more dangerous sober than drunk."

"When I can't defend myself my uncle will defend me."

He was silent.

"Don't you think, all things considered"—she hesitated as if not knowing how easiest to put it—"you ought to be willing to shake hands and say good-by?"

"Why, if you wish it," he answered, taken aback. And he added more quietly, "Yes, if you say so."

"I mean for good."

"I—" he returned, pausing, "don't."

"You are not willing to be fair."

"I want to be fair—I don't want to promise more than human nature will stand for—and then break my word."

"I am not asking a whole lot."

"Not a whole lot to you, I know. But do you mean you don't want ever to speak to me again?"

"Yes."

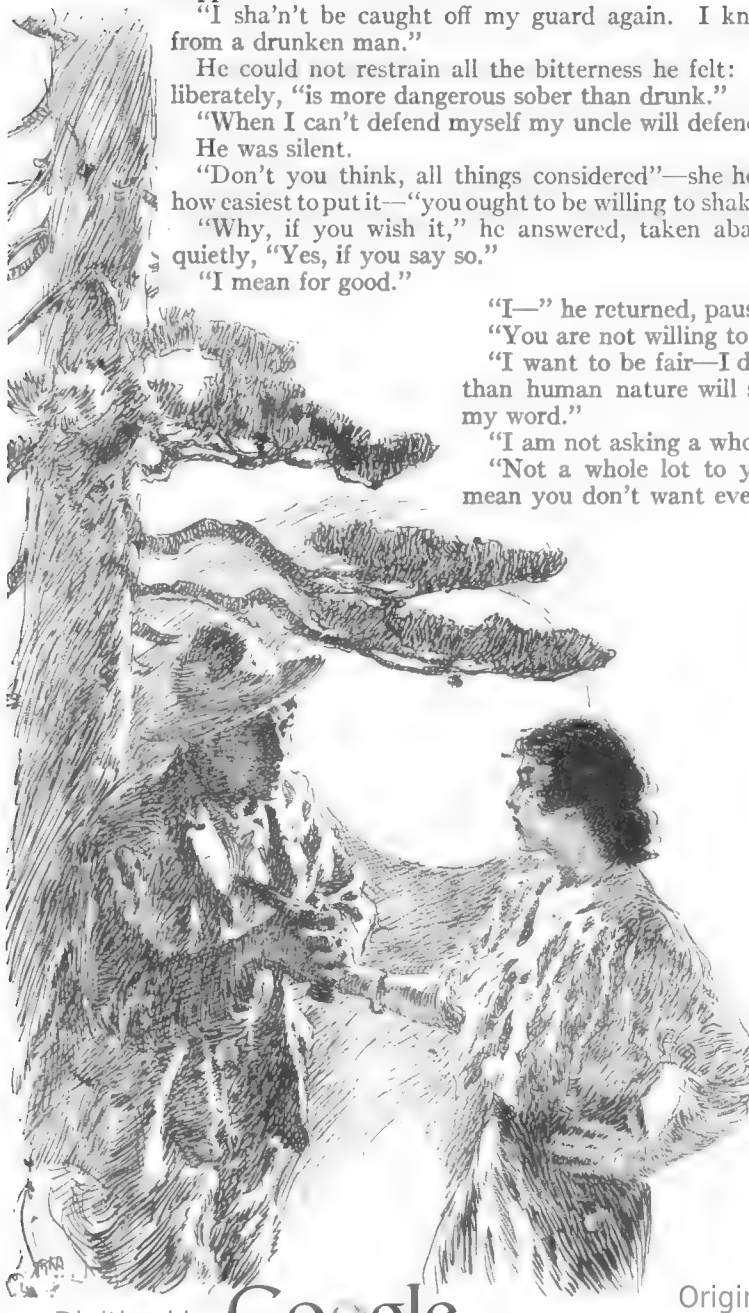
"Well — there is one way to make sure of that. I'll tell you, honestly, I don't want to stand in the way of such a wish as that, if it's really yours. Got your pistol with you, Nan?"

"No."

"That is the way you take care of yourself, is it?"

"I'm not afraid of you."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself not to be. And you don't even know whom you'll meet before you can lock your room door again. You promised me never



"PUT YOUR FINGER ON THE TRIGGER—SO. IT IS COCKED. NOW PULL."

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to go without it. Promise me that once more, will you?" She did as he asked her. "Now give me your hand, please," he went on. "Take hold of this."

"What is it?"

"The butt of my revolver. Don't be afraid."

She heard the slight click of the hammer with a thrill of strange apprehension. "What are you doing?" she demanded hurriedly.

"Put your finger on the trigger—so. It is cocked. Now pull."

She caught her breath: "What do you mean?"

He was holding the gun in his two hands, his fingers overlapping hers, the muzzle at the breast of his jacket: "Pull," he repeated, "that's all you have to do; I'm steadying it."

She snatched back her hand. "What do you mean?" she cried. "For me to kill you? Shame!"

"You are too excited—all I asked you was to take the trouble to crook your finger—and I'll never speak to you again—you have your wish forever."

"I told you once I'm not an assassin—how dare you ask me to do such a thing?" she cried furiously.

"Call your uncle," he suggested coolly. "You may hold this so you will know he's in no danger. Take my gun and call your uncle——"

"Shame on you!"

"Call Gale—call any man in the Gap—they'll jump at the chance."

"You are a cold-blooded, brutal wretch. I'm sorry I ever saw you!"

She sprang away before he could interpose another word. He stood stunned by the suddenness of her outburst, trying to listen and to breathe at the same time. He heard the front door close and stood waiting. But no further sound from the house greeted his ears.

"And I thought," he muttered to himself, "that would calm her down a little. I'm certainly in wrong, now."

Nan and de Spain celebrate their anniversary.

NAN reached her room in a fever of excitement, angry at de Spain, bitterly angry at Gale, angry with the mountains, the world, and resentfully fighting the lonely pillow on which she at last cried herself to sleep.

In the morning every nerve was on edge. When her Uncle Duke with his chopping utterance said, as he often did, something short to her at their very early breakfast, he was surprised with an answer equally short. Her uncle retorted sharply on her. A second curt answer greeted his rebuff, and while he stared at her, Nan left the table and the room.

He started with two of the men for Sleepy Cat that morning with a bunch of cattle. He rode a fractious horse, as he always did, and this time the horse, infuriated by his brutal treatment, bolted in a moment unguarded by his master, and flung Duke on his back in a strip of lava rocks.

The old man—in the mountains a man is called old after forty—was heavy and the fall a serious one. He picked himself up while the men were recovering his horse, knocked the horse over with a piece of jagged rock when the frightened beast was brought back, climbed into the saddle again, and rode all the way into town.

But when his business was done, Duke, too, was done. He could neither sit a horse nor sit in a wagon. The doctor, after examination, told him he was booked for the hospital. A stream of profane protest made no difference with his adviser, and after many threats and words, the hard-shelled mountaineer was taken to the hospital.

The two men who had driven in the cattle with Duke, having been paid off,

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were now past getting home; and there were no telephones in the Gap. De Spain, who was at Calabasas, knew Nan would not be alarmed should her uncle not return that night. But early in the morning a messenger from McAlpin rode to her with a note, telling her of the accident.

Whatever his vices, Duke had been a good protector to his dead brother's child. He had sent her to good schools and tried to revive in her, despite her untoward surroundings, the better traditions of the family as it had once flourished in Kentucky. Nan took the saddle for Sleepy Cat in haste and alarm. When she reached her uncle's bedside she understood how seriously he had been hurt, and the doctor's warnings were not needed to convince her he must have care.

Duke refused to let her leave him, in any case, and Nan relieved the nurse and—of equal moment—made herself custodian of the cash in hand before Duke's town companions could get hold of it. Occasional trips to the Gap were necessary for her as the weeks passed and her uncle could not be moved. These Nan had dreaded as threatening an encounter with de Spain. But the encounter never took place. De Spain, attending closely to his own business, managed to keep accurate track of her whereabouts without getting in her way.

In and about the hospital, and in the town itself, Nan found the chief obstacle to her peace of mind in the talk she could not always avoid hearing about de Spain. Convalescents, practically all of them men, never gathered in sunny corners or at the table in the dining-room without de Spain's name coming in some way into the talk, to be followed with various circumstantial accounts of what really had happened that day at Calabasas.

And with all the known escapades in which he had figured exhausted as topics by long-winded commentators, more or less hazy stories of his earlier experiences at Medicine Bend in the company of Whispering Smith were dragged into the talk. One convalescent stage-guard at the hospital told a story one night at supper about him that chilled Nan with strange fears. He had had it from McAlpin himself, so the guard said, that de Spain's father had been shot down from ambush by a cattleman just a few months before de Spain was born, and that his mother had died in giving him birth from the grief and shock. Henry de Spain had sworn to find his father's murderer and kill him. He had made himself an expert gunman for that very purpose. And it was hinted pretty strongly that de Spain had information when he consented to come to Sleepy Cat that the assassin still lived, and lived somewhere around the Sinks.

THAT night Nan dreamed. She dreamed of a sinister mark on a face that she had never before seen—a face going into bronzed young manhood, with quick brown eyes looking eagerly at her. And before her wondering look it faded, dream-like, into a soft mist, and where it had been a man lay, lifting himself on one arm from the ground. His sleeve hung loose, his collar was torn, his eyes were half-living and half-dead, his hair was clotted, his lips distended, and his face drawn. And all of this dissolved into an image of de Spain on horseback, sudden, alert, threatening, looking through the mist at an enemy. Then Nan heard the sharp report of a rifle and saw him whirl half around—struck—in his saddle, and fall. But he fell into her arms, and she woke sobbing violently.

She was upset for the whole day, moody and apprehensive, with a premonition that she should soon see de Spain—and, perhaps, hurt again. The dream unnerved her every time she thought of him. That evening the doctor came

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late. When he walked in he asked her if she knew it was Frontier Day; and reminded her that just a year ago she had shot against Henry de Spain and beaten the most dangerous man and the deadliest shot on the mountain divide in her rifle match.

HOW he had grown in the imagination of Sleepy Cat and Music Mountain, she said to herself, since that day! Then he was no more than an unknown and discomfited marksman from Medicine Bend, beaten by a mountain girl; now the most talked-of man in the high country. And the thought would sometimes obtrude itself with pride into her mind, that she, who never mentioned his name when he was discussed before her, really knew and understood him better than any of those who talked so much—that she had at least one great secret with him alone.

When leaving, the doctor wished to send over medicine for her uncle from his office. Nan offered to go with him, but the doctor said it was pretty late and Main Street pretty noisy; he decided he would find a messenger.

Nan was sitting in her uncle's sick-room a little later—in the old wing of the hospital, facing the mountains—when there came a rap on the half-open door. She bent forward to take the medicine from the messenger and saw standing before her in the hall, de Spain.

She shrank back as if struck. She tried to speak. Her tongue refused its office. De Spain held out a package. "Doctor Torpy asked me to give you this."

"Doctor Torpy? What is it?"

"I really don't know—I suppose it is medicine." She heard her uncle turn in his bed at the sound of voices.

Thinking only that he must not at any cost see de Spain, Nan stepped quickly into the hall and faced the messenger.

"I was over at the doctor's office just now and he asked me to bring this down for your uncle."

She took the package with an incoherent acknowledgment. Without letting her eyes meet his, she was conscious of how fresh and clean and strong he looked, dressed in a livelier rig than he usually wore—a partly cowboy effect, with a broader Stetson and a gayer tie than he ordinarily affected.

De Spain kept on speaking: "The girl in the office told me to come up. How is your uncle coming on?"

She regarded him wonderingly. "He has a good deal of pain," she answered quietly.

"Too bad he should have been hurt in such a way. Are you pretty well, Nan?" She thanked him. "Have you got over being mad at me?" he asked.

"No," she asserted resolutely.

"I'm glad you're not over it," he returned. "I'm not over being mad myself. Haven't seen you for a long time. Stay here a good deal, do you?"

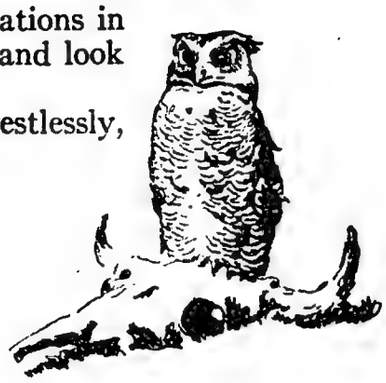
"All the time."

"I'll bet you don't know what day this is?"

Nan looked up the corridor, but she answered to the point: "You'd lose."

"It's our anniversary." She darted a look of indignant disclaimer at him. But in doing so she met his eyes. "Have you seen the decorations in Main Street?" he asked indifferently. "Come out for a minute and look at them."

She shook her head. "I don't care to," she answered, looking restlessly, this time, down the corridor.



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"Come to the door just a minute and see the way they've lighted the arches." She knew just the expression of the eyes that went with that tone. After hesitating, she looked vexedly to confirm her suspicion. Sure enough, there in the brown part and in the lids, it was, the most troublesome kind of an expression—very hard to be resolute against. Her eyes fell away, but some damage had been done. He did not say another word. None seemed necessary. He just kept still, and something—no one could have said just what—seemed to talk for him to poor, defenseless Nan.

She hesitated helplessly. "I ought not to leave uncle," she protested weakly.

"I'll stay here at the door while you go."

Irresolute, she let her eyes rest again for a fraction of a second on his eyes; when she drew a breath after that pause everything was over. "I'd better give him his medicine first," she said, looking toward the sick-room door.

His monosyllabic answer was most calm: "Do." Then, as she laid her hand on the knob of the door to enter the room: "Can I help any?"

"Oh, no!" she cried indignantly.

He laughed silently at her: "I'll stay here."

She disappeared. Lounging against the window-sill opposite the door, he waited.

After a long time the door stealthily reopened. Nan tiptoed out. She closed it softly behind her. "I waited for him to go to sleep," she explained as she started down the corridor. "He's had so much pain to-day; I hope he will sleep."

"I hope so, too," exclaimed de Spain fervently.

Nan ignored the implication. She looked straight ahead. She had nothing to say. De Spain, walking beside her, devoured her with his eyes; listened to her footfalls; tried to make talk. Nan was silent.

Standing on the wide veranda outside the front door, she assented to the beauty of the distant illumination, but not enthusiastically. De Spain declared it could be seen very much better from the street below. Nan thought she could see very well where they stood. But by this time she was answering questions—dryly, it is true, and in single words, but answering. De Spain, leading the way a step or two forward at a time, coaxed her toward the drive-way.

She stood again irresolute, he drinking in the fragrance of her presence after the long separation and playing her reluctance guardedly as an angler.

"Do you know," she exclaimed with sudden resentment, "you make it awfully hard to be mean to you?"

With a laugh he caught her hand and made her walk down the hospital steps. "You may be as mean as you like," he answered indifferently. "Only never ask me to be mean to you."

"I wish to heaven you would be!" she retorted.

"Do you remember," he asked, "what we were doing a year ago to-day?"

"No." Before he could speak again she changed her answer: "Yes, I do remember. If I said 'no' you'd be sure to remind me of what we were doing. We can't see as well here as we could from the steps."

"But from here you have the best view in Sleepy Cat of Music Mountain."

"We didn't come out here to see Music Mountain."

"I come here often to look at it. You won't let me see you—what can I do but look at Music? How long are you going to keep me away from you?"

"You know very well it is my people that will never be friendly with you," she replied. "How can I be?"

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They were passing a lawn settee. He sat down. She would not follow. She stood in a sort of protest at his side, but he did not release her hand. "I'll tell you how you can be," he returned. "Make me one of your people."

"That never can be," she declared stubbornly. "You know it as well as I do. Why do you say such things?" she demanded, drawing away her hand.

"Do you want to know?"

"No."

"It's because I love you."

She struggled to command herself. "Whether you do or do not, can't make any difference," she said steadily. "We are separated by everything. There's a gulf between us. It never can be crossed. We should both of us be wretched if it ever were crossed."

He had risen from the bench and caught her hand again. "It's because we haven't crossed it we're wretched," he said determinedly. "Cross it with me now!" He caught her in his arms. She strove to escape. She knew what was coming and fought to keep her face turned from him. With resistless strength and as carefully as a mother with an obstinate child, he held her slight body against his breast, relentlessly drawing her head closer. "Let me go!" she panted, twisting her averted head from the hollow of his arm. Drinking the wine of her frightened breath, he bent over her in the darkness until his pulsing eagerness found and chained her warm lips to his own.

She surrendered to his long kiss.

He spoke first. "It's crossed now. Are you so awfully wretched?" And when she would have spoken he stopped her answer again with his lips.

They sank down on the bench

"DO YOU KNOW," SHE EXCLAIMED, "YOU MAKE IT AWFULLY HARD TO BE MEAN TO YOU?"

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together. "What," she faltered, "whatever will become of me now, Henry?"

"You are better off now than you ever were, Nan. You have gained this moment a big brother, a lover you can drag around the world after you with a piece of thread."

"You act as if I could!"

"I mean it; it's true. I'm pledged to you forever—you to me, forever. We'll keep our secret till we can manage things; and we *will* manage them. Everything will come right, Nan, because everything must come right."

"I hope you are not wrong," she murmured, her eyes turned toward the somber mountains.

"Lovers' Meetings."

WITH never such apprehension, never such stealth, never so heavy a secret, so hot a burning in her cheeks and eyes, Nan tiptoed into her uncle's sick-room at midnight. Sleep she did not expect nor even ask for; the night was all too short to think of those tense, fearful moments that had pledged her to her lover and her lover to her. When the anxieties of her situation overwhelmed her, as they would again and again, she felt herself in the arms of this strange, resolute man whom all her own hated and whom she knew she already loved beyond all power to cast away.

Moreover, she trusted him. When he spoke she believed him, this man whom no one around her would believe; and she, who never had believed what other men avowed, and who detested their avowals, believed de Spain, and secretly, guiltily, glowed in every word of his devotion.

Night could hardly come fast enough after the next long day. A hundred times in that day she reminded herself, while the slow, majestic sun shone simmering on the hot desert, that she had promised to steal out into the grounds the minute darkness fell—he would be waiting. A hundred times in the long afternoon, Nan looked into the cloudless western sky and with eager, puny hands would have pushed the lagging sun along on its course that she might sooner give herself into the arms where she felt her place so sure, her honor so safe, her helplessness so protected, herself so loved.

How her cheeks burned after supper when she asked her uncle for leave to post a letter down-town! How breathless with apprehension she halted as de Spain stepped from the shadow of the trees and drew her importunately under them to take the kiss that had burned on her troubled lips all day! How, girl-like, knowing his caresses were all her own, knowing she could at any time call forth enough to smother her, she tyrannized over his eagerness, and like a lovely miser hoarded her responsiveness under calm eyes and laconic whispers until, when she did give back his eagerness, she made his senses reel!

"I don't see why you care for *me*, Henry. Oh, I mean it," she protested, holding her head resolutely up. "You know who we are, away off there in the mountains. Every one hates us. I suppose they've plenty of reason to. We hate everybody else. And why shouldn't we? We're at war with every one. You know, better than I do, what goes on in the Gap. I don't want to know; I try not to know; Uncle Duke tries to keep things from me. When you began to act—as if you cared for me—that day on Music—I couldn't believe you meant it at all. And yet—I'm afraid I liked to try to think you did. When you looked at me I felt as if you could see right through me."

The day came when Nan's uncle could be taken home. De Spain, eager to improve his relations with the implacable Duke, sent to him a soft-spoken

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emissary, Bob Scott, offering to provide a light stage, with his compliments, for the trip. The intractable mountaineer blew Bob out of the room with his refusal to accept the olive branch. Nan was crushed, but de Spain was not to be dismayed by one failure.

Lefever came to him the day after Nan had got her uncle home. "Henry," he began, without any preliminaries, "there is one thing about your precipitate ride up Music Mountain that I never got clear in my mind. After the fight, your cartridge belt was hanging up in the barn at Calabasas for two weeks. You walked into us that morning with your belt buckled on. You told us you put it on before you came up-stairs. What? Oh, yes, I know, Henry. But that belt wasn't hanging down-stairs with your coat earlier in the evening. No, Henry, it wasn't, not when I looked. Don't tell me such things, because—I don't know. Where was the belt when you found it?"

"Some distance from the coat, John. I admit that. I'll tell you: some one had moved the belt. It was not where I left it— I was hurried the morning I rode in and can't tell you just where I found it."

Lefever never batted an eyelash. "I know you can't, Henry. Because you won't. That Scotch hybrid McAlpin knows a few things, too, that he won't tell. All I want to say is, you can trust that man too far. He's got all my recent salary. Every time Jeffries raises my pay that hairy-pawed doctor reduces it just so much a month. And he does it with one pack of fifty-two small cards that you could stick into your vest pocket."

"McAlpin has a wife and family to support," suggested de Spain.

"Don't think for a moment he does it," returned Lefever, vehemently. "I support them myself."

"You shouldn't play cards, John."

"It was by playing cards that I located Sassoon, just the same. A little game with your friend Bull Page, by the way. And say, that man blew into Calabasas one day here with a twenty-dollar bill; it's a fact. Now where do you suppose he got twenty dollars in one bill? I know I had it two hours after he got there, and then in fifteen minutes that blamed bull-whacker you pay thirty-two a week to took it away from me. But I got Sassoon spotted. And where do you suppose Split-lips is this minute?"

"Morgan's Gap."

"Quite so—and been there all the time. Now: Bob has the old warrant for him; the question is, how to get him out."

"John, I'd let him alone just for the present."

Lefever's eyes bulged. "Let Sassoon alone?"

"He will keep—for a while, anyway."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't want to stir things up too strong over that way just at the minute."

"Why not?"

DE SPAIN shuffled a little. "Well, Jeffries thinks we might let things rest till Duke Morgan and the others get over some of their soreness."

Lefever, astonished, expostulated strongly. When de Spain persisted, he confided to Bob Scott that when the General Manager got ready he could catch Sassoon himself.

De Spain wanted, for Nan's sake as well as his own, to see what could be done to pacify her uncle and his relatives so that a wedge might be driven in between them and their notorious henchman, and Sassoon brought to book with their consent. On this point, however, he was not quite bold-faced enough

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to take his friends into his confidence.

As fiery a lover as he was a fighter, he stayed none of his courting because circumstances put Music Mountain between him and his mistress. And Nan was nothing behind in the chances she unhesitatingly took to arrange her meetings with de Spain. He found in her, once her girlish timidity was overcome and a woman's confidence had replaced it, a disregard of consequences, so far

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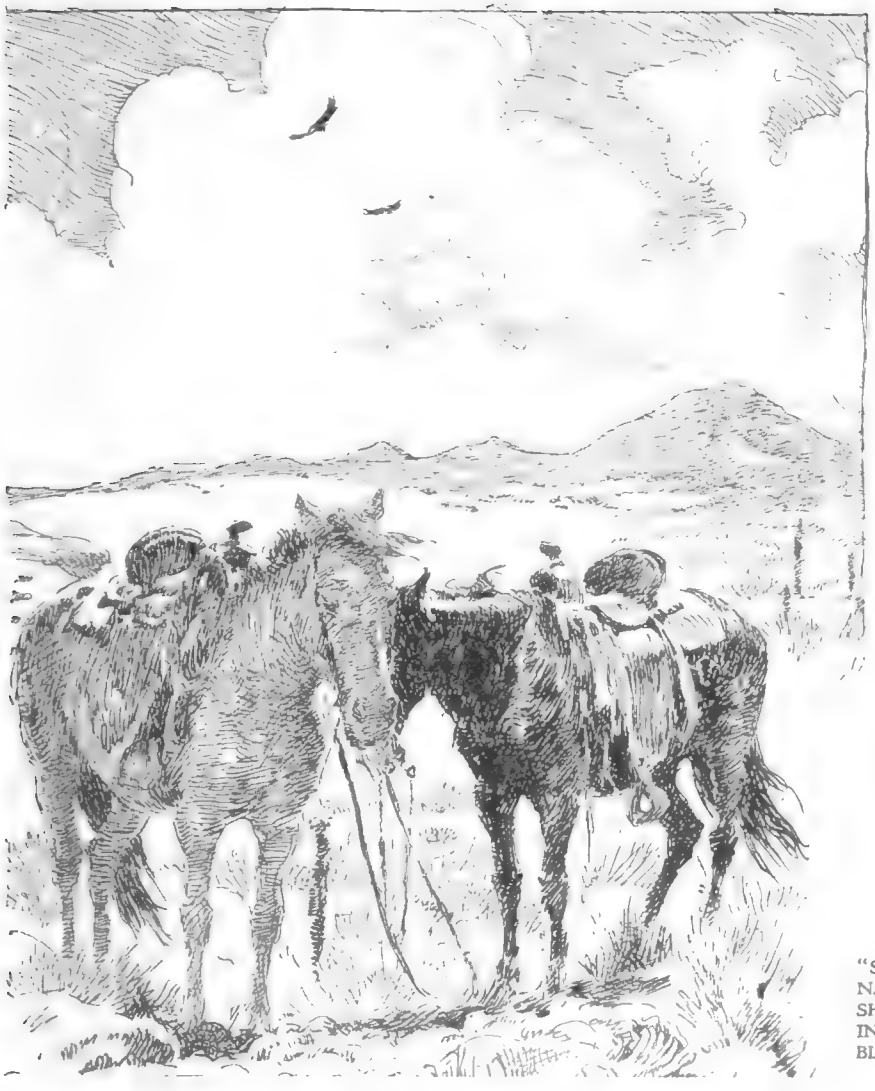

"SUPPOSE," SAID NAN, "SOME ONE SHOULD BE SPYING ON US FROM BLACK CAP?"

as their own plans were concerned, that sometimes took his breath.

The very day after she had got her uncle home, with the aid of his brother Satterlee and an antiquated spring wagon, Nan rode, later in the afternoon, over to Calabasas. The two had made their appointment at the lower lava beds halfway between the Gap and Calabasas. The sun was sinking behind the mountain when de Spain galloped out of the rocks as Nan turned from the trail and rode toward the black and weatherbeaten meeting-place.

They could hardly slip from their saddles fast enough to reach each other's arms—Nan, trim as a model in fresh khaki, trying with a tiny handkerchief to wipe the flecks of dust from her pink cheeks, while de Spain, between dabs,

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covered them with kisses. Looking, engrossed, into each other's eyes, and, in their eagerness to greet each other, both talking at once, they led their horses into hiding and sat down to tell all that had happened since their parting. Wars and rumors of wars, feuds and raidings, fights and pursuits were no more to them than to babes in the woods. All that mattered to them—sitting, or pacing together in the path of the long-cold volcanic stream buried in the shifting sands of the desert—was that they should clasp each other's clinging hands, listen each to the other's answering voice, look unrestrained into each other's questioning eyes.

They met in both the lava beds—the upper lay between the Gap and town—more than once. And one day came a scare. They were sitting on a little ledge well up in the rocks where de Spain could overlook the trail east and west, and were talking about a bungalow some day to be in Sleepy Cat, when they saw men riding from the west toward Calabasas. There were three in the party, one lagging well behind. The two men leading, Nan and de Spain made out to be Gale Morgan and Page. They saw the man coming on behind stop his horse and lean forward, his head bent over the trail. He was examining the sand and halted quite a minute to study something. Both knew what he was studying—the hoof-prints of Nan's pony heading toward the lava. Nan shrank back and with de Spain moved a little to where they could watch the intruder without being seen.

Nan whispered first: "It's Sassoon." De Spain nodded. "What shall we do?" breathed Nan.

"Nothing yet," returned her lover, watching the horseman, whose eyes were still fixed on the pony's trail, but who was now less than half a mile away and riding straight toward them.

De Spain, his eyes on the danger and his hand laid behind Nan's waist, led the way guardedly down to where their horses stood together. Nan, needing no instructions for the emergency, took the lines of the two horses, and de Spain, standing beside his own horse, reached his right hand over in front of the pommel and, regarding Sassoon steadily, drew his rifle slowly from its scabbard. The blood fled Nan's cheeks. She said nothing. Without looking at her, de Spain then drew her own rifle from her horse's side, passed it into her hand and, moving over in front of the horses, laid his hand reassuringly on her waist again.

At that moment, little knowing what eyes were on him in the black fragments ahead, Sassoon looked up. Then he rode more slowly forward.

The color returned to Nan's cheeks. "Do you want me to use this?" she murmured, indicating the rifle.

"Certainly not. But if the others turn back, I may need it. Stay right here with the horses. He will lose the trail in a minute now. When he reaches the rock I'll go down and keep him from getting off his horse—he won't fight from the saddle."

But with an instinct better than knowledge, Sassoon, like a wolf scenting danger, stopped again. He scanned the broken and forbidding hump in front, now less than a quarter of a mile from him, questioningly. His eyes seemed to rove and roam inquisitively over the lava pile as if asking why a Morgan Gap pony had visited it. Then, wheeling his horse, he spurred back rapidly toward his companions.

The two drew a long breath together. De Spain laughed: "What we don't know, never hurts us." He drew Nan to him. Holding the rifle-muzzle at arm's length as the butt rested on the ground, she looked up

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from the shoulder to which she was drawn. "What should you have done if he had come?"

"Taken you to the Gap and then taken him to Sleepy Cat, where he belongs."

"But, Henry, suppose——"

"There wouldn't be any 'suppose.' With one rifle, here, a man could stand off a regiment. Nan, do you know, you fit into my arm as if you were made for it?"

In two minutes they had almost forgotten the episode. But when they left for home, they agreed they would not meet there again. They knew that Sassoon, like a jackal, would surely come back, and more than once, until he found out just what that trail or any subsequent trail leading into the beds meant. But the lovers laughed the jackal's spying to scorn, and rode away, bantering, laughing, racing and chasing each other in the saddle, as solely concerned in their happiness as if there were nothing else of moment in the whole wide world.

Nan faces the wrath of the Morgans.

THEY had not underestimated the danger from Sassoon's suspicious malevolence. He returned next morning to read what further he could among the rocks. It was little; but it spelled a meeting of two people —Nan and another, and he was stimulated to keep his eyes and ears open for further discoveries. Moreover, continuing ease in seeing each other undetected by hostile eyes, gradually rendered the lovers less cautious in their arrangements. There was hardly an inviting spot within miles of Music Mountain where one or the other of the two had not waited.

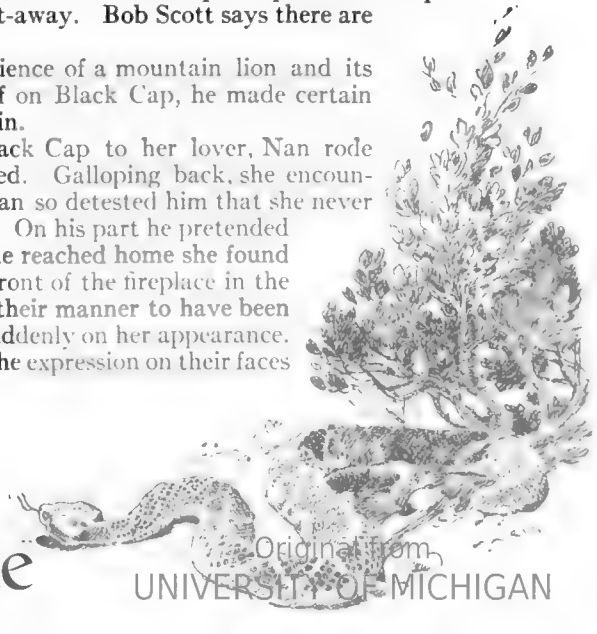
Midway between Music Mountain and Sleepy Cat a low-lying wall of lava-rock, in part sand-covered and in part exposed, parallels and sometimes crosses the principal trail. This undulating ridge was a favorite with de Spain and Nan because they could ride in and out of hiding-places without more than just leaving the trail itself. To the west of this ridge, and commanding it, rose, rather more than a mile away, the cone called the Black Cap.

"Suppose," said Nan one afternoon, looking from de Spain's side toward the mountains, "some one should be spying on us from Black Cap?" She pointed to the solitary rock.

"If any one has been, Nan, with a good glass, he must have seen exchanges of confidence over here that would make him gnash his teeth. I know if I saw anything like it I'd go hang myself. But the country over there is too rough for a horse. Nobody even hides around Black Cap except some tramp hold-up man that is crowded in his get-away. Bob Scott says there are dozens of mountain lions over there."

But Sassoon had the unpleasant patience of a mountain lion and its dogged persistence, and, hiding himself on Black Cap, he made certain one day that Nan was meeting de Spain.

The day after she had mentioned Black Cap to her lover, Nan rode over to Calabasas to get a bridle mended. Galloping back, she encountered Sassoon just inside the Gap. Nan so detested him that she never spoke to him when she could avoid it. On his part he pretended not to see her as she passed. When she reached home she found her Uncle Duke and Gale standing in front of the fireplace in the living-room. The two appeared from their manner to have been in a heated discussion, which stopped suddenly on her appearance. Both looked at Nan as she came in. The expression on their faces



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forewarned her, as she threw her quirt on the table, drew off her riding gloves, and began to unpin her hat, that a storm was impending.

For a long time Gale had been made to know that he was an unwelcome visitor, and her greeting of him was the merest contemptuous nod. "Well, uncle," she said, glancing at Duke, "I'm late again. Have you had supper?"

Duke always spoke curtly; to-night his heavy voice was as sharp as an ax: "You've been late a good deal lately."

Nan laid her hat on the table beside her gloves and, glancing composedly from one suspicious face to the other, put up her hands to rearrange her hair. "And I'm going to try to do better. I'll go out and get my supper if you've had yours." She started toward the dining-room.

"Hold on!" Nan paused at her uncle's ferocious command. She looked at him, either really or feignedly surprised, her expression changing to one of resentment, and waited for him to speak. Since he did no more than stare angrily at her, Nan lifted her brows a little. "What do you want?"

"Where did you go this afternoon?"

"Over to Calabasas, uncle," she answered innocently.

"Who'd you meet there?" Duke's tone snapped with anger. He was working himself into a fury, but Nan saw it must be faced.

"The same people I usually meet—why?"

"Did you meet Henry de Spain there this afternoon?"

Nan looked squarely at her cousin and returned his triumphant expression defiantly before she turned her eyes on her uncle and answered. "No," she said, collectedly. "Why?"

"Do you deny it?" he thundered.

"Yes, I deny it. Why?"

"Did you see de Spain at Calabasas this afternoon?"

"No."

"See him anywhere else?"

"No, I did not. What do you mean? What," demanded his niece, with spirit, "do you want to know? What are you trying to find out?"

Duke turned in his rage on Gale. "There! You hear that—what have you got to say now?" he demanded with an abusive oath.

GALE, who had been hardly able to refrain from breaking in, answered fast. "What have I got to say?" he echoed insolently. "I say she's lying, Duke."

Nan's face turned white with anger. Before she could speak, her uncle took up the words. "Hold on!" he thundered. "Don't tell me she lies." He launched another hot expletive. "I know she doesn't lie!"

Gale jumped forward, his finger pointed at Nan: "Look here, do you deny you are meeting Henry de Spain all over the desert?"

Nan's anger supported her without a tremor. "Who are you to ask me whom I meet or don't meet?"

"You've been meeting de Spain right along, haven't you? You met him down the Sleepy Cat trail near Black Cap, didn't you?"

Nan stood with her back against the end of the table where her uncle's first words had stopped her, and she looked sidewise toward her cousin. In her answer he heard as much contempt as a girl's voice could carry to a rejected lover: "So you've been spying!"

"No," roared Gale, with a string of bad words. "I don't have to spy——"

"You hire that coyote, Sassoon, to spy for you. Aren't you proud of your

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"I WON'T PUT IT DOWN! AND GALE WILL GET A GOOD LASHING WITH IT IF HE SAYS ONE WORD MORE ABOUT HENRY DE SPAIN."

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manly nephew, uncle?" Duke was choking with rage. He tried to speak to her, but he could not form his words. "What is it you want to know, uncle? Whether it is true that I meet Henry de Spain? It is; I do meet him, and we're engaged to be married when you give us permission, Uncle Duke—and not till then."

"There you have it," cried Gale. "There's the story. I told you so. I've known it for a week, I tell you." Nan's face set. "Not only," continued her cousin jeeringly, "meeting that——"

Almost before the vile epithet that followed had reached her ears, she caught up the whip and cut Gale across the face. "You coward!" she cried, trembling so with anger that she could not control her voice. "If you ever dare use that word before me again I'll horsewhip you. Go to Henry de Spain's face, you skulker, and say it, if you dare."

"Put down that quirt, Nan," commanded her uncle sternly.

"I won't put it down!" she declared defiantly. "And he will get a good lashing with it if he says one more word more about Henry de Spain."

"Put down that quirt, I tell you," thundered Duke.

She whirled. "I won't put it down! This hulking bully! I know him better than you do." She pointed a quivering finger at her cousin. "He insulted me as vilely as he could only a few months ago on Music Mountain. And if this very same Henry de Spain hadn't happened to be there to protect me, you would have found me dead next morning by my own hand. Do you understand?" she cried, panting and furious. "That's what *he* is."

Her uncle tried to break in. "Stop!" she exclaimed, pointing at Gale. "He never told you that, did he?"

"No; nor you either," snapped Duke hoarsely.

"I didn't tell you," retorted Nan, "because I've been trying to live with you here in peace among these thieves and cutthroats, and not keep you stirred up all the time. And Henry de Spain faced this big coward and protected me from him with an empty revolver! What business of yours is it whom I meet, or where I go?" she demanded, raining her words, with flaming eyes, on her belligerent cousin. "I will never marry you to save you from the hangman. Now leave this house and never come into it again!"

Gale, beside himself with rage, stood his ground. He poured all that he safely could of abuse on Nan's own head. She had appeased her wrath and made no attempt to retort, only looking at him with white face and burning eyes as she breathed defiance. Duke interfered. "Get out!" he said to Gale harshly. "I'll talk to her. Go home!"

Not ceasing to mutter threats, Gale picked up his hat and stamped out of the house, slamming the door. Duke, exhausted by the quarrel, sat down, eyeing his niece: "Now what does this mean?" he demanded hoarsely.

NAN tried to tell him honestly and frankly all that her acquaintance with de Spain did mean—dwelling no more than was necessary on its beginning, but concealing nothing of its development and consequences, nothing of her love for de Spain, nor of his for her. But no part of what she could say on any point softened her uncle's face. His square, hard jaw looked like stone.

"So he's your lover, is he?" he said harshly when she had done.

"He wants to be your friend," returned Nan, determined not to give up.

Her uncle looked at her uncompromisingly. "That man can't ever be any friend of mine—understand that! He can't ever marry you. If he ever tries

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to, so help me God, I'll kill him if I hang for it. I know his game. I know what he wants. He doesn't care a pinch of snuff about you. He thinks he can hit me a blow by getting you away from me."

"Nothing could be further from the truth!" exclaimed Nan hopelessly.

"Uncle Duke, if you won't listen to reason you must listen to sense. Think of what a position you put me in. I love you for all your care of me. I love him for his affection for me and consideration of me—because he knows how to treat a woman. I know that, for my sake, he wouldn't harm a hair of your head, yet you talk now of bloodshed. I know what your words mean—that one of you or both of you are to be killed for a senseless feud. He will not stand up and let any man shoot him down without resistance. If you lay your blood on his head, you know it would put a stain between him and me that never could be washed out as long as we lived. If you kill him, I could never stay here with you. His blood would cry out every day and night against you. Oh, Uncle Duke, I want to see you live in peace instead of what we do live in—suspicion, distrust, feuds, alarms, and worse. I want you to get out of what you are in, here—I want to be out of it. I'd rather be dead now than to live in it——"

She could speak no further. Her uncle, with a curse, left her alone. When she arose in the early morning he had already gone away.

Nan offers de Spain a way out of their trouble.

SLEEPY Cat is not so large a place that one would ordinarily have much trouble in finding a man in it, if one searched well. But Duke Morgan drove into town next morning, and had to stay for three days, waiting for a chance to meet de Spain.

De Spain himself had been putting off for weeks every business that would bear putting off, and had been forced at length to run down to Medicine Bend to buy horses. Nan, after her uncle left home, made frantic efforts to get word to de Spain of what was impending. She could not telegraph—because a publicity she dreaded would have followed at once. De Spain had expected to be back in two days; a letter would not reach him at Medicine Bend.

Desperate with suspense, wild for a scrap of news, yet dreading one, at the close of the second day she saddled her pony and rode alone into Sleepy Cat after nightfall to meet the train on which de Spain had told her he would return from the east. She rode straight to the hospital, instead of going to the livery barn, and, leaving her horse, got supper, and walked by way of unfrequented streets down-town to the railroad station to wait for the train.

When it drew in, slowly and almost noiselessly, she took her place where no incoming passenger could escape her gaze, and waited for de Spain. As she scanned eagerly the figures of the men that walked up the long platform and approached the station exit, the fear that she should not see him battled with the hope that he still would appear. But when all the arrivals had been accounted for, he had not come.

She turned, heavy-hearted, to walk back up-town, trying to think whom she might ask for information concerning de Spain's whereabouts, when her eyes fell on a man standing not ten feet away at the door of the baggage-room. He was alone, and seemed to be watching the changing of the engines, but Nan thought she recognized him. The rather long, straight black hair under the broad-brimmed Stetson hat marked the man known and hated in the Gap as "The Indian." Here, she said to herself, was a chance. De Spain, she recalled, spoke of no one oftener than this man.

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Repressing her nervous timidity, Nan walked over to him. "Aren't you Mr. Scott?" she asked abruptly.

Scott, turning to look at her, touched his hat, as if wholly unaware until that moment of her existence.

"Did you see Mr. de Spain get off the train?" she asked, as Scott acknowledged his identity.

"I didn't see him. I guess he didn't come to-night." Nan noticed the impassive manner of his speaking, and the low, even tones. "I was kind of looking for him myself. I don't think he will be back now before to-morrow night."

Nan, much disappointed, looked up the line and down. "I rode in this afternoon from Music Mountain especially to see him."

Scott, without commenting, smiled with understanding and encouragement, and Nan was so anxious that she welcomed a chance to talk to somebody. "I've often heard him speak of you," she ventured, searching the dark eyes, and watching the open, kindly smile, characteristic of the man. "You don't know me?" she said tentatively.

"Not to speak to, no."

"I am Nan Morgan."

"I know your name very well," he explained.

"And I came in—because I was worried over something, and wanted to see Mr. de Spain."

"He is buying horses north of Medicine Bend. The rain-storm yesterday likely kept him back some. I don't think you need worry much over anything, though."

"I don't mean I am worrying about Mr. de Spain at Medicine Bend," disclaimed Nan, with a trace of embarrassment.

"I know what you mean," smiled Bob Scott. She regarded him questioningly. He returned her gaze reassuringly.

"Do you know why I came?"

"I guessed at it. I don't think you need worry over anything."

"Has Uncle Duke been talking?"

"Your Uncle Duke doesn't talk much, you know. But he had to ask questions. If I were you, I'd go back to the hospital for the night. I will send Henry de Spain up there just as soon as he comes to town."

NAN, who had stayed at the hospital, awaited de Spain there the next night, with her burden of anxiety still upon her. When she had told all her story, de Spain laughed at her fears.

"I'll bring that man around, Nan, don't worry. Don't believe we shall ever fight. I may not be able to bring him around to-morrow or next week, but I'll do it. It takes two to quarrel, you know."

"But you don't know how unreasoning Uncle Duke is when he is angry," said Nan, mournfully. "He won't listen to *any*body; he always would listen to me until now. Now, he says, I have gone back on him, and he doesn't care what happens. Think, Henry, where it would put me if either of you should kill the other. Henry, I've been thinking it all over for three days now. And I see what must come. It will break both our hearts, I know, but they will be broken anyway. There is no way out, Henry—none."

"Nan, what do you mean?"

"You must give me up."

The next instalment of ***"Nan of Music Mountain"*** *will appear in the February number.*

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MR. CARNEGIE AND HIS PEACE FLOCK

BY GERALD STANLEY LEE

"MAKING MR. CARNEGIE RIDICULOUS, KEEPING AMERICA OR ANYBODY IN AMERICA FROM DEFERRING TO ANYTHING MR. CARNEGIE HAS OR ANYTHING HE DOES—STRIPPING MR. CARNEGIE TO THE WAIST-LINE—HAVING THIS NATION POUND ON HIS CHEST, SOUND HIS HEAD—AND THEN MEASURE HIM SOUL AND BODY PRECISELY FOR WHAT HE IS—I LOOK UPON THIS AS ONE OF THE NEXT IMPORTANT THINGS WE HAVE TO ATTEND TO IN THIS COUNTRY."

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By courtesy of The New York Times.

TO SEE HIM SITTING AT HIS DESK WITH THAT OLD GENTLE GLOW OF SELF-SATISFACTION ON HIS FACE—AND EVERY MAN AND WOMAN AND CHILD IN SIGHT ENCOURAGING HIM TO BE FUNNIER AND FUNNIER . . . AND ALMOST NOBODY SAYING ANYTHING.

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MR. CARNEGIE AND HIS PEACE FLOCK

BY

GERALD STANLEY LEE

AUTHOR OF
"CROWDS," "INSPIRED MILLIONAIRES" ETC.

WITH A FRONTISPIECE
PORTRAIT OF ANDREW CARNEGIE
AND
DECORATIONS BY
HERMAN LUI DRUCKLIEB
AND KER EBY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY

67

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I—DOES MR. CARNEGIE EXPRESS AMERICA?

SOME of us who have specialized in modern human nature find it a little hard not to have moments in which, in spite of ourselves, we feel a little condescending toward wealth—toward almost everything, in fact, except the very latest thing in millionaires. The latest improvements in millionaires are making it harder every day for the others to struggle along, especially our old faithful mid-Victorian model—a kind of standardized millionaire, like Mr. Carnegie.

I have been looking in the New York *Times* to-day at a picture of Mr. Carnegie at his desk, surrounded by photographs, vistas of pigeonholes reaching around, sitting there in that kind of calm glory of benevolence—before us all—gazing out at his country, as the Peace Founder of the World.

I have repeatedly said that Mr. Carnegie, like all men, can not be cut out of his time and judged aside from the generation that produced him. But as Mr. Carnegie is still living and doing things—may break out with benevolence any minute, may take a million dollars and hold back the age with it any minute—we have to deal with him as a part of the situation as it is to-day. And in a desperate crisis for peace—like the present—a kind of surgical crisis in the thought, in the working ideal of the world, I want to cut down through feelings and shadings that might be considered at another time—strip everything off, in the way—and, grasping every comparison and every contrast I can, make clear my point. I must express my idea whether or no, and Andrew Carnegie is a part of the working vocabulary of this nation—he is wrought into the imagination of all of us. One can not keep from using words in the dictionary because their feelings might be hurt. They are there.

I am not blaming Mr. Carnegie as a man. I am merely pointing out, in what I say, that that is all he is—merely a man—and that he has no right to become an institution.

Mr. Carnegie has fenced off the subject of peace.

I AM afraid of what Mr. Carnegie as an institution may do to the cause of peace. If I were not writing on some subject like peace, if I were writing on some subject that Mr. Carnegie had not fenced off, piled up millions of dollars on, and taken, in a way, for his own, I should not have to be personal in order to make my point.

But I can only say what I have come to believe.

Benevolent millionaires, like Mr. Carnegie, are one of the great standing threats in America at the life of our nation.

Bad millionaires are going to be looked after by publicity—government action and social ostracism. We comparatively understand what they are doing toward the disorganization of the work and play and religion of our people. Crowds see through millionaires in the streets.

We have watched Mr. Carnegie for now these twenty years, innocently banging about, lording over cities with libraries, steering culture

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with checks, leading great universities by pensions. We have seen colleges putting their creeds in their hip-pockets, and holding out their hands. We have seen Mr. Carnegie buying off the intellectual hardihood of big professors, the educational consciences of faculties; we have stood by and seen him taking the whole educational system of this nation and all our best intellectual centers and turning them into great spiritual machine-shops—big wildernesses of mechanical-mindedness—and doing it all because everybody in sight wants a dollar-and-a-half, and because everybody bows and scrapes, resigns, steps one side, and asks, "What do you want, Mr. Carnegie? It shall be yours!"

All this is an infinitely more serious threat at the life of this nation, at the vitality, virility of this nation, than a frank, bold, perfectly safe rascal like Jesse James—safe, because nobody takes him seriously.

This is why I have been speaking up as I do.

England thinks he is America.

I HAVE been looking again at the full-page picture of him to-day in the *Times*. And it has all come over me again. I can not bear it, to see him sitting with that old gentle glow of self-satisfaction on his face—and every man and woman and child in sight encouraging him to be funnier and funnier. And almost nobody saying anything.

There seems to be a strange national calmness about Mr. Carnegie. No wonder England misunderstands what America is like. Do they not see Mr. Carnegie over there strutting up and down half the year—with Triumphant Democracy in his pocket, and with college presidents and dignitaries all trooping over to see him for five minutes? When they see Mr. Carnegie and his fortune like a kind of promontory on America, stretching out toward the Old World—they think it is America.

We have the spectacle in this country of several hundred colleges, thousands of professors and supposed leaders of thought, mobs of social workers, synods, presbyteries, librarians, and clergymen, being deferential to Andrew Carnegie to-day, not because of the way he has got his money, but because he has got it.

Deferentialness to Andrew Carnegie has come to be one of the diseases of this nation. Nations have to go through their children's diseases, of course, but it does seem as if America might have produced among us all some one to make Mr. Carnegie ridiculous, or as if we might have been able, from one end of the country to the other, to hunt up one college that would show how funny, in the rôle of a really serious or important person, Mr. Carnegie is.

Not until Andrew Carnegie is seen standing with his hat in his hand outside our college doors, saying "please" to them, asking to be let in—asking to be allowed to be an office-boy, asking please to be trusted to run a few errands with his money—will either our colleges or our Carnegies be anything other than a great calm, heavy, soggy, self-complacent menace at the grit, manhood, independence, and spiritual lustiness of this nation.

It is not his money but the fact that he is imposing so many million

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dollars' worth of his mind a year on this country, that we object to.

A man who has made a comparative failure of his life should not be allowed to dictate the vision, the life, the spirit, the intimate ideals and motives of all the youth and faculties of our land.

He should take his millions to the back door.

HOW many people who are going to these colleges want to be like Mr. Carnegie—stripped of his money—or want their sons like him? Mr. Carnegie, if he had a son himself, would not want him to be like him. He would want him to have a different kind of mind. And yet the uppermost influences in the life of our universities are being massively negatively determined—through power of selection of persons and emphasis of standards and methods by a man we all know who can not contain himself with self-satisfaction; who is seen before us all almost any day reeking and sweating with his own glory; who lives surrounded by a frieze of his own honors; who hangs trophies of himself upon his walls. . . .

We are face to face with a fact, in America. Unless we can make our great fortunes in America humble and inquiring fortunes—we are not a great people.

The men we defer to are the men who see and express the desires and ideals of our people.

Mr. Carnegie has been slowly, unconsciously putting shocks into us, of truth about men and money in this country. With him to help, we see now what we really believe. He is making us see that money is the back-door of every enterprise—the kitchen-end.

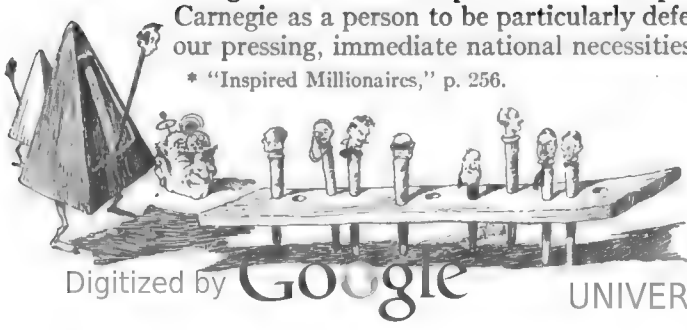
"Go around and bring in your money—coal—cabbages, through the back door, please. Only those who visit with our souls and sit by our firesides can ring the front-door bell of this nation."

This is what America is beginning to say.

Millionaires who do not look humble, who are not open and comfy with folks; and who do not feel a certain genuine yearning to know what crowds know, and to feel what crowds feel—who do not long to get acquainted with crowds, and express them and be expressed by them—are threats against our national life.

I have already put myself on record, and have said the pleasanter things there are to say, in a chapter called "Mr. Carnegie as an Experiment Station in Millionaires," elsewhere*; but in the meanwhile, as the months have rolled by, and I have been watching the spectacle of what is going on, of what the nation is being confronted with week by week in its colleges and in its universities—the influences that are getting uppermost in these deep, intimate places in the nation's spiritual life, where the supposed leaders of our people are being created, have been too much for me. I am afraid that what Mr. Carnegie has done to our colleges he will do to peace. I look upon the uncovering of Andrew Carnegie as a person to be particularly deferred to by America, as one of our pressing, immediate national necessities.

* "Inspired Millionaires," p. 256.



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The one great single threatening disaster that can confront a nation in a machine age is to grow mechanical-minded.

Cities full of iron and wooden pegs in factories, called people; cities full of cash-registers, of metronomes called people; crowds of minds full of clockwork just ticking and ticking away just alike—no courage, individuality, no imagination, initiative, are what we are facing to-day.

Mr. Carnegie has thrown his fortune like some great, cheerful, self-complacent, smiling millstone around the necks of the men who in the factories and streets and in our universities are making a fight for imagination, initiative, freedom from routine, personality, and courage in American life.

We can not hope for much in Mr. Carnegie's peace enterprise or anything else he is interested in until we are disillusionized as a people about Mr. Carnegie, and Mr. Carnegie is disillusionized about himself.

No man who has been deeply concerned about our colleges, or who has watched the effect of Mr. Carnegie's money upon the gusto of our intellectual and spiritual life, upon the haughtiness and the supremacy of the soul in American life, can do otherwise than dread what Mr. Carnegie may do to peace.

Making Mr. Carnegie ridiculous, keeping America or anybody in America from deferring to anything Mr. Carnegie has or anything he does, stripping Mr. Carnegie to the waistline, having this nation pound on his chest, sound his head, and then measure him soul and body precisely for what he is—I look upon this as one of the next important things we have to attend to in this country. We are going to speak up to him out from under his libraries, under his colleges; clear our minds, blow through the land a breeze of fresh thinking, of personal idealism—of our own original self-respecting, self-supporting spiritual life. Colleges that defer to Mr. Carnegie can not educate anybody.

We have no grudge against Mr. Carnegie. We merely protest that as a spiritual expert in what the picked young men of this country need and have got to have unless they stay out of college, Mr. Carnegie is not a success.

It seems to us it would be better if Mr. Carnegie would put in his spiritual labors, if he must, on aged millionaires, on people that can not be spoiled any more now probably—and leave our young men and the teachers of our young men, the inspirers of the future leaders of our people, alone.

There's plenty of useful work for millionaires.

WHY do not millionaires like Mr. Carnegie scoop up harbors, excavate mountains, and build tunnels, and lay out roads and run stone-crushers? The great precious things—the heritage and the hopes and the prayers of the souls of the people, the arts and the sciences, literature, religion, the amusements of the people—must be dominated by men who have million-dollar ideas, by men who are as rich in imagination about people—in imagination of the people and for the people—as Mr. Carnegie is rich with the money of the people.

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Mr. Carnegie is wont to say he holds his money as a trust for the people.

If he does, let him go around to the back door to leave it. Let him stop having college presidents go around to the back door to ask for it.

Then we will feel as generously, as tenderly, toward Mr. Carnegie as I would this minute if Mr. Carnegie would stop being a great threatening, national-international institution, and would be just plain and simple Andrew Carnegie.

If there were any way to-day of making Mr. Andrew Carnegie as humble, as considerate, before his nation as we know he must be with individual persons he loves—as he would be with his own wife—then with all his faults would we not rush in or be ready to rush in to 900 Fifth Avenue (when asked) with love, forgiveness, and expectation? (I would even be doing it now if I didn't hold in.) But Mr. Carnegie has become an institution. He has chosen it. He likes being an institution. As an institution, as a man who is spending millions of dollars a year in disagreeing with me, who has a million dollars to spend in expressing his ideas to this nation where I can spend one dollar in expressing mine, or one dollar in getting anybody to listen to mine or believe mine—I can not do otherwise than take my stand against Mr. Carnegie in defense of peace—in defense of an idea of peace, which, naked and of itself, and woven out of little filigrees of paper and of ink and faint little mists of words, without a dollar to help it, without a dollar to hinder it, I cast as seed upon the hearts of men until it shall cover the face of the earth.

II—EVERYBODY SPEAKS UP

PEACE is here. Peace is not something to be got up, worked out, or made up. It does not come under the head of prophecy. Peace is history.

All we have to do is to see what has happened to make anything happen we want.

The peace I have in mind is not going to cost anything. It is here. It is a possession. The only money that could be spent on it would be in letting people all know about it. Peace in America has an address. One can give names, dates, and places for peace. All that money can do is to point out to everybody who the men are who possess peace—and how they are doing their work with it. Then everybody will see how it works. Then everybody will have peace.

Mr. Carnegie is proceeding on the idea that peace is expensive—and that we must all put our hands in our pockets and be good to it. I feel (and there are thousands of business men in this country who feel) like saying to Mr. Carnegie, Peace does not cost money. *It makes money.*

I have been sitting in my study, writing these words, this Saturday morning, in a great shout of boys' voices. It floats about me. Every minute or so I hear a long, white roar—a kind of scoot of sound out of

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my window, and another double-ripper goes by down the long hill into the great still prairie of snow—into the vast, empty, lonely meadow that stretches for miles to the mountain.

"More people on, farther you go!"

AN HOUR or so ago, as I came out to the end of the drive in my yard and was just starting to go toward town, a whole double-ripper full of boys and girls—just ready to rip—just leaning over the edge of the hill to let go, held back hard and roared at me to jump on.

They are always doing it. I so hate to say "No" (when I have to), that sometimes I climb over my back fence and go to town the other way. A minute or so ago I happened to look out of the window and I saw that the young woman who writes these pages over for me after I have crossed most of the words out, and who had just left me a second ago to hurry down street, also had been swallowed up at the end of the yard by a huge double-ripper; and as I stood by the window, there she was, out there in that little long row of human beings with their knees up and their heads forward, and with their cheeks red, flying down the hill like all possessed, into that huge empty meadow where a typewriter could not be seen for miles, where all the shorthand is by the sun or by the wind—and where God alone takes notes.

She had completely forgotten me and forgotten Mr. Carnegie, and was taking a nice, breathless, free, happy little parenthesis, down there in the meadow, in her day's work, all because she had been swallowed up and grabbed away by a big, joyous double-ripper.

Nobody can get by one. Sedate, tottering old ladies even get picked off, and it is as much as anybody's life is worth to go by the end of the hill and not get swept right off down into the meadow.

Why is it the double-rippers are so altruistic—so anxious for folks? At first I wondered.

More people on, farther you go!

I had thought it was an interruption—the sound of the boys' voices—in this article. But it is not. The boys' shout is what I am writing about. *More people on, farther you go!*

Everybody is coming to see it. I am not worried about peace, because the world is getting into the hands of business men who see what the boys see—what any boy on High Street hill sees—that the more people we can get to jump on with us, the farther we will go. The more there are to give weight and momentum—to bear down and to bear up and to drag the ripper up the hill—the more glad one is they got on. There always seems a time when things go hard (a double-ripper coming up-hill is trying, of course, in its own sweet way, all by itself, to rip backward), but the more there are to enjoy the down-hill part of it the more there are to work on the up-hill part of it.

This is the main idea of the labor unions. The only trouble is, the labor union doesn't always let the public get on.

It is also the main idea of the trust. The only trouble is, it doesn't always let the public get on.

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This is Henry Ford's idea.

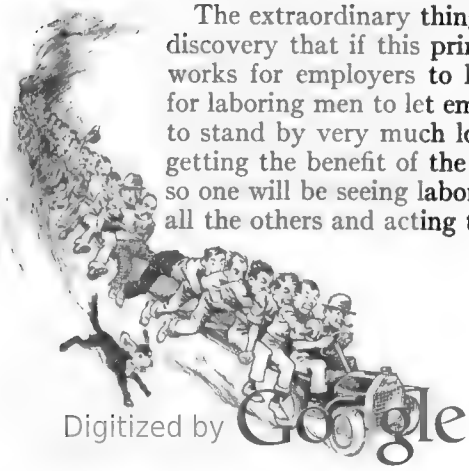
There is nothing absolutely original about Henry Ford's idea. All the High Street boys have it. It is just the old familiar idea—More people get on, farther you go—one finds in the New Testament. What is original in Ford is the way he believes the old idea—the New Testament grit he has—the extraordinary, unheard-of way he lets people get on. Anybody. Just as they come. He has let on a hundred and fifty ex-convicts, for instance, with the other sixteen thousand in the factory. He has let millions of his customers get on. They feel it is their ripper. All of his customers are on Henry Ford's double-ripper. If three hundred thousand Fords are sold this year—that is, if three hundred thousand people get on, every one of them will have sixty dollars handed back to him, taken off his bill. He has already told his employees what—if they will stop putting ashes on his track, stop soldiering and bothering the work, and doing as little work as they can, and will get on and stay on wholeheartedly, and swing their hats and shout and sweat for the business, be heavy going down-hill and pull going up—what he will do for them. And anybody can see what Henry Ford, with all these millions of people on his ripper, is daily putting himself in a position to do for others and to do for himself. Three classes of people, supposedly separate interests, are all piling on to Henry Ford's double-ripper. That is why it rips.

Mr. Carnegie let millionaires get on. Every time Carnegie saw a lively, would be, could-be, semi-millionairish-looking kind of person running along out of breath beside him, who was trying to jump up, he looked him over, and if he liked his points he let him on. He reached out a hand to Frick in this way, and to Schwab, and to hundreds of others, men he had watched running and scrambling, and said: "Now climb up here with me, my boy, and we will get rich together." Carnegie has had a wake of millionaires he has made, behind him all his life.

Henry Ford's Double-Ripper.

THEY may not be much to be proud of, I admit. The sixteen thousand workmen Henry Ford let get on, and that I saw in Detroit the other day, flying down the hill with him, and pulling up the hill with him, and sweating joyfully, suit me better than Mr. Carnegie's small and rather ugly collection of men he let get on. But Mr. Carnegie merely struck in and made a kind of beginning. It has taken a generation or so of trying to see how letting people get on works. Henry Ford has seen it earlier than some of us.

The extraordinary thing that is happening to peace now is the general discovery that if this principle works one way it works the other. If it works for employers to let laboring men jump on the ripper, it works for laboring men to let employers jump on the ripper. One will not need to stand by very much longer and see the trusts and the big employers getting the benefit of the truth before the labor unions do. In a day or so one will be seeing labor unions all over the country looming up out of all the others and acting the way Henry Ford does.



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As these unions will loom up among unions as Ford looms up among employers—everybody will notice peace.

All labor will know peace works. Labor will be filled with news about peace.

III—TELESCOPES AND BENCHES

R. CARNEGIE, at least so far as his Steel Trust is concerned, has never seemed to have what could be called exactly an other-worldly idea of steel. I wish he did not have a beautiful other-worldly idea of peace. I always think of Mr. Carnegie as looking at peace—as something far off. It seems to be a kind of straining, hoping, and yearning subject to him. One thinks of him, and all his good little boys with him, standing out in the cold, cold night, with a telescope, and looking at peace as a star in the sky—very hard to get at—and wondering what it is.

Then he makes a great to-do and calls in all the nations to look. The nations do it to accommodate so rich a man—gather around, of course, rather stern, and rather bored and absent-minded, and look through the telescope. That is all.

All this discourages me—or rather it discourages me when I forget and find myself taking Mr. Carnegie and his peace flock seriously.

When I begin to think, I feel better. I remember that Mr. Carnegie is not what one could really call a spiritually robust man. It ought not to be expected of him after his strained life. It is only fair not to overlook this. (Probably this is why Mr. Carnegie and his people always seem to me a little ungrown and sentimental toward peace. They always seem to be standing and looking so earnestly at peace—like Burne-Jones's young women—just looking and yearning.)

I am weary of hearing peace spoken of or conceived as a dove. That has been attended to. It was well enough in a way at the right time to speak of peace as a dove. It is all that peace once was—a dove. But peace is not a dove—now, or at least if peace is a dove now, I wish it would fly away.

And I am weary of hearing peace spoken of as a lamb.

I am weary of having peace looked at as a great, beautiful, expensive subject remote from common people—a subject that only a millionaire, really, and his little tame flock of hired high-brows could expect to afford to dabble their minds in.

This is the whole point I wish to make in behalf of America. We wish to get peace away from Mr. Carnegie and his telescope—grab it away forever, get it over into our own hands as a subject belonging to us—to any workman with a paper cap on.

World-peace to us is not in an observatory. It is at the next bench. It is at the desk in the office. We believe that if Mr. Carnegie and his hired high-brows will come down from their telescope, and will, just with

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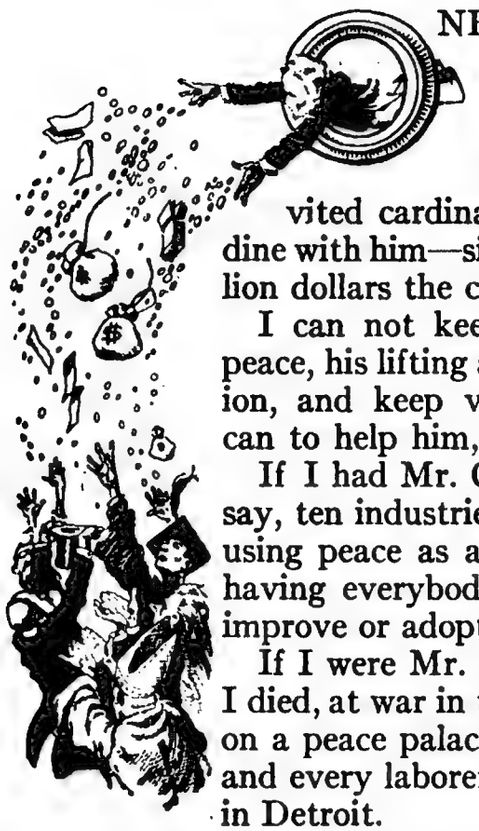
their plain eyes open, go walking around among us in the sweat and din of our shops, they will see enough peace in a week scattered all around this country right down next to the ground, in every man's life, to pry this old world straight. No one has looked around. That is the trouble. We have all been running to Mr. Carnegie's telescope, pointed grandly at the sky, and we have supposed in some vague way we would have to wait to see peace come pouring down backward out of heaven through it.

IV—MR. CARNEGIE AND THE PEOPLE



ONE day, a year or so ago, I read in my morning paper an account of how Mr. Carnegie, the night before, at a dinner, gave the churches in America a handsome two-million-dollar tip for what they had done and might do yet for Peace of the Nations. He invited cardinals, archbishops and bishops, elders and clergymen, to dine with him—singled out forty men by name—as trustees for the two million dollars the churches have to spend on Mr. Carnegie's idea of peace.

I can not keep feeling that Mr. Carnegie's expensive yearning for peace, his lifting and straining, while it may attract much anxious attention, and keep very many important people very busy doing all they can to help him, will not come to much.

If I had Mr. Carnegie's two million dollars, I would take my pick of, say, ten industries, find one single firm in each of the ten that was daily using peace as a business energy. Then I would spend the money in having everybody else in the industry know how it works, until they improve or adopt it.

If I were Mr. Carnegie, and wanted to make one great stroke, before I died, at war in the world, I would spend, instead of three million dollars on a peace palace, three million dollars having every employer of labor and every laborer know all there is to know about Henry Ford's factory in Detroit.

I would have one Ford for every industry with a new invention in it in the United States. People would be going to a peace school eight hours a day. They would be being paid by their employers five dollars a day, up, to learn what peace is.

The main thing they would learn about peace at first would be rather homely, of course. They would learn that at bottom peace is team-work—that when a man is waked up peace really becomes in him a kind of hunger—a worked-out hunger—carried to its logical conclusion of getting everybody to help him out and complete him. Peace in a man is a demand in him for exchange with others. Every workman understands about demand. Demand is what causes supply, and gives him a job. If you have two countries, and in one country you have thirty per cent. of the people wanting to exchange other people's things for theirs, and in the other country ninety per cent. of the people wanting to exchange

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other people's things for theirs—every workman knows which country will make more money. The same holds good in swapping between capital and labor.

Peace is going to be seen by every employer and every employee as he sees it in his business. He will see—Peace as Demand. Peace between people consists in having enough self-interest to discover mutual interest, and swap.

If peace is what might be called a powerful or high gear of self-interest, a hot fusing, an electric furnace, a blending of everybody's desires into one desire—of course it makes money.

Mr. Carnegie, when he bones down to his job and gets people to see what peace is, will not need to spend a cent in getting people to adopt it. Peace is going to adopt itself. I do not see why anybody should feel worried or expensive about peace!

Spending money may hurry peace, I admit. But making money will hurry it more. And people who can not make money out of peace are rapidly going under.

The power to make money is the power to serve. The law of peace is simply the law of the survival of the fittest to serve. The man who can have the brains to serve the most kinds of people in the most ways will thrash everybody in sight. Nobody can touch him. Nobody will let anybody touch him. The man who can discover and invent and expose mutual interests, who has a creative passion for making other interests play and work together, who can make all classes work as one class—who can make employers, workmen, consumers, work as one man—the man who makes money by raising wages—who gets rich by lowering prices, becomes terrible and implacable in this world. He withers all who oppose him. Only a man who is more peaceful than he is can hope to compete with him.

Peace begins at home.

THIS habit, this business-genius of mutual self-expression, this insatiable greediness for team-work, for living in others and through others, and of having others live in us and through us—this is the spirit that is making all men who have it to-day the masters of the fate of the world. It is this spirit that, before our eyes, is taking possession of America.

To bring peace to pass among other nations—Mr. Carnegie has but to help America express this spirit at home.

Then everything America does will express peace. We will not need to mention peace. Nations who know us will know what peace is. We shall have expressed peace—without being superior, without giving good advice, without saying a word, and without a palace to express it in.

America will be its own palace. And the palace will begin (as Mr. Carnegie has overlooked) in a cottage.

The palace will begin in a factory, perhaps—or in steel works. I think, myself, Mr. Carnegie would do better to go back and try steel works. It would be a shorter cut to peace. The Hague Palace is a little superficial . . . a little hurried.

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V—MR. CARNEGIE AND HUMAN NATURE

I RETURNED home yesterday from a kind of peace tour in the Middle West.

I had seen in three weeks more lions and lambs lying down together, more ex-strikers and capitalists looking each other in the eyes, than I had ever dreamed of except in (what were supposed to be) the wildest moments of "Inspired Millionaires."

Naturally, feeling a little warmed up about human nature, and feeling a little religious about it, and as if I would like to go in and stand up with crowds of people and help sing *Te Deums*, I thought I would go to church.

I had reached home at the wrong time to go to church in the regular way, and the nearest and quickest thing to do was to drop into the college vesper service at five o'clock.

Then I heard a man, with a vast pipe-organ up behind him (which could hardly have held itself in from singing *Magnificats* if it tried), and a hundred glowing college girls backing him up on the platform, and all breaking out and singing, "Jerusalem the Golden!"—I heard this man get up and tell seventeen hundred young women, the assembled mass of whose joyous faces in front of one sometimes seems like some great window lighting up the place (some of the light comes in through the windows on the sides, but a great deal larger part, and certainly the more important part, of the lighting arrangement of Smith College comes from the audience)—I heard this man tell these seventeen hundred young women—all of them shining back at him—that human nature was full of darkness, that man was a brute, that no one could begin to express the stupendous, infinite, immeasurable brutality of the human heart.

Then he pointed to the European war to prove it.

He told us all to be on our guard. We could not tell any minute when the beast in us would break out and sweep all fairness and beauty out of our lives and out of the lives of all around us.

Of course nobody could say anything. The young women sang the hymn they were told to, "My Soul, be on Thy Guard." Then they poured out and filled the streets with voices, with joy and soft laughter and footsteps, with the stir of youth and hope, with that sense we all know in the streets here of strange, contagious, gentle, unspoken expectation!

The streets were right, I think, last Sunday night, after the service.

One could not but feel it as one walked through the hum under the great trees—that glorious contradiction that glimmered and flowed through the streets, of what everybody had just heard in church.

Often in this way have I heard, or thought I heard, streets talking back to churches. The streets have the last word. And the factories. And parlors and living-rooms and kitchens and nurseries have the last word.

I had a conversation with the speaker immediately afterward, about what he had said and about what the streets were saying, as we walked down through the streets to his train. He was a man of power and vision —or at least almost always was, as it had seemed to me, and his re-

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ligion in any ordinary crisis or when it had not just been floored by eleven nations—had always seemed to me to be full of inspiration, of deep, honest, and constructive thought. But with the whole continent of Europe over there just across the sea spending a million dollars an hour in proving all during the last week that men were brutes, all he could do when Sunday came, as it seemed to him, was to get up in his place and say he believed it. He took Europe's word for it. He did not see how he could talk back to eleven nations.

On the way down to the train I said that I thought talking back to the eleven nations was just what America was for, and that talking back to the eleven nations quietly and keeping our heads and not believing all that we heard was the one great national, characteristic, responsible, and practical way that we could help in this war.

I admitted (how could I help admitting? Any dog going by in Europe could see it)—I admitted that the fields and woods of Europe were full just now of men who were looking and acting like brutes.

PANTHERS and lions and tigers who have merely looked at long rows of insipid, stupid human beings filing past their cages and just standing before them and staring and yammering, would have their eyes opened if they could get out into the woods of Europe and see these same human beings now. They would be abashed for the rest of their natural lives, at all these sudden hordes, these millions of new fellow brutes they would see cropping out everywhere and carrying on everywhere in ways that they—the panthers and lions and tigers—would instinctively understand. There has never been a time when tigers and panthers and lions could hope to feel as close to us human beings, as they would in Europe to-day—if they could get out and observe things.

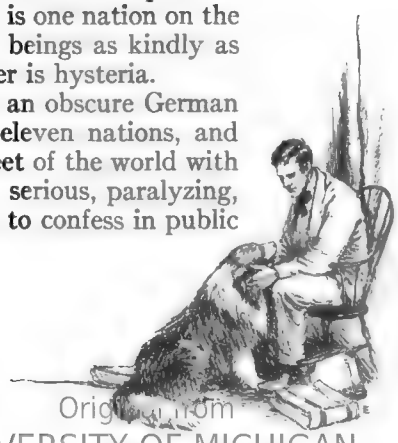
But I do not believe that tigers and panthers looking on at the battle of the Aisne, and judging the men they saw by themselves and judging them by the way they looked and acted for the moment, would be right.

Nor do I believe that the Reverend George A. Gordon, of the Old South Church in Boston, is right in agreeing with them. Tomtom, my dog, who lies by my desk as I write, and who licks my hand, may be transformed in five minutes and fight me to the death. But he will always be the same Tomtom to me. I shall always think of him as he really was before that little foolish wimmering germ got him.

I want to judge my fellow human being as kindly as I do my dog.

The present position, what might be called almost the official position of America in the world war, is to see to it that there is one nation on the earth to-day that takes a stand for judging human beings as kindly as it does dogs. Hydrophobia is not brutality. Neither is hysteria.

At present three hundred million men, infected by an obscure German named Bernhardi, have suddenly broken away in eleven nations, and are running wildly up and down the great Main Street of the world with guns in their hands, and it seems to me it is a very serious, paralyzing, and helpless mistake for a preacher like Dr. Gordon to confess in public



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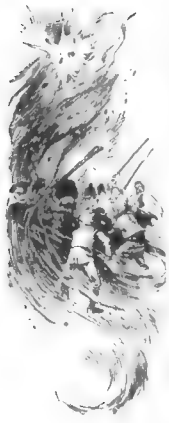

that three thousand miles over here in the quietness of the Old South parsonage he is as scared about human nature and things it can do as Bernhardi is.

Bernhardi is scared about some human nature, about the English, French, and Russian brands. General French, seeing how Bernhardi has infected many Germans, is scared about German human nature. But Dr. Gordon is scared about all human nature everywhere.

If America agrees with Dr. Gordon in his possibly momentary mood of last Sunday, it will be as serious a disaster to America as Bernhardi has been to Germany and to Europe. The only nation that can do anything in the way of the healing of the nations when this war is over will be the nation that refuses to believe that it is the brutality in the hearts of our comrades over there that has brought this war to pass.

America is facing to-day, almost all alone, the most stupendous crisis of the world. It is America that will have to deal with it. And if we, the people of America, do not have a great, quiet-hearted, wide-prairied, sunned-through, shrewd, faithful belief in human nature, if we do not have the habit, as we read, of cutting down through appearances in European human nature and of seeing down through to the real selves of our comrades over there, we shall not be able to help them. We shall not have (when they appeal to us at last) the warmth or the gusto in us to call their real selves out and bring them together. America, the young mighty son of the nations, the big common relative of them all, in this solemn hour of the destiny of man, will have failed the world.

It is human nature that needs to be defended to-day with Mr. Carnegie's money. We want Mr. Carnegie to advertise in America, and advertise to the world, what America believes about human nature.

Then war will take care of itself.

VI—MR. CARNEGIE, AMERICA, AND HUMAN NATURE

LAST week an anonymous man in Indiana who had been reading what is perhaps the most shamelessly hopeful section of "Crowds" ("A Democratic Theory of Human Nature"), sat down in sheer despair and wrote me a letter containing a good, wholesome list of the things that are the matter with people. The letter began with this heading: *"The heart is full of deceitfulness, and desperately wicked: who can know it?"* I cut the heading of the letter off, posted it up on the lid of my desk where it still gazes at me while I write, and wrote this chapter.

The assertion is made that war is organic, elemental, and eternal in human nature, and that nothing can stop war except making every man, woman, and child on earth, carefully over.

It seems to me true that war is not organic in human nature, that war is merely a language, a way men have had of getting the attention of others to what they think and feel and what they want.

Most of the sins and absurdities one sees in people nowadays, in a new

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untried machine civilization, are machine-made. Everybody is made by machinery to-day. Most people's sins are. All a man has to do to believe this is to observe himself and the people he knows the most about.

Any man who will take a Sunday morning off and put down in a row the things that are the matter with him, will find that his sins divide off practically into two lists.

He will put down in one list his original sins—those which are just his and which he knows all about, and which he can turn on and off in himself personally or by hand.

He will put down in the other list the sins that come from what might be called his sin-factory. These sins are in the parts of himself that he is allowing to be made by machinery.

Most business sins to-day are machine-made. They are the result of a system. Making more money out of people we deal with than we think we ought to, or than we wish we had to, may be called a machine-made sin.

Eating too much mince pie is a hand-made sin. One can turn it on or off one's self. There is no reason for blaming other people for one's eating, or, rather, for one's having eaten, too much mince pie. One got the pie one's self. One got the stomach-ache one's self, and one's got the sin. It's very simple.

But in a machine-civilization the number of sins a man can claim as really his—sins a man just commits inside—is getting smaller every year.

Machine-made sins.

AT LEAST this is my experience. I have my own neat, well-worn little list of hand-made sins—sins I attend to personally every week; but the majority of my sins I send out the way I send out my shirts to the laundry and have them done outside. The social system in which I live not only thinks these sins up and arranges them for me, but it finishes them off, with me just standing in the middle of them, as ashamed of them as I can be.

Probably what is true of me is true of other people, and when I go about and look on and watch all these people everywhere, one after the other, making a muss of the world—"It's the system," I think to myself. "They are not doing what they want to, probably." Then I do not feel so ugly.

I think of the way I answer letters. I do not answer the letters that I deeply want to answer. They are postponed. I answer the other letters instead, because the other letters come to me in a machine, as it were, and are passed along and can be attended to in the routine with a kind of click.

I read books also that are passed along by the book-machine, instead of the books I want; and I make visits on a visiting-machine, those determined by circumstances or habit; or I call on people who will automatically act the worst if I don't, instead of those I love. And, like most people, I read a newspaper because the very round-and-round motion of my planet dumps one in front of me every morning. Magazines—an endless belt of them—roll along on my mind or roll me through them

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like a collar in a laundry. The church-machine, the dinner-machine, and the being-agreeable machine all do likewise.

How can we make as good a struggle against the machines on the other points as we have on this last one? That is what we are studying now.

I have come to two conclusions. First: I'm going to stop blaming people. I have quit the sheep-and-goat view of life forever. Wickedness can not be divided off so neatly to-day. At least it's not for us to divide it off. A large proportion of the men we are all doing wrong things to, and of the men who are doing wrong things to us, have been caught in a huge, blind business-machine and are being rolled along on it. This machine, like some huge hopper, collects a lot of sins for other people to do to us, and a lot of sins for us to do to them, and then—any one can see it—the machine stands over us and crunches on us until we do them.

The second conclusion grows out of this one. The time I've put in in blaming people, I'm going to put in now in seeing what's the matter with people's machines. We made the machines. We can make them over. The thing has been done.

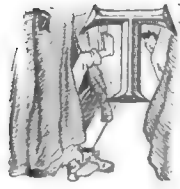
The other day, in Detroit a man named Henry Ford stopped his machine—a huge, incredibly successful business-machine, which he made, and which was lunging along, running him and everything in sight about him, and he said to the machine:

"Look here! I made you! I made you to go round and round, and to run yourself. But you are not going to run *me*, my morals, my human relations, my social ideals, what I live for, and the way I live! You are not going to make me like *you!* I'm going to take you, crash ten million dollars into the middle of you, crowd you, twist you, and wrench you into some shape like me!

"You don't say what I mean to my men—the way you're running now. I've got my own attention to myself, and can make my business express myself, and now I'm going to make you over and keep you being made over every day, and all day, until every cog, wheel, belt, and pinion in you is going to say: 'Here is Henry Ford! Here is Henry Ford's God! Here is Henry Ford's mother, his dreams when he was a boy, and here in cogs and wheels and belts are his prayers for his children!' "

"What kind of a world are your children going to have to live in?" said his great dumb, helpless factory, with its thousand windows to Henry Ford. So he is making over his factory, his machine of wood and iron and rules and men.

VII—THE ART OF MAKING PEOPLE LOOK



THE ordinary coach on our railroads carries twenty-five hundred pounds of steel per passenger, the Pullman eleven thousand pounds, and the compartment sleeper seventeen thousand pounds.

When I go to New York from Northampton, a ticket costs me, including a seat in the parlor car, $4.13.

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I get three things for this $4.13. Transportation for Gerald Stanley Lee, transportation for my twenty pounds of suit-case, and transportation for the eleven thousand pounds of armor-plate we have had to have wrapped around us to protect us with. All this has to be hauled with me if I am going.

As I figure it, I pay five and a third cents for Gerald Stanley Lee, and four dollars eight and two-third cents for the dead weight of the fear and despair and helplessness of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

It seems to me that five and a third cents for transporting me is too little, and that four dollars and eight and two-thirds cents paid out for the despair and helplessness of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad is too much.

I FEEL the same way about my Government—about the tax I pay into my Government—that I do about this ticket on the New York and New Haven road. Four-fifths of all I pay into the Government goes into paying the expenses of my Government's fear and despair and helplessness about itself — about its ability to express itself effectively to other nations.

The Government spends four hundred millions of dollars a year in running an army and navy, and a hundred and ten on itself and on running itself.

The United States is so afraid that it has not the brains to make other nations understand it and give proper attention to it, that out of every five hundred million dollars it spends a year, it spends a hundred and ten million on itself—i. e. on the citizens of this country, and spends four hundred million dollars a year on showing how afraid it is of the citizens of other countries.

I believe the time is at hand when the New Haven road, instead of giving up on its employees and supplying people desperately with steel cars, is going to get the attention of its employees so thoroughly and to the point that no one will bother to notice when he is traveling on the New Haven road whether he is in a steel car or not. It is a specific problem in psychology, to be worked out like any other scientific problem. The New Haven road will soon be seen setting up beside its huge roundhouses, psychological laboratories—brain-factories, huge attention-works for engineers.

In the same way that the New Haven road will soon be spending its money in picking out experts and on getting the attention of engineers, I believe that the United States Government will soon be seen picking out and training experts in getting the attention of other nations and touching the imagination of all peoples as to what America is like, and what America is arranging to be like.

This is where Mr. Carnegie could help. He could start doing what the Government would do when it saw how Mr. Carnegie had made it work.

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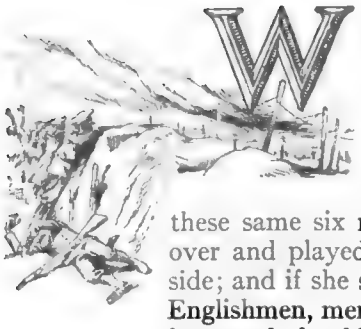
VIII—THE ART OF MAKING NATIONS LOOK



WE SEE twelve million men camped out opposite each other, six million men tucked away in holes in the ground on one side and shooting at six million men tucked away in holes in the ground on the other side.

Their minds about one another are tucked away in holes in the ground, too.

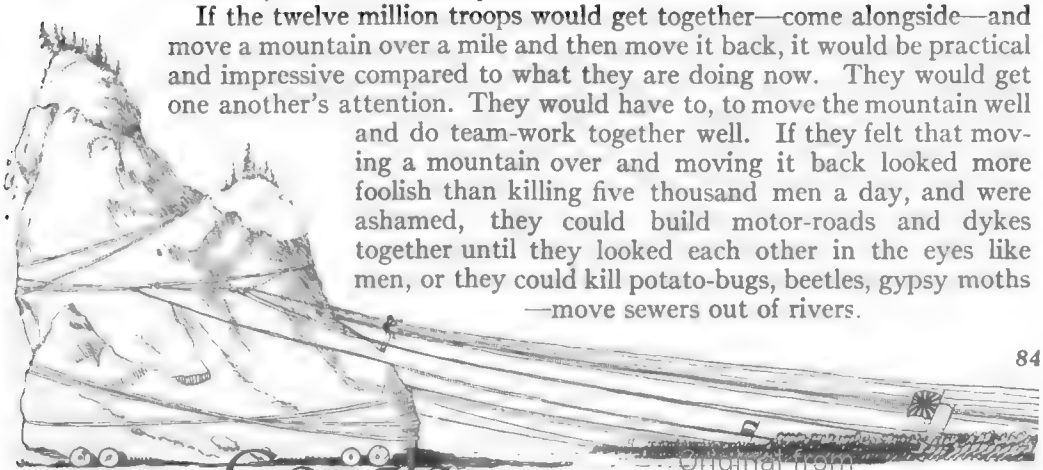
If Germany would keep on paying the board-bills of these same six million men while they dropped their guns and went over and played quoits and talked with the six million men on the other side; and if she should then send back these six million Frenchmen and Englishmen, men who had come to know six million Germans face to face; and should scatter around all through France and England six million new friends of Germany—Germany would come nearer to getting what she wants and needs and has a right to out of France and England and Belgium than she ever will now.

It would have paid Germany, Austria, England, and France, before the war came on, to get together twelve million men for a vast international sociable. All it would have cost would have been board-bills—which they have to pay now while killing each other—and the board-bills could have been paid two or three times over for what is now spent on guns, ships, forts, explosives, hospitals, widows' pensions, and wooden legs, and fear and hate.

All these men have to do is to get one another's attention, and the causes of the war—the mutual hate and fear of the nations, item for item, man for man, man by man—would be removed.

The same thing done on paper or with moving-pictures—everybody staying at home; a million dollars a day on moving-pictures—or say a million dollars a day on handbills, pamphlets; or a million dollars a day on doing things together—would be more practical. Six million Germans all alongside—trying to help six million French and English sow these fields they are planting one another's dead bodies in with wheat, oats, and potatoes—would soon learn incidentally while they worked and talked that half these things that make Germany and England want to fight are lies and hysterics and that the other half, when the lies and hysterics are over, would voluntarily be removed.

If the twelve million troops would get together—come alongside—and move a mountain over a mile and then move it back, it would be practical and impressive compared to what they are doing now. They would get one another's attention. They would have to, to move the mountain well and do team-work together well. If they felt that moving a mountain over and moving it back looked more foolish than killing five thousand men a day, and were ashamed, they could build motor-roads and dykes together until they looked each other in the eyes like men, or they could kill potato-bugs, beetles, gypsy moths —move sewers out of rivers.



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Or if they all massed—six million men on one side and six million on the other side—in helmets and flashing bayonets, and stood there over against each other and twirled their thumbs, it would be more practical and more impressive than what they are doing now. Six million men standing up and twirling their thumbs at one another would at least soon be doing the same tune with their thumbs. Then they could go on to more important things together.

What we face is not an intricate problem in how these human beings on both sides are alike—or not alike—but in getting them to notice each other.

So it is not a General Staff problem, but a problem in psychology and advertising that Germany and England and the world are up against—a huge engineering project in mutual attention.

AS SOME people may remember, my first attempt in the way of an advertisement of peace was made some six years ago. I planned out some three hundred full-page "ads," bought the paper, hired the best man I knew for a printer, and engaged my stenographer for a publisher, gave to it the general heading "Inspired Millionaires," and launched it on the world. Then I waited.

A few business men who had managed to worm in around the literary critics, and find out that the book was published, began to send in replies. Incidentally, they began sending the book around to one another—and writing to me and telling me things I ought to know.

The general idea that in business, anyway, peace was an energy, that it would work if anybody would try it, seemed to be meeting with a good deal of acceptance. But they all wanted somebody else to try it—the way England and Russia and Germany did.

I got a good deal of advice, of course. But having given a good deal, I had to expect it. One man thought the book was essentially true, but that "Inspired Millionaires" was not an apt title. He thought "Perspired Millionaires" was more descriptive in this transition stage. Many people, of course judging from the title, supposed "Inspired Millionaires" was a poem. Others thought it was a novel—especially after they had read it.

Then, one day, X——, who was an escaped Socialist and who was trying very hard to believe it, and who had made himself famous as a kind of expert or statesman in getting public attention to what he believed, said: "You ought to write 'Inspired Millionaires' over—make it a play. Put that book into a play," he said, "and it would sweep the country!" He said this several times. Finally, when he had been abroad for a year and had just returned, he fell in one night with a little group of semi-inspired millionaires who had all read it and who all seemed to semi-believe it, and he thought the time had come to act. He brought the matter up to me again. He pressed me for an answer. "Why don't you dramatize it?" he said.

I said it was already being dramatized. When he pressed me for particulars—who was doing it, and when would it be ready, and where would

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it be staged?—I said that several hundred men were doing it. I did not know which one would get it done first.

Henry Ford has got his done first. The world's the stage. Why take time, with a play with three or four million automobiles in it—all taking part in it—to haggle with Klaw and Erlanger or with Shubert or Sir Herbert Tree for one of their little stages?

HENRY FORD'S PEACE SHIP

Notice to the Reader: At this writing, Friday, December 3, the Editor of "EVERYBODY'S" has called me up from New York, stopped the presses, and has come up to Mount Tom with this article to ask me, while the big machines are standing waiting with their mouths open down in New York, what I think of Henry Ford's Peace Ship.

I have just been saying that to Henry Ford the world is a stage. I can only record my regret that Mr. Ford is the author of two plays. One is called "Peace at Home," by Henry Ford, and the other is called "Peace Abroad," by Henry Ford. I believe the "Peace at Home" play is going to have a long run.

What I say in this article is about the "Peace at Home" play. I strenuously disagree with Mr. Ford's Peace Ship; and when EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE breaks in upon my feelings about Mr. Ford's Peace Ship, and expects me to take all these feelings in a minute and tuck them into a few paragraphs, the reader will forgive me, perhaps, if my feelings stick out over the edge a good deal. I hope Mr. Ford is not going to embarrass the country as much as he is embarrassing me.

I feel to-day a little as some ancient Hebrew author would have felt just finishing a eulogy on Samson and on what Samson was and on what Samson could do—and then suddenly right in the middle—everybody looking—in comes Samson with his hair cut.

Mr. Ford's crowning distinction is that he is an ordinary workingman printed in large letters—a kind of inspired mechanic. He understands and can master, as almost no one else, the psychology of men who carry a pail. He has achieved the honor of being a millionaire who still in his heart carries a pail himself. Once a mechanic, always a mechanic, is Henry Ford's pride and boast. I want to boast of it for him. As a plain mechanic Henry Ford is doing one of the colossal, nation-building, peace-founding, constructive feats of the world. But when he tries to deal with peace the way other people do, or like a statesman or a mere philanthropist, his hair is too short.

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The Peace Ship idea has gone wrong because Mr. Ford is neither a national nor an international psychologist. The only way to send a ship-load of peace from America to the fighting nations would be in due time to pick out the men to go—men accepted as representative of the country. Mr. Ford has undertaken an impossible and contradictory task—to start a kind of jitney-bus of peace around the world, and ask everybody to pile in, and ask everybody to say, when they get on, where they want to go.

If Mr. Ford had tried to run his factory in the way he has started to run his Peace Ship, the Ford car would never have been heard of.

There is not a word in this article that needs to be changed because Henry Ford's Peace Ship has splashed down in the middle of it. I am seeing ninety million people in America standing and looking from the shore with straining eyes at Mr. Ford's Peace Ship. I ask them in this article to turn quietly around before they go home, and take a look at his factory. In the factory Mr. Ford has expressed himself. And in his Peace Ship Mr. Ford has tried to express a nation. A nation can not be expressed in a week.

The clue to Mr. Ford.

WHEN Mr. Ford's factory play was first put on—everybody remembers it—about a year and a quarter ago, I went about among the audiences for weeks, anywhere—parlor-cars, trolleys, tables in restaurants, hotel lobbies, railway stations—seeing how people took it in and how it struck them. Mr. Ford would be the last man to go to, to interpret his own action. Only a world could do it.

As what Henry Ford has done to smash into his machine and make it like himself is very suggestive of much we will probably want to do to ours to make it like us, and as the way people have taken and are going to take Henry Ford's action is the history of how they are going to be got to believe peace works, I am going to go into my own first impressions, as I compared them from day to day, in some detail.

There were various ways of accounting for Mr. Ford's motive.

The first one I thought of was this. Mr. Ford got to feeling a little, probably, as the end of the year 1914 wore on, the way the members of our Massachuettts Legislature do down in Boston during those last hours at the close of the long session when they throw books at one another's heads, smash furniture, and throw spit-balls, and dump (figuratively speaking) the State of Massachusetts off Beacon Hill into the harbor, and swing their hats in the Chamber, and put their tired, happy feet up on their desks, and all say to one another and to the people, "Hooray! Nobody can make us do anything the way we have to any more!"

I rather liked to think of it in this way. After all my long experience in trying to warm up to millionaires, it did me good. So I let myself go.

Mr. Ford, after a long, hard pull at "business is business," a furious stretch of sleepless efficiency and of sizing up everybody accurately and paying everybody precisely down, had come to the end, and knew he

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had come to the end, as all of us do nowadays, of the word "Efficiency." He stood, as any reasonable American millionaire ought to, once in so often, appalled before himself and bored to death by the long, slow monotone of his own competence. Something, he decided suddenly, would have to have a give in it somewhere; and so one memorable night—about New Year's Eve it was—when no one was looking, he stood up over that scrupulously measured-off, tiresomely infallible, riotously economical factory of his, and pulled out the bung of ten million dollars on it!

A ten-million-dollar shower.

"HERE is ten million dollars!" he murmurs to his people. "I don't care whether you deserve it. For God's sake, don't say anything or explain anything or thank me for anything. HERE IS TEN MILLION DOLLARS! Take it. Do what you like with it. Go to heaven with it. Go anywhere with it. Experiment a little if you like in a small way on feeling like a millionaire. What I want just now is something for myself."

Mr. Ford felt tired and lonely before his twenty thousand men, weary of always being efficient with them, of always being pigeonholed by them and set one side by them as a mere employer— weary of being eternally looked at by twenty thousand men not as himself, but as a kind of cast-iron or bronze statue of an employer.

It is as a kind of employer strike. It took the form of an advertisement, a rather poignant bulletin in dollars and cents, posted up on the walls of his factory, telling his men he wanted them to understand that he had different business motives and different business ambitions, and was a different kind of business man from what they might naturally have been led to expect. Mr. Ford was struggling up through his money to an understanding with his men.

Professor G —— spoke up glibly at the club one night when I made some casual mention of Ford.

He said he was demoralizing business, treating everybody alike.

Here is my first guess for what it is worth—as to Mr. Ford's indiscriminateness.

Perhaps not being discriminating was the precise point that Mr. Ford, at just this time, had in mind.

"Some of you," he says practically to his men, "have helped me earn this money all you could, and others of you, I dare say, have helped me earn it as little as you could, but I and my foremen can not be sure that we have never made any mistakes about what you do or don't do or try to do, and while we can not run this factory as a regular thing without making distinctions between you, it is not at all unlikely that out of twenty-four thousand men we are getting a thousand or so of you wrong—and well, anyway, here is the money—same to all of you; and all I can say is that I want to express the idea—and express it indiscriminately rather than not at all—that a lot of this money, which under our present transitional twisted industrial system is supposed to belong to me, belongs to you.

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"It does not seem to be practicable, just yet at least, for a man at the top of a factory to have a regular habit of acting like a god—a habit of being precisely the same with the just and the unjust—but if there are, out of twenty-four thousand men, a thousand or so of you who have not helped me earn this money as hard as you might, all I can say is: 'Here are a few million dollars I wish you would earn!' And I am just paying you in advance. So far as some of you are concerned, I have been paying you afterward, when each week was over, for work I didn't get. Paying you in advance for work I hope to get could not possibly cost me very much more, and could not be any more foolish than that.

"And I should imagine you would really feel more like working. I may be wrong in my guess on you, but at all events it's good business for me, as soon as I can, to find out what you are really like. Paying you in advance seems to me a rather cheap and sure way to find out. . . .

"So here it is," Mr. Ford says to each workman, "this five hundred dollars. It's what I'm like. I've expressed myself as well as I can about you. I have put up a five-hundred-dollar wager on you. And now, if you don't mind my thinking it, it seems to me it's your turn next."

WHAT Mr. Ford seems to have thought of has been to spend ten million dollars on making the men in his factory as efficient, as men, as his steel machines are as steel machines.

As he goes up and down the rows of his men he finds naturally that some of the men need to be made over in some parts of themselves and others need to be made over in others. He then looks around—to see if there is any particular part in his men that could possibly be attended to in all alike—that could be attended to by machinery, as it were, or with one swoop. It has been his ability to think of swoops where other people couldn't that has made his business what it is.

It was not long before Mr. Ford found, as he went up and down his men, that there was one part that stood out, or seemed to stand out, in all of them or in nearly all, that could be attended to by machinery—that is, by putting all the men through the same process.

It was as if he had said or wanted to say to each man in the twenty-four thousand: "The part of you that needs making over the most just now, apparently, is the way you feel about your work. You hate it. Or that's what it amounts to. There must be something the matter with the factory I'm furnishing you, if you hate it, or with the machines or the system, or with you or with me. I've tried everything I can think of to make my factory the best machine for making motor-cars on earth. What I am trying to do now is to make my factory the best machine for manufacturing and bringing out the most efficient laboring men on earth. I have been trying in my way for years to be the most efficient employer. It's the only way I know of getting the men I want. But it is of no use for me to try to be the most efficient employer all alone. I want twenty-four thousand men around me every day that I can feel help.

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"I want to prove, where everybody can see it, that paying as little as one can and working as little as one dares is poor business.

"I believe that if Capital (when in a position to do so) will treat Labor steadily and honestly better than it deserves, labor will be shamed into working with it and not against it.

Labor has paid an enormous bill for fifty years in trying to shame Capital into being as decent as Labor thought it was, and it is now the business of Capital to foot the bill and furnish the brains for getting the Labor it has thrown away, back again."

Henry Ford believed in the Ford car and peace. His workmen did not. The world did not. He proposed to get his workmen to believe in peace by starting some peace in his factory and letting everybody try it.

He thought that if he could put the Ford car and peace together, the car would be better and cheaper, and the Ford car and peace would go everywhere together.

He thought that if he could make the car cheaper with peace, or peace more practical with the car, the world would agree with him about the Ford car and peace both.

Mary had a little Ford,
It's Peace was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went,
That Ford was sure to go.

This brings me to my next impression.

Perhaps Mr. Ford was not merely struggling up through his money to an understanding with his men. He wanted other people to understand. It was no mere ten-million-dollar confidence between himself and his workmen as to what he wanted for himself, or hoped gradually to be allowed to be like himself; but it was a ten-million-dollar bit of confidentialness (almost for the first time) between a millionaire and a world. Mr. Ford's action was a huge notice—a kind of cry for help in every paper of the world—an advertisement for friends, for fellow human beings, addressed to a whole race, from a helpless millionaire to the general effect that—being a mere millionaire and humdrumming along, getting all he could out of people, bored him.

It was a kind of Ford bill-board, a notice served on capital and on labor—on all people everywhere—a sign, a sublime handbill sent out through all the streets of all the world. Is not every third car a Ford? It was like a sign on every third car one meets flying down the road: "*Made by a Bored Millionaire.*"

My fifth impression was that perhaps Mr. Ford was advertising his own business. It almost seemed like an anti-climax at first, and I was a little sorry—or, at least in a vague, pained way, I thought I ought to be sorry.

Then I grew glad. It suddenly occurred to me how I wished he would! I can only tell it just as it happened to my mind. Any one can judge for himself.

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THE Metropolitan Insurance Company some years ago wanted a free advertisement for its business, and built itself the highest tower in the world. People would have to talk about it, look at it, and fill the world with pictures of it, and it was an advertisement too—that vast billboard of steel and glass, that could be all used all over inside every day and all paid for all over inside every day, by thousands of people.

The Ford Motor Car Company, in much the same way several years ago, was casting about for some advertisement everybody would talk about free, put up quietly—almost before anybody knew it—the lowest-priced car in the world! The bare mathematics of a Ford car, Mr. Ford decided—the very receipted bill for a Ford car—would have to be genuine honest personal news to every man on this planet. Mr. Ford wanted every man on the planet to say it must be a lie and look into it and prove it.

The Metropolitan Tower was the highest building on earth—one only a few people could have. The Ford car was to be the cheapest car on earth—one almost everybody could afford to have; and, of course, almost everybody, being personally concerned, began talking about it; and now, of course (any one can see it going on), every third car one meets—six or eight people in it—goes driving past the population of the globe, saying or seeming to say: "Ford car! Cheapest car in the world! A miracle in fewness of dollars! How does Ford do it?" The cars fly back and forth and up and down the world, saying: "Henry Ford! What is he like? How does he do it? How can I do such things?" Each man says to himself: "How can I do it in my line?"

Mr. Ford has thought out the best advertisement and made the deepest, most sensational appeal to human nature he could have made.

Very soon, now, the thoughtful but rutty business man, still jogging along on the old platitude that what business is for is to make money, will see that it is just because Henry Ford has some other object than making money in his business that all the world has conspired to help him make it. Everybody is a partner in the Ford Motor Company because every man knows, from the men in the shops to the crowds in the streets, that he is sharing, or can share if he likes, in the profits of the Ford business. Every man who puts a stroke of work on a car, every man who rides in one or gets a bundle from out of one, becomes identified with the Ford Company of Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

It does me good to think of it—to think that every third car in the world is running around this minute telling everybody everywhere about a business in which making money is a by-product. As I see the cars go by, I keep thinking of it, of the truth they roll through the world: *If money is not being made in a business to-day as a by-product, there is not going to be very much of it!*

Men who are clever enough, who have business imagination enough to make money as a by-product of reducing prices and raising wages to employees, even as a by-product apparently of throwing ten million dollars away in one week—can have, so far as most of us are concerned, all the

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free publicity and all the chance to beat their competitors that they want. We do not understand it quite all at once, but if men are building a world for us before our eyes, first we watch them. Then we fall over each other to help them.

Some people say Mr. Ford is not fair to the newspapers. He ought to pay for publicity like other manufacturers.

But the trouble with newspapers is that they are dependent on their readers—on all of us—and have to give people what they want to read.

Mr. Ford is news. He comes under the head of news column and of editorial matter. He is a part of what we pay our two cents for. It is our two cents apiece that is paying for Mr. Ford's advertising. It is not free at all. It is all paid for. Each man's two cents demanded it.

It pleases us to have our cars cheaper. It pleases us, too, that Mr. Ford, instead of paying out ten million dollars' advertising money to the newspapers, has taken his ten million dollars and put it into the hands of the men who are going to be working for Ford and working for us.

Why should the newspapers have the ten million dollars instead of the men who are slaving away for Ford and for cheap cars for us? It was a better bargain for Ford and for everybody to put his advertising appropriation right down into the shop. In addition to being cheap, it would be news—world-news—and he would get his ten million dollars' worth of advertising thrown in!

Mr. Ford is not getting for nothing out of the papers what other people would have to pay for. What Mr. Ford is getting other people could not get by paying for it.

In this aspect Ford's advertising is one of the most interesting and instructive spectacles the country has had, and it may not be amiss to dwell on it a little.

I HAVE been for some time a more or less curious and interested student of advertisements and of the ways of advertising men, and have made a kind of amateur study of sensations and the law of sensations, and if I were asked by a young advertising man (some one please ask me now!) what were the two best rules I could think of for making a sensation, I would put them down like this:

First: Do not try.

Second: Do not need to try. To make a sensation, be one. Then other people will attend to it—people in general, people going by in the streets—anybody and everybody will do your advertising for you, and do it for nothing. Henry Ford has never needed to hunt up some way of making a stir or sensation. The Ford car, at its price, has been a stir or sensation of itself.

And it goes deeper than this.

The real reason that the Ford car is a sensation is that Ford is. A man like Ford in business to-day—the way he is made inside and the way his mind works—is personal and necessary news to everybody. Everybody has to advertise Henry Ford whether they want to or not.

The shrewd, economical, and honest way in which he has assembled,

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hammered together, and built up a personality out of the materials he had in business life around him, is a sensation of itself. And every inch of a Ford car is a sensation too—stirs and thrills with it—has bones and nerves of meaning, every inch saying, or seeming to say, how cheap, sinewy, how incredibly, visionarily, honest it is. In fact, the Ford cars may be said to be perfectly honest, portable, innumerable replicas of Henry Ford of Detroit, Michigan, on wheels!

BUSINESS is not a barren waste to-day: men think as the Ford cars go. It is full of lusty and mighty men figuring out patiently at desks, in shops, in dollars and cents, the hopes and faiths of men and the plans of God.

I do not wish to be put down as an unqualified advocate of Henry Ford. I am not engaged as an author in handing out for Henry Ford moral blank-checks with my name signed to them that he can fill in any time with any remarks and with any actions he likes.

I admit that it would be safer for me to say these pleasant things about Mr. Ford if he were dead. It is always inconvenient having a man around living along recklessly and prominently after one has said good things about him. I am far from agreeing with Mr. Ford in everything he says or is reported to have said, and there are important ideas organic in machine labor in which I might differ with Mr. Ford. But so far as what he has done in his factory to date is concerned, the main driving power in the man is right.

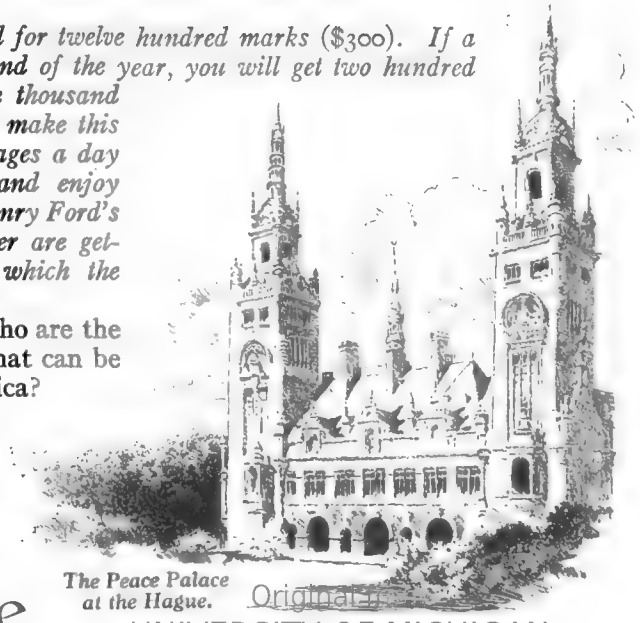
Over against Carnegie America puts forth Ford.

Over against the Krupp gun America puts forth—the Ford car.

As a substitute for the four hundred million dollars we are going to spend on army and navy against the world, I would have the United States, with a part of its four hundred million dollars, buy a million Ford cars and send them out as advertisements of what Americans are like, to defend us against a world. Suppose it is Germany we are afraid of—we will swamp Frankfort-on-the-Main with Ford cars, every one with a sign on it saying:

Another car like this can be had for twelve hundred marks ($300). *If a half-million cars are sold by the end of the year, you will get two hundred marks back; it will cost you one thousand marks* ($250). *The workmen who make this car are earning a third more wages a day because they feel like working and enjoy working a third harder a day. Henry Ford's workmen and Henry Ford together are getting ready to present a car in which the laboring man shall go to his work.*

Who will want to fight us? Who are the laboring men in what nation that can be got to fight a Henry Ford America?



The Peace Palace at the Hague.

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IX—MR. CARNEGIE AND HIS MONUMENTS

WE HAVE had in this country a kind of disease of monuments. We are much preoccupied in getting a living in America, and the moment that our first feeling for the beautiful comes to us, it naturally runs to headstones. There is a certain type of mind in America that apparently can not help breaking out into monuments—putting façades and Grecian temples on things. Just now it is engaged in putting a Parthenon on to Abraham Lincoln.

There seems to be nothing so safe in its own innate nobleness or quality that there does not seem to these people to need to be a monument standing up for it, and apologizing for it—and flourishing. They have worried us all over the country into having hands-in-the-bosom statues of bronze statesmen in parks, cast-iron columns of simple soldiers, heroprizes for not letting people drown. A plain, noble, magnificently scrawny, rail-splitting, log-cabin person—a little-red-schoolhouse sort of person like Lincoln—has to go down to posterity apologized for, pieced out with an Acropolis, with thirty-eight columns forty-six feet high—eleven thousand tons and two million dollars' worth of empty marble. So we have poor simple-hearted Lincoln pilloried there—a huge hollow air of looking more important than he wanted to—forever!

We must learn to reckon with these people, probably. Every country has periods and streaks of them—hordes of well-meaning folks who can not help going around putting up decorative fronts on beauty, draping strips of silk askew on mantelpieces, hanging huge red bows on poor ashamed little dogs. . . . The silk hat represents this same yearning for monuments (even on themselves) many people have. I never see a man going around with a silk hat but I think of it—of how it expresses in him his wistful idea toward the beautiful, toward what is really important and serious, and how I ought to be impressed by it. But I am not. It seems to me a kind of disease—a silk hat does. All monuments do.

The same people will take an innocent flower looking like a little portrait of all the sunniness and dew and sky in the world—plump it into an awful and portentous gorgeous flower-pot, and with one blow wipe it off the face of the earth. They think they are appreciating and honoring the poor little flower. But what does the little flower think?

THIS is the way I feel about Mr. Carnegie's flower-pot for peace. What does peace think of Mr. Carnegie putting a façade on it and trying to fix it up so that people will want it, by building a temple to it?

I do not believe this is the way to impress people with peace.

I have seen the faces of the men pouring out of the Ford factory.

I have seen that peace is a sublime energy—a passionate, unfathomable flowing out of human life. It does not need a temple.

I do not particularly admire the peacock, and I do not like any longer than can be helped to have people think as they do abroad sometimes

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that we ought to have the peacock instead of the eagle for our national bird. If I lived in a castle or bishop's palace, I would not have a peacock about the place; but there is one thing about the peacock—however superficial he may be—he grows his own façade himself. Out of the roots of his being he lifts it up. A peacock's tail is a perfectly honest, faithful, detailed reproduction or portrait of the inside of his mind.

All the lower animals are like this. This is all one can ask of anybody. Here is peace, for instance—peace in factories, peace between nations.

If a peacock had to have a temple, he would let it grow—let it flower out, or rather feather out, from a factory. This is the gist of it—as it strikes our plain American people,I believe.

A façade on Henry Ford's factory, making it look like a Parthenon, would be as absurd as a façade on Henry Ford.

X—MR. CARNEGIE AND MR. CARNEGIE

BUT it is easy enough to find fault. The question now is, what can Mr. Carnegie do with his enormous foundation—say from to-morrow morning on — to keep people from daring to look at peace any longer as a far-off, other-worldly affair, a kind of back-yard in heaven, a yearning, or a beautiful subject? Can the dangerous and weakening associations peace has, or seems to have, in people's minds with the words "love and above" be forever and once for all broken up? I have been able to criticise, but am I able to point out a constructive program? What is there Mr. Carnegie can do, and do to-day, to keep peace from now on from being an angel, a dove, a monument, or a lamb?

First. He can take his fortune and turn it back as a vast public mirror on how he made it, and pay the bill for everybody to see how every dollar he presents the world with, had peace wrought into it—peace between manufacturer and employee, between manufacturer and the people's government, between manufacturer and consumers.

Second. If Mr. Carnegie says, as he very truthfully might, that peace as an energy in business had not been invented or discovered or quite worked out yet, in the generation in which he made his money, Mr. Carnegie instead of turning his money back as a mirror on how he got it, might turn it back and pay the bill for everybody to see how he keeps getting it now—let everybody see how peace is being wrought out there for him in Pittsburgh, day and night, into his dividends.

Third. If Mr. Carnegie says that he is not responsible for the way his money is being made now, that he has withdrawn from steel management, and is merely drawing dividends; if Mr. Carnegie says that these stupendous sums of money he is drawing out and that he is daily spending on being a beautiful moral character—in telling the rest of the world to cheer up and to remember that it is going to be as good as he is as fast as he can pay for it—are being made in ways he regrets and in ways of which he does not approve; if Mr. Carnegie would spend a few million

Lincoln the Rail-Splitter and the Lincoln Memorial at Washington.

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dollars a week, would take each million dollars as it came, turn it back on its hinges—make it a vast million-dollar mirror of where it came from, and of how it was made; if Mr. Carnegie would make a moving-picture of each million as it comes along to him to-day; if, instead of using that million to lord it over the ideals of the rest of us, he would use it for a glorious, conclusive, immortal criticism of himself—so that by Carnegie's own will there would never be another Carnegie, so that by Carnegie's own will there would never be another Pittsburgh . . . there would be no limit to the praise and affection, to the thanksgiving of the people of all nations from generation to generation, for Andrew Carnegie, for what Andrew Carnegie had done for peace, not merely to found peace, but to reveal peace, to set peace in motion throughout a world.

Fourth. If Mr. Carnegie can not give us his peace experience—his own personal proofs of how peace works—the next best thing he can do is to spend a few million dollars on his own belief in peace-experiments, in things men don't quite believe yet about peace. If he has been able to make so little headway in proving what he believes about peace, let him spend a few million dollars in proving what other men believe about it. Let him pay the bill, the laboratory bill, for letting other men try out their experiments and apply their inventions in the technique of peace.

Fifth. If he does not want to try out a few experiments in peace, himself, and does not want to pay expenses for other people to make peace-experiments, there are at least a hundred manufacturers who have already paid and who are now paying their own expenses in proving how peace works. These peace-energy business men are going to do everything anyway, but they are too busy doing it to be in the news-business of how they do it, besides. It is at least left over for Mr. Carnegie, if he can not make peace work, himself, to pay the bill for showing that other people can.

XI—MR. CARNEGIE AND ME

I PROTEST against the burden that is laid upon me to speak in a great solemn moment of the destiny of the world like this, against any humble and hopeful soul on this earth who had done or tried to do with his imagination, his money, his muscle, a single thing for peace.

But I am burdened with the sense of the intimateness between the ideals of America for its men of wealth and the fate of the nation.

I protest against what Mr. Carnegie has done or may do as just being Mr. Carnegie, and not America. I protest against the way he has seemed to speak as the voice of the colleges of our land. I protest against the way his library buildings have sprawled in front of literature, against the way his pensions have straddled colleges, run away with culture—and the way his money and he have stepped out in front of peace.

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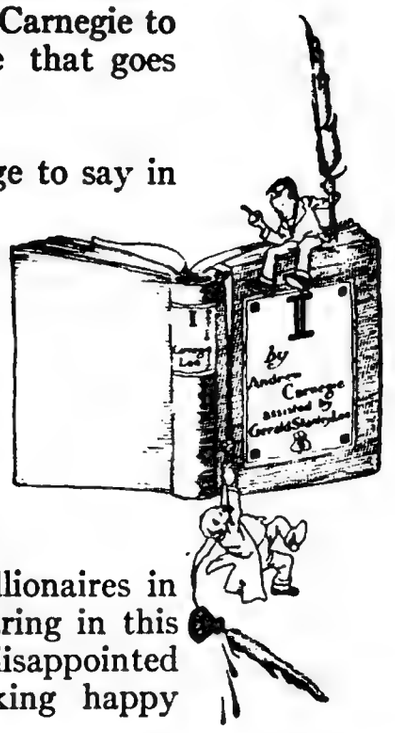
I invoke the ideals, the spirit, the clean and mighty laughter of our people. I call the attention of the world to the fact that Mr. Carnegie is not accepted in America as a typical American millionaire, that Mr. Carnegie is not and can not be taken in Europe as our nationally authorized version—the countenance to the world of American wealth and of what American money is like, of what American money is seeking to do in the world and among the nations.

I point to Henry Ford instead, to what he is saying about peace in the way he makes his money.

And so I have made my protest in behalf of the ideals and of the plain human common sense of our men of wealth in America, and in behalf of the probity, freedom, the clean laughter, the vigor and manliness of the intellectual life of my people. We will swing free before the eyes of the world. We will not have our great universities in Mr. Carnegie's pocket—our great men, churches, and bishops swinging and dangling at his belt. It does not represent us. It is not like us, and should not be supposed to be like us by the nations of the world.

I have not meant to write at length in this way, but if one is ripping out once for all what has been built in with pomp as the corner-stone of the peace of the world—one must take room.

A revolution against Mr. Carnegie can not be tucked away in a paragraph. He has been walking up and down in front of the Peace Palace as his own piazza so long that this nation must first get Mr. Carnegie to sit down, before anything about America and world peace that goes under the surface can hope to be done.



IF Mr. Carnegie would sign this article, if he could manage to say in time before he died that he believed it—if to-day, or in a day or so, after he had thought it over, we could put our names together on the title page of a little book, *like this*—it would start a revolution for peace.

Most people think that I would sign what would be in the little book anyway, and they think Andrew Carnegie would not. It would do them more good to think that he would than anything else in the world.

And what is wanted between millionaires and poor people in this country is a little mutual, confidential talk.

I often think of it—of what two or three prominent millionaires in America could do in the way of making a great moral clearing in this country. What would it not mean if even one bitter, disappointed millionaire would stop going through the motions of looking happy before us, and would speak out to us!

If two or three of our seven thousand unhappy millionaires would get up in their places, if they would confess to the people and make a clean breast to a nation, what is there we would not do to help them, to cooperate with them? In this the world's great hour of doubt, in this hour of our suspense and hope, it would be hard to measure what it would do

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for us if one rich man would put his solitude with the solitude of the poor, uncover the failure, the wistfulness, the doubt, the wonder, the sorrow of his life; if one rich man would mingle—before he dies, as in a kind of sacrament of mutual confession, of mutual hope—his loneliness with ours!

I read yesterday that Mr. Rockefeller never reads a criticism of himself, and that he has not read one for years.

The week after Henry Ford had announced his plan for his employees, when he was receiving several thousand letters and telegrams, thousands of editorials a day, from around a world, he had all of them sorted out, and all of those that praised him were set one side. He had his secretaries pick out the six or seven best attacks, and he read those.

I refuse to believe this statement that John D. Rockefeller never reads criticisms; and I do not like to give up on Andrew Carngie.

Mr. Carnegie and these pages both have a large audience. So if our old and regular Mr. Carnegie fails to sign these pages, I present them to the country to be signed. There are five hundred new Carnegies who will.

In the meantime these pages are addressed not to Mr. Carnegie, but to the people who take him seriously, who make it necessary, especially to a thousand newspapers and to the men in high stations everywhere who encourage Mr. Carnegie, who keep him befuddled—dictatorial—deceived about others and deceived about himself. It can not be endured standing by any longer, with ninety million people watching Mr. Carnegie day after day, still failing to see how in his sublime yearning—this awful public struggle of his not to die disgraced—he is muddling up the vision, warping the ideals of a nation, and withering the sinews of our young men and of an independent and mighty people, making everything in sight and every man and every idea he touches or paws over with a million dollars look like—like rows of his library buildings.

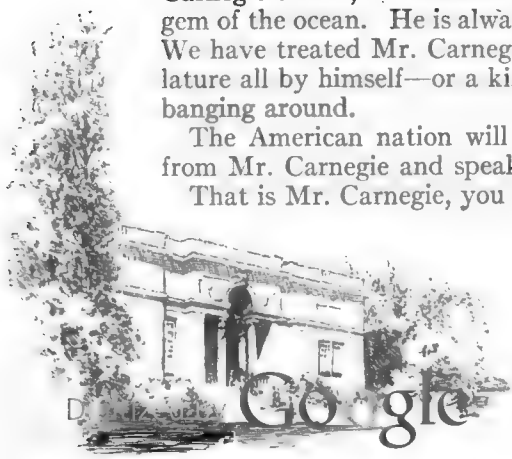
I can not find any better way of pointing up my idea than Mr. Carnegie. It is a not-Carnegie peace I want.

I say that he does not represent America.

To the world, Andrew Carnegie stands as our American idea of peace . . . all those big, breathless newspapers in New York running down to the dock to meet him and watch him, with eager eyes and notebooks, standing and dropping pearls of wisdom on the gangplank.

It is not Mr. Carnegie I am making fun of; it is ourselves and the way we do not interfere with being represented—this big, busy, calm nation of America being in such a breathless state of suspense about what Mr. Carnegie thinks, the minute he gets across—as if he were Columbia the gem of the ocean. He is always taking this national or international form. We have treated Mr. Carnegie as if he were a kind of semi-official legislature all by himself—or a kind of splendid but perfectly loose president banging around.

The American nation will swing itself free in the eyes of the world from Mr. Carnegie and speak for itself. America will say to the world: That is Mr. Carnegie, you see—just Mr. Carnegie. This is Us.



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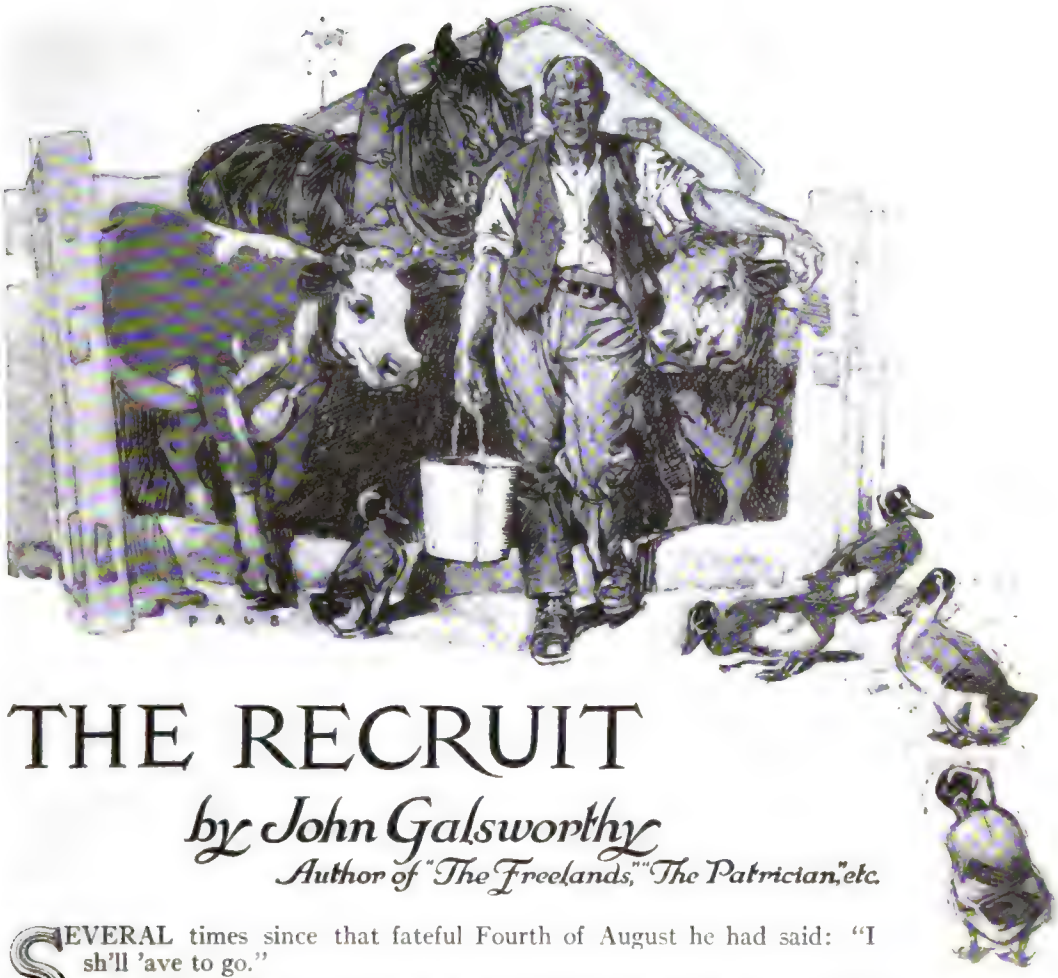

THE RECRUIT

by John Galsworthy

Author of "The Freelands," "The Patrician," etc.

TO HIS PECULIAR CALLS THE CATTLE WERE AMAZINGLY RESPONSIVE.

WITH PICTURES BY HERBERT PAUS

SEVERAL times since that fateful Fourth of August he had said: "I sh'll 'ave to go."

And the farmer and his wife would look at him, he with a sort of amusement, she with a queer compassion in her heart, and one or the other would reply, smiling:

"That's all right, Tom; there's plenty Germans yet. Yu wait a bit."

His mother, too, who came daily from the lonely cottage in the little combe on the very edge of the big hill to work in the kitchen and farm-dairy, would turn her dark, taciturn head, with still plentiful black hair, toward his face that for all its tan was so weirdly reminiscent of a withered baby—pinkish and light-lashed, with forelock and fair hair thin and rumpled, and small blue eyes, and she would mutter:

"Don't yu never fret, boy. They'll come for 'ee fast enough when they want 'ee."

No one, least of all perhaps his mother, could take quite seriously that little square, short-footed man, born when she was just seventeen. Sure of work because he was first-rate with every kind of beast, he was yet not looked on as being quite "all there." He could neither read nor write, had scarcely ever been outside the parish, and then only in a shandrydan on a Unionist Club

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treat, and he knew no more of the world than the native of a small South Sea island. His life from school age on had been passed, year in, year out, from dawn till dark, with the cattle and their calves, the sheep, the horses, and the wild moor-ponies, except when hay or corn harvest or any exceptionally exacting festival absorbed him for the moment.

From shyness he never went into the pub, and so had missed the greater part of village education. He could, of course, read no papers; a map was to him but a mystic mass of marks and colors; he had never seen the sea, never a ship, no water broader than the parish streams; until the war, had never met anything more like a soldier than the constable of the neighboring village. But he had seen a sailor in his uniform.

What sort of creatures these Germans were to him—who knows? They were cruel—he had grasped that. Something noxious, perhaps, like the adders whose backs he broke with his stick; something dangerous like the chained dog at Shapton farm; or the big bull at Vannacombe. When the war first broke out, and they had called the postman (a reservist and noted village marksman) back to his regiment, the little cowman had smiled and said:

"Wait till regiment gets to front—Fred'll soon shoot 'em up."

But weeks and months went by, and it was always the Germans, the Germans; Fred had clearly not yet shot them up; and now one and now another went off from the village, and two from the farm itself; and the great Fred returned slightly injured for a few weeks' rest, and, full of whisky from morning till night, made the village ring; and finally went off again in a mood of manifest reluctance.

All this weighed dumbly on the mind of the little cowman, the more heavily that because of his inarticulate shyness he could never talk that weight away, nor could any one by talk relieve him, no premises of knowledge or vision being there. From sheer physical contagion he felt the grizzly menace in the air, and a sense of being left behind when others were going to meet that menace with their fists, as it were.

There was something proud and sturdy in the little man, even in the look of him, for all that he was "poor old Tom," who brought a smile on the mouths of all. He was passionate, too, if rubbed up the wrong way; but it needed the malevolence and ingenuity of human beings to annoy him—with his beasts he never lost his temper, so that they had perfect confidence in him. He resembled, indeed, herdsmen of the Alps, whom one may see in dumb communion with their creatures up in those high solitudes; for he too dwelt in a high solitude, cut off from real fellowship with men and women by lack of knowledge and by the supercilious pity in them. Living in such a remote world, his talk—when he did say something—had ever the surprising quality attaching to the thoughts of those by whom the normal proportions of things are quite unknown.

His short, square figure, hatless and rarely coated in any

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weather, dotting from foot to foot, a bit of stick in one hand, and often a straw in the mouth—he did not smoke—was familiar in the yard, where he turned the handle of the separator, in the fields and cowsheds, from daybreak to dusk, save for the hours of dinner and tea, which he ate in the farm kitchen, making sparse and surprising comments. To his peculiar whistles and calls the cattle and calves, for all their rumination and stubborn shyness, were amazingly responsive. It was a pretty sight to see them pushing against each other round him—after all, he was as much the source of their persistence, especially through the scanty winter months, as a mother starling to her unfledged young.

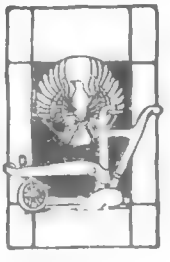
When the Government issued their request to householders to return the names of those of military age ready to serve if called on, he heard of it, and stopped munching to say in his abrupt fashion: "I'll go fight the Germans."

But the farmer did not put him down, saying to his wife: " 'Twidden be 'ardly fair—they'd be makin' game of 'im." And his wife, her eyes shining with motherliness, answered: "Poor lad, he's not fit-like."

The months went on—winter passing to spring; and the slow decking of the trees and fields began with leaves and flowers, with butterflies and the songs of birds. How far the little cowman would notice such a thing as that no one could ever have said, devoid as he was of the vocabulary of beauty; but like all the world, his heart must have felt warmer and lighter under his old waistcoat, and perhaps more than most hearts, for he could often be seen standing stock-still in the fields, his browning face turned to the sun.

Less and less he heard talk of Germans—dogged acceptance of the state of war having settled on that far countryside; the beggars were not beaten and killed off yet, but they would be in good time. It was unpleasant to think of them more than could be helped. Once in a way a youth went off and "'listed"; but though the parish had given more perhaps than the average, a good few of military age still clung to life as they had known it. Then some bright spirit conceived the notion that a county regiment should march through the remoter districts to rouse them up.

The cuckoo had been singing five days; the lanes and fields, the woods and the village green were as Joseph's coat, so varied and so bright the foliage, from golden oak-buds to the brilliant little lime-tree leaves, the feathery green shoots of larches, and the already darkening bunches of the sycamores. The earth was dry—no rain for a fortnight—when the cars containing the brown-clad men and a recruiting band drew up before the inn.



Here were clustered the farmers, the innkeeper, the new gray-haired postman; by the church gate and before the schoolyard were knots of girls and children, schoolmistress, schoolmaster, parson; and down on the lower green a group of likely youths, an old laborer or two, and apart from human beings, as was his wont, the little cowman in brown corduroys tied below the knee, an old waistcoat, the sleeves of a blue shirt

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THE OFFICERS HAD FAILED—AND WERE TRYING NOT TO SHOW CONTEMPT.

dotted with pink rolled up to the elbows of his brown arms; and his brown neck and shaven-looking head quite bare. So he stood, with his bit of stick wedged between his waist and the ground, staring with all his light-lashed water-blue eyes under the thatch of his forelock.

The speeches rolled forth glib; the khaki-clad men drank their second fill that morning of coffee and cider; the little cowman stood straight and still, his head drawn back.

Two figures—officers, men who had been at the front—detached themselves and came toward the group of likely youths.

These wavered a little, were silent, sniggered, stood their ground—the two figures passed among them. Hackneyed words, jests, the touch of flattery changing swiftly to chaff—all the customary performance, hollow and pathetic; and then the khaki-clad figures re-emerged, their hands clenched, their eyes shifting here and there, their lips drawn back in fixed smiles. They had failed, and were trying to hide it. They must not show contempt—the young slackers might yet come in, when the band played.

The cars were filled again, the band struck up: "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary."

And at the edge of the green, within two yards of the cars' dusty passage,

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THE LITTLE COWMAN STOOD APART AND STARED. HE ALONE DID NOT CHEER.

the little cowman stood apart and stared. His face was red. Behind him they were cheering—the parson and farmers, school children, girls, even the group of youths. He alone did not cheer, but his face grew redder.

When the dust above the road and the distant blare of "Tipperary" had dispersed and died, he walked back to the farm, dotting from one to the other of his short feet.

All that afternoon and evening he spoke no word; but that flush seemed to have settled in his face for good and all. He milked some cows, but forgot to bring the pails up. Two of his precious cows he left unmilked, till their distressful lowing caused the farmer's wife to go down and see. There he was standing against a gate, moving his brown neck from side to side like an animal in pain, oblivious seemingly of everything.

She spoke to him: "What's matter, Tom?"

All he could answer was:

"Ise goin', Ise goin'."

She milked the cows herself.

For the next three days he could settle to nothing, leaving his jobs half done, speaking to no one save to say: "Ise goin'; Ise got to go."

Even the beasts looked at him surprised.

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On the Saturday the farmer, having consulted with his wife, said quietly: "Well, Tom, ef yu want to go, yu shall. I'll drive 'ee down Mondya. Us won't du nothin' to keep yu back."

The little cowman nodded. But he was restless as ever all through that Sunday, eating nothing.

On Monday morning, arrayed in his best clothes, he got into the dog-cart. There, without good-by to any one, not even to his beasts, he sat staring straight before him, square, and jolting up and down beside the farmer, who turned on him now and then a dubious, almost anxious, eye.

So they drove the eleven miles to the recruiting station. He got down, entered, the farmer with him.

"Well, my lad," they asked him, "what d'you want to join?"

"Royal Marines."

It was a shock, coming from that short, square figure.

THE farmer took him by the arm. "Why, yu'm a Devon man, Tom; better take county regiment. An't they gude enough for yu?"

Shaking his head, he answered: "Royal Marines."

Was it the glamour of the words—what was it—that moved him to wish to join that outlandish corps? Who shall say? There was the wish immovable; they took him to the recruiting station for the Royal Marines.

Stretching up his short, square body and blowing out his cheeks to increase his height, he was put before the reading-board. His eyes were splendid; little that passed in the hedgerows, the heavens, on the hillsides, could escape them. They asked him to read the print.

Staring, he answered: "L."

"No, my lad, you're guessing."

"L."

HE JOLTED HOME, BY NO SIGN INDICATING WHAT HE FELT.

The farmer plucked at the recruiting officer's sleeve; his face was twitching, and he whispered hoarsely: " 'E don' know 'is alphabet."

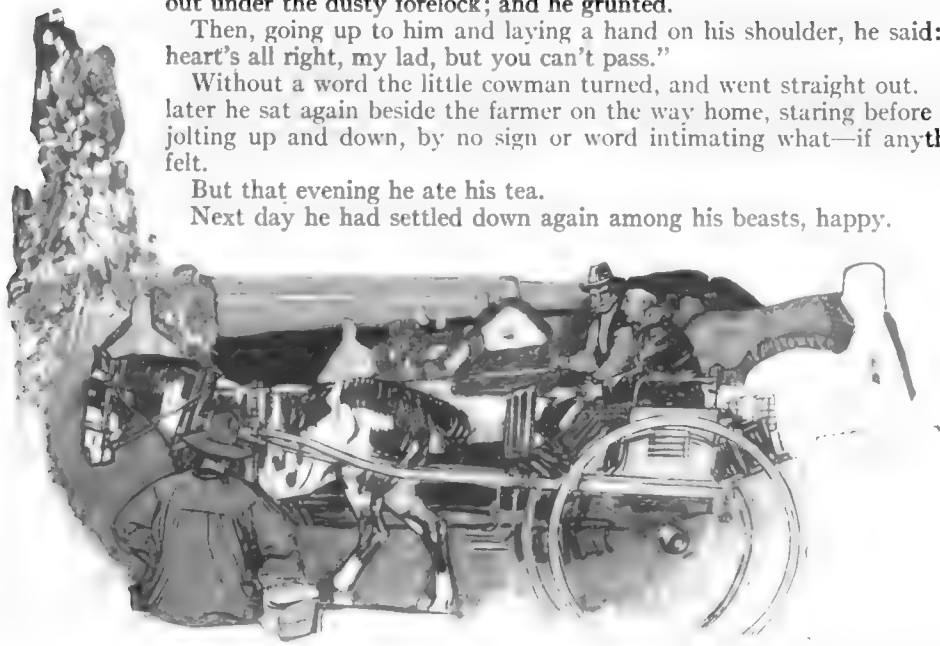
The officer turned and contemplated that short, square figure with the browned face so reminiscent of a withered baby, and the little blue eyes staring out under the dusty forelock; and he grunted.

Then, going up to him and laying a hand on his shoulder, he said: "*Your* heart's all right, my lad, but you can't pass."

Without a word the little cowman turned, and went straight out. An hour later he sat again beside the farmer on the way home, staring before him and jolting up and down, by no sign or word intimating what—if anything—he felt.

But that evening he ate his tea.

Next day he had settled down again among his beasts, happy.



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RUBBER-NECKING IN NEW YORK

By Ray Brown

WITH SKETCHES BY THE AUTHOR

IT'S A city of enchantment. Bagdad had nothing on New York. To quote partly from the lore of the "well-informed and competent guide," and in part to make use of information dredged from the archives of the Company:

Every second four visitors arrive in New York;
Every forty-two seconds an immigrant arrives;
Every fifty-two seconds a passenger train arrives;
Every six minutes a child is born——

Just add that up and see whom we have in our midst. Say it took six minutes to get the information—make the addition, and write the result. What happened?

During that swift six minutes there lit in New York and helped to swell the crowd, an imposing procession of One Thousand Four Hundred and Forty Visitors.

And tagging along behind came nine immigrants, seven passenger trains, and one brand-new, perfectly good, unused infant. Talk about quick service! How about it? Imagine that outfit parading down Broadway every six minutes!

In addition to that, every thirteen minutes there is a wedding. Every forty-eight minutes a ship leaves New York harbor; and every night people who "feel a bit peckish," spend One Million Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars in the restaurants and hotels for dinner.

There surely must be a ray in those statistics to lighten the gloom of such as squander their time writing books to prove race suicide and the decline and fall of the maternal instinct in America.

Because, if figures do not lie—and they say they can't—wouldn't it be an unreasonable old grouch who would expect ladies who have a chance to get married only every thirteen minutes or so, to have an offspring oftener than

LOOKING DOWN BROADWAY TOWARD THE SINGER BUILDING. "THERE IS ALWAYS SOMETHING DOING IN NEW YORK."

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WE PASS CHURCHES FOUNDED WHEN NEW YORK WAS A LITTLE DUTCH TOWN AND CHURCHES BUILT YEAR BEFORE LAST.

once every six minutes? An ordinary sense of propriety would tell you that, not to mention the consideration that a faster pace would probably prove more than human nature could bear.

It's surely all kinds of a town. There are more Irish here than there are in Dublin; a heap more Italians than there are in Rome; and when you start in for a census of those business devotees whose ancestry harks back to the ancient and holy city of Jerusalem—there are enough of them to go round.

There are indeed.

Seems sometimes as if all the descendants that the Lord promised Abraham—and He certainly made some amplitudinous promises—were right here in this one town. If the New York ones were all Abraham had had, even so there'd be no reason for him to get peeved about it.

But let's abandon statistics as dry fodder at the best of times; and be off.

Here we are, then, only three blocks away from the start, and already we have squinted at the Metropolitan Tower—"the biggest office-building in the world, but not the tallest"—and rested our reverent gaze on the church of Dr. Parkhurst, the "Ree-former." We have appraised the seven-hundred-thousand-dollar home of the Supreme Court, and stared awestruck upward at that spot where Harry Kendall Thaw shot Stanford White. We are custodians of the information that Madison Square Park was aforetime a potter's field, and that the club on the corner had previously been the private home of a well-known millionairess.

Information is coming our way in chunks so fast we can hardly receipt for it. Truly the motto of the Sight-Seeing Coach Company—"There is always something doing in New York"—is no delusion. As the judge on the second seat remarks to his consort, "In spite of the price, it's worth the money. A dollar's a lot to charge," says he, "but it's a great trip, and when we get home we'll sure know something about New York."

"Yes," agrees the lady, her bespectacled eyes a-dance with excitement. "You 'n' I'll certainly have something to talk about for *one* while when we get back."

The judge is a fine, precise little citizen, garbed in irreproachable black, with a cameo face the color of old ivory. He disseminates his opinions with the air of an amiable oracle, and his better half turns on him an adoring gaze indicating that in her eyes he is compounded of ingredients a shade more expensive than gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

Up Madison Avenue the big, solid-tired auto bounces on its lumbering way. It's a jiggly joy, this riding on the "Rubber-neck

"When we get home, we'll sure know something about New York."

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Wagon," full of strange thrills and unexpected starts and stops.

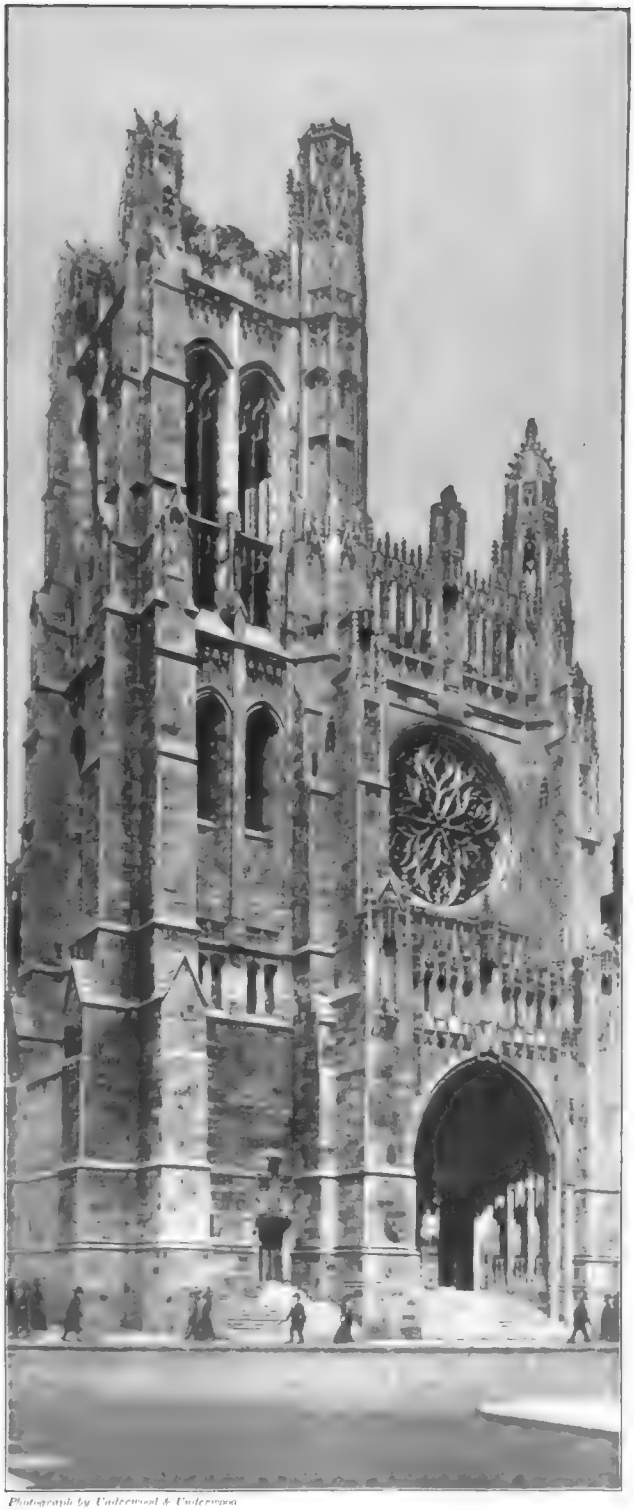
The main point of interest "on root," hints our "well-informed guide and lecturer," will be "a street of solid wealth like nothing else on earth." We're for *that*, strong, and while we don't aim to miss a thing that lies between it and us, we are all conscious of holding back and saving ourselves up for "Millionaires' Row."

We get a smile out of the Martha Washington, that vestal temple behind whose sacred feminine portals mere man may not pass.

"On the right, as we turn the next corner," says the Guide, "the tall, yellow building on the right, the Martha Washington Hotel, built exclusively for ladies—neither man nor dog allowed above its second floor," and then, waiting just a minute for the laugh we *had* to give him—"*On the right*, the Martha Washington Hotel—on the right."

So we cut into Fifth Avenue, and come up past churches founded when New York was a little Dutch town, and churches built the year before last, and clubs that cost a million dollars—and clubs you'd have to have a million dollars to belong to. There's some excitement when the biggest jewelry store in the world is pointed out—"the delight of the bride, the terror of the bridegroom." Whereat, the young couple on the back seat clutch each other convulsively and then try to look as if they were somewhere else, and perfect strangers at that.

The Waldorf-Astoria fetches us for a minute, with its fourteen hundred rooms, its servant for every guest, and its six thousand nightly dinners. "Gee whillikens!



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

ST. THOMAS'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, ONE OF NEW YORK'S NEWEST AND LOVELIEST GOTHIC STRUCTURES.

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Photograph by Underwood & Underwood.

ON THESE TWO PAGES YOU CAN PICK OUT ALL OF THE SKY-SCRAPERS THAT MAKE UP NEW YORK'S FAMOUS SKY-LINE.

What a hotel!" We rest the flaps of our Stetsons reverently back on our shoulder-blades, and hoist our Adam's apples up as far as they'll go, in an attempt to discover its highest pinnacle. Some of us want to know how tall fourteen hundred rooms are, and where the fourteen-hundredth man gets off the elevator. "Sounds almost like heaven"—though perhaps the Tower of Babel would be nearer.

And still we haven't come to Millionaires' Row at all. But the tension is going up. The excitement grows; we are gradually getting keyed up to it.

Then, all of a sudden, along in the fifties, we're there!

Millionaires now at last on every side of us, and big names coming so fast we can't possibly remember them. The millions fair drip through the megaphone. Two millions, five millions, fifty—a hundred—no limit to it. And all the names you ever heard in all your born days.

All the Vanderbilts and all their relations—a whole row of them.

The Whitneys—but they're taking one of them down.

Jay Gould, Helen Gould, George Gould, Frank Gould—makes you feel like apologizing to the family for fear some of them have been left out.

John D.— *What!* Is that right? That little old red-painted brick, 'way back in behind the others, that looks like a boarding-house? Oh, you must be mistaken!

No! That's it—that's John D.'s—richest man in the world. Would you ever believe it?

And right in the middle of it all, a big open place, and woods beyond!

"Here's where Fifty-ninth Street crosses Fifth Avenue," says the Guide. "The gleaming gold figure ahead is the Sherman Monument. This is the Plaza; and the great, unfinished marble fountain, with its terraces and steps and lights, is to be the Joseph Pulitzer Memorial. Over to the left, the huge glittering structure towering far into the blue is the Plaza Hotel."

We rest the flaps of our Stetsons reverently on our shoulders.

"Probably the most expensive thing in New York," reverently observes one of the three mining gentlemen from Idaho, in the middle of the car— No, they hadn't specifically stated that they were mining gentlemen, but they had mentioned Idaho, and their shoulders and the way the backs of their necks were burnt, fiery red deep down under their collars, looked like mining gentlemen. Their hats, and the way their legs walked, looked more like cowboys. Maybe they were both.

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THESE ARE THE VERY TALLEST ONES IN THE WORLD—THE WOOLWORTH AND THE SINGER, WITH THE METROPOLITAN IN THE MIDDLE BACKGROUND.

Well, here we are across Fifty-ninth Street—"On the left, ladies and gentlemen, Central Park, two miles long, half a mile broad; cost two million dollars back in the fifties; laid out by Mr. So and So."

"What was the name?—didn't catch it. Worth a hundred and how many millions to-day if cut out in town lots?"

"Oh, never mind, listen to what he's saying now."

The three men from Idaho are beginning to look gaunt and haggard with the strain—they must be miners—their faces are getting sharp-set in a kind of wolfish look, as if they would like to hop out somewhere along here with a pick-ax and spade, and pan out a few shovelfuls just to see if some careless millionaire had not inadvertently left loose money lying round. They stood the first few millions without batting an eye, but the game's been going too strong for them for some time past. There's a look in their faces that should warn the guide he'd better ease up or they're liable to start something.

And still the megaphone is blaring away like the battle-cry of prosperity—the millionaires are buzzing about us like bees.

Hetty Green, the Oelrichs, Commodore Gerry, Senator Clark, Mrs. Harriman, the Astors, the Phippses, Andrew Carnegie; and in between, all sorts of little fellows, folks you hardly hear mentioned—common people with only two millions or six or ten—don't amount to much, scarce worth while trying to carry in your head.

Just as we're getting to the place where we can't stand it another minute without going plumb crazy, the Guide lets up. We've actually come to the end of it.

"By jinks," says the judge, letting out his breath with an audible "whoosh," "I feel as if somebody'd hit me on the head with a solid gold pile-driver and driven me up to the neck in the United States Mint. That sure sounded like a lot of money."

One Hundred and Tenth Street comes next, with a little Revolutionary history thrown in—"George Washington," and "The Battle of Harlem Heights." The Guide stimulates our imagination. No doubt the Red Coats and Hessians fought and ran just about where we are now, for the battle sprawled from the west front of Columbia College on Broadway, down the hillside, across One Hundred and Tenth Street, and surged into

How tall are fourteen hundred rooms?

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The three men from Idaho have heard about too many millions.

Central Park. There, where you see the small block house with the flag flying, on the edge of the wooded knoll, the fiercest fighting must have come. It's hard to imagine all that slaughter, with the sunny city lying open and orderly about us.

"The tallest point on the tallest elevated railway in New York."

"Good many stairs to climb," says the judge's wife. She looked as if she was thinking how it would be to keep house on top there, and perhaps go down those stairs for an apple or a drink of water.

Then we come up the steep slope to the Cathedral of St. John the Divine—old before it was ever new—been building since eighteen-ninety-something, over twenty years, and not finished yet. It looks more like a promissory note for a cathedral than an actual church. There's something headed our way which might be a choir, and some good little bays grouped artistically about its base; but never a sign of tower or spire.

It has cost something like two millions so far, and may cost anywhere from ten to twenty millions more, for there's no price tag on such a building. The work on the nave immediately under way at present is estimated at one and a half millions, but nobody knows the answer to the question, "How much does a cathedral cost?" because there isn't any answer.

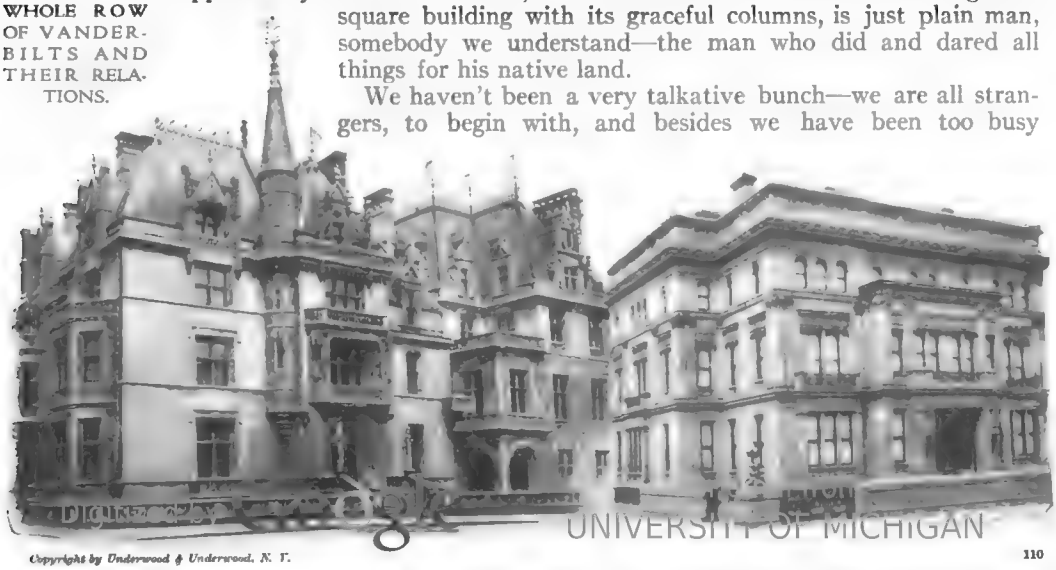
St. John's has been financed wholly by voluntary contributions. If some enthusiast should die and leave it an extra twenty millions, the cathedral would cost just that much more. If a cathedral gets commercial and unduly prompt and sudden, it stops being "cathedrally," because a cathedral is, and must be, an investment in religious sentiment.

Morningside Park, Columbia University and Barnard College, and now we swing out at the head of the Drive, and the whole reach of the lower Hudson lies before us—a beautiful view, and alone almost worth the trip.

And then Grant's Tomb, which, after all, means more to most of us than all the countless millions strewn along both sides of the way coming up. Nobody tells us whether he died rich or poor, or what his tomb cost. It's a relief at that. Coming through the old Revolutionary battle-ground just passed, and facing the broad stretches of the shining river, we somehow seem to have slipped away from the millions, and this that lies before us in the dignified square building with its graceful columns, is just plain man, somebody we understand—the man who did and dared all things for his native land.

MILLIONAIRES AND BIG NAMES ON EVERY SIDE OF US—A WHOLE ROW OF VANDERBILTS AND THEIR RELATIONS.

We haven't been a very talkative bunch—we are all strangers, to begin with, and besides we have been too busy



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listening to the Guide; but as we get down to go into the Tomb, a conscious hush falls on us. We quicken our steps as far as we may in decorum, for the Guide says we have only five minutes before closing-time. The trip up, it seems, has taken longer than he expected. A big, good-humored officer out in front urges us to hurry. "Only one minute," he says. Can it be possible the Guide's watch is wrong?

The guardian of the portal within the Tomb says, "No minutes—time to close," and starts forward with fervor to brush us out before we are fairly in. He doesn't wholly mean it, however, and relents enough to allow us just one quick look. We step in uncertainly; off come our hats in a rather ragged volley of respect as we crowd forward to the marble balustrade under the high, white dome. It's something of a shock to see the two big bronze sarcophagi, with their withered wreaths, exposed in such clean-cut fashion at the bottom of the vault. We weren't actually expecting to see *them*—it is solemn and awe-inspiring.

The two girls from the Martha Washington are taking notice.

One of the miners is the only man to speak. He seems almost unconscious that he has spoken aloud, although in a way he voices the thoughts of all of us. "Well," he says with a long sigh, "there they are, both of them, laying right there in their caskets."

The Cerberus of the Shades is snapping at our heels, and the officer on duty looms in the offing, big with authority. And so we go down the wind-swept slope to climb into our big green car again.

There are a few statues and things, and some actresses—not the real actresses themselves, of course, just their houses—along Riverside Drive, and an actor or two, but most of them are dead ones.

And then, after the Drive stopped, and we'd turned east, Central Park again—but you can't get so very excited about that, either side. Trees are only trees, after all is said and done, and *they* were not what we came to see.

Coming down, the Guide called attention to the bridle-path on the outside of the drive. "Spelled d-l-e", said he; "for horses—not for brides, as you might suppose."

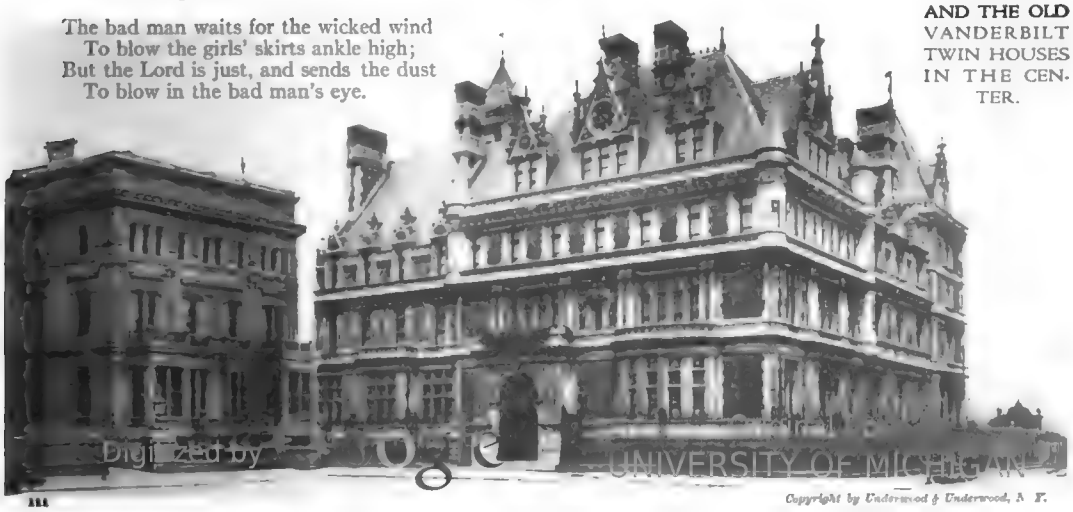
And the little lady on the back seat sat up with a bump, and came to the front with a most becoming blush.

The Guide landed her once more before he finished. It was when he recited a poem about the Flatiron Building, which some of us understood him to say was written by "Young Longfellow."

The judge's wife questioned this, because, so far's she remembered, Longfellow was an old man, the last pictures of him she'd seen, an old man with long, white whiskers. And she'd never heard of his having a poet son.

This's the poem:

The bad man waits for the wicked wind
To blow the girls' skirts ankle high;
But the Lord is just, and sends the dust
To blow in the bad man's eye.



W. K. VANDERBILT'S HOUSE ON THE LEFT, MRS. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S ON THE RIGHT, AND THE OLD VANDERBILT TWIN HOUSES IN THE CENTER.

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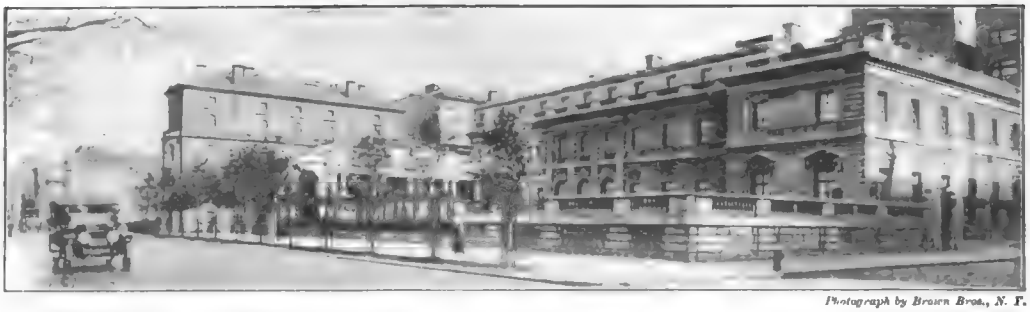

Photograph by Brown Bros., N. Y.

THE $4,000,000 HOUSE ON FIFTH AVENUE, IN MILLIONAIRES' ROW, OWNED BY HENRY C. FRICK.

But we all agreed that whoever wrote the poem is all right, anyhow. And presently here we are back at "the windiest corner in New York," from which you can start "any hour and on the hour, from ten to four, for Grant's Tomb, and twice a day for the Battery." We descend and scatter to our respective hotels and boarding-houses, taking care not to get "turned around."

For of course we are mostly folks from a far country. New York doesn't personally favor mounting a large, joggly, solid-tired truck for the purpose of spending a couple of hours gazing at itself. New York is no such Narcissus as that. It prefers, rather, to stand on the sidewalk and gaze open-mouthed at the spectacle of such foolishness. No matter on what business it is bent, whatever the urgency of its quest, from Fifth Avenue to Rivington Street, it always has time to stop and gaze.

It's true that Fifth Avenue and Rivington Street look at it from different angles.

Young Rivington Street dances alongside at imminent risk of neck and legs, waving garlands—or at least waving the Rivington Street substitute for garlands, the same being anything from dead cats to over-ripe vegetables—and chants joyously the refrain which it has made its own:

Rurr—B U R nex! Rurr—B U R nex!
Oh! see the Rurr—B U R nex!

Fifth Avenue merely glances at the spectacle with an openwork smile. Fifth Avenue is too dignified to lower itself by either song or dance—it merely pays a stately tribute to the hilarity of the occasion.

It's the night trip that takes you down Rivington Street way, and affords a chance for the daring investigator to see how New York lights up. Instead of being jammed solid with millions, this evening ramble down-town flames with romance, or is steeped in tragedy and crime.

In this humdrum old building to the right, Stokes ruthlessly shot his man for love of a beautiful woman. There, dashing young Nan Patterson was tried for her life, and across the alley the four gunmen lay and mumbled in their cells.

This disorderly, ramshackle old interior is what used to be the Chinese theatre. Eight men of the "tongs" were butchered here in a single night in one of their bloody frays, only two years ago at that. And last year, right here, within the same four walls, four thousand and odd battered, wayworn souls acknowledged a new-found belief in God, and pledged themselves to try to lead a righteous life.

That little two-story red front, with the blind windows battered out of it, and the street entrance blocked with theatrical hoardings, was Steve Brody's

"Oh! see the rurr-B-U-R-nex!"

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THE JUMBLE OF TOWERS THAT YOU SEE ON THE POINT OF MANHATTAN WHEN YOU "RUBBER-NECK" BY WATER.

old hang-out. There the debonair and desperate bridge-jumper ran his famous saloon and dance-hall in his gala days, and piled up a fortune thereby.

Every other block, almost, harbors the tale of a love affair, a great deed, or a desperate crime.

Behind that Dutch gable, in the weatherworn building which stretches its long, blank side uncompromisingly down the thoroughfare, lived James Monroe, and there he wrote the doctrine which a world has questioned, but which no one, as yet, has seriously and successfully disputed.

From the burial ground of this church, A. T. Stewart's body was stolen for ransom by midnight ghouls.

Across the width of this untidy cobbled street there once stretched a canal, from which it takes its name. And here Robert Fulton puttered with the clumsy cogs and valves that were later to revise the traffic of the universe.

"Here's Little Hungary," says the Guide. "Famous restaurant. Roosevelt dined here when he was president, with all his little Hungarian friends. Opened thirty years ago. The proprietor threw away the key."

"What for?"

"Oh," the Guide says, "it's never been closed since. Open all the time—days, nights, and Sundays."

Every one goes in. It's mysterious, somehow. Doesn't look at all as you expect. Maybe it's because it's so Hungarian.

At the door we are all cautioned to remember that we are "Green Coach Party No. 8." The Guide is very careful of us. He exhibits toward his little flock the caressing care of a shepherd. He counts them repeatedly—and audibly—that none be lost. This is a great and wicked city, in which everything may happen.

A nice young man comes forward and finds tables for everybody. We sit down and gaze respectfully at the Hungarian interior, and try to remember who we are. The Guide asks us what we will have. He offers Würzburger or sarsaparilla. Thinking how it might look back home, we elect sarsaparilla. The Guide pleads with us. He says the Würzburger is very good. It won't hurt us a mite. He is going to have some himself. We hesitate, we stand a chance of being lost—it must be all right or he wouldn't do it. A young man in spectacles says—"When you are in Rome, you know"—and we gracefully concede the point; we *are* lost.

We take Würzburger too. After all, we are abroad, and we do not want either the Hungarians or the Würzburgers to feel slighted because we have shown what is perhaps unjust suspicion of their diet.

Presently a plump and pleasing little blonde Hungarian comes out on the small platform and sings about being

The young couple on the back seat clutch each other convulsively.

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"HERE'S WHERE FIFTY-NINTH STREET CROSSES FIFTH AVENUE," SAYS THE GUIDE. "THE GLEAMING GOLD FIGURE AHEAD IS THE SHERMAN MONUMENT. BEYOND, CENTRAL PARK."

somebody's "Wild Irish Rose." There's no plot to it, and those seem to be about all the words that she has in stock. It isn't very Hungarian, or very Irish either, but it helps to pass the time, and keeps the young male sightseers busy and interested.

Then we are taken down in the cellar, and behind a round table with twenty glasses on it is a pallid young man. There are two of the funniest bottles hanging up on a little wooden rack. There is yellow wine in the bottles. The Guide invites us all to have some. "It is," he says, "on the house, like the tin roof." And, besides, our ticket entitles us to it. We decide to keep right on "doing as the Romans did."

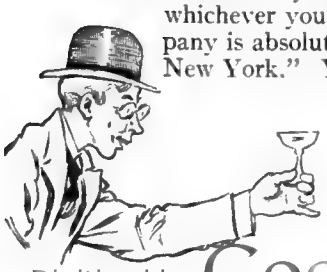
We are headed up-town again now, but the night is young. What comes next? "The Tenderloin. (Don't talk so loud—they'll hear you.) The Great White Way, and after that the dance-halls." Sounds kind of fast—will the ladies like it? A furtive and hasty inspection would indicate that they are facing the prospect with composure.

The two girls from the Martha Washington are sitting up and taking notice. The Guide has just said that we can each have two dances—no extra charge. The Martha Washingtonians have a look in their eye as if they would certainly get theirs, and if the Guide didn't keep a careful, fatherly eye on them, might even go so far as to make it three when his back was turned.

The dance-hall building sets us back a bit. It doesn't look the way "dance-hall" sounds—not nearly as free and easy and illegitimate; in fact, from the outside, it's more like one of the big, five-million-dollar hotels, very large, very new, and very swagger. Inside, it is more surprising still. Acres of beautiful new slippery floor, and such extraordinarily nice-looking and well-dressed couples, dancing so perfectly that it is like a show. None of our party dances, after all. We just sit and wistfully watch the regular dancers.

And then the Guide comes round and asks us all if we are sure we know our way home, because this is where that trip ends. We all think we do except the two Martha Washington ladies, who seem in doubt; but he gets them straightened out after a while, and heads them for home and Martha.

It is hard to tell which are the best—the day trips or the night trips. The night trips in a way are jollier, perhaps, and there's a spice of adventure in coasting about all those places that used to be so wicked, alone with just the Guide, but you may possibly have a chance to learn more on a day trip. But whichever you choose, one thing is sure—the motto of the Sight-seeing Company is absolutely straight goods—— "There is always something doing in New York." You can bank on that—it's right every minute of the time.



"When in Rome" ——

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THE REAL ADVENTURE

by

Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Butterfly," Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD L. CHASE

A YEAR or so after her marriage Rose Aldrich left her husband to go away and work until she could make herself his friend and partner. She had tried every means she could think of and failed. Rodney, from whose own theories she had got her ideas, did not understand what she wanted. He gave her devotion, luxury, protection, tenderness, but no share in his own work-and-thought life and no job of her own. He had even refused her the least responsibility for the care of her twin babies.

When she left him she went to a cheap rooming-house not far from her home, and on the same day got a place as a chorus-girl. She made rapid advancement, and through the cooperation of Galbraith, the director of the show, she designed and executed some of the costumes. Rodney, knowing nothing of this, happened in at the show, saw her, and waited for her—in a black rage. Despite the love that conquered his anger for a while, he reproached her bitterly for the disgrace and humiliation she was bringing upon him—and he asked for none of the story of her little triumph. A few days later, repentant and ashamed, he went to the theatre again, only to find she had gone. He traced her to Dubuque, on the route of a road company that she had joined, and followed her there. There was a painful interview that got them no nearer to an understanding, and she asked him not to come again. After that the company failed, Rose lost her savings, and, stranded in the little town of Centropolis, she got a job with a milliner. Into the calm of this backwater life came a letter from John Galbraith summoning her to New York as his assistant. A little reluctant, Rose went.

IT WAS about eleven months after Rose achieved the conquest of Centropolis that Jimmy Wallace threw his bomb.

Every year he made two professional visits to New York; one in autumn, one in the spring, in order that he might have interesting matters to write about when the local theatrical doings had been exhausted. From his first spring pilgrimage after Rose's disappearance he came back wearing a deep-lying and contented smile, and a few days later, after a talk over the telephone with Rodney, he headed a column of gossip about the theatre with the following paragraph:

"Come On In," as the latest of the New York revues is called, is much like all the others. It contains the same procession of specialty-mongers, the same cacophony of rag-time, the same gangway out into the audience which refreshes tired business

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men with a thrilling worm's-eye view of dancing girls' knees *au naturel*. And up and down this straight and narrow pathway of the chorus there is the customary parade of the same haughty beauties of Broadway. Only in one item is there a deviation from the usual formula: the costumes. For several years past the revues at the theatre (the Columbian) have been caparisoned with the decadent colors and bizarre designs of the exotic Mr. Grenville Melton. I knew there had been a change for the better as soon as I saw the first number, for these dresses have the stimulating quality of a healthy and vigorous imagination, as well as a vivid decorative value. They are exceedingly smart, of course, or else they would never do for a Broadway revue, but they are also alive, while those of Mr. Melton were invariably sickly. Curiously enough, the name of the new costume-designer has a special interest for Chicago. She is Doris Dane, who participated in "The Girl Up-stairs" at the Globe. Miss Dane's stage experience here was brief, but nevertheless her striking success in her new profession will probably cause the formation of a large and enthusiastic "I-knew-her-when" club.

JIMMY expected to produce an effect with it. But what he did produce exceeded his wildest anticipations. The thing came out in the three-o'clock edition, and before he left the office that afternoon he had received over the telephone six invitations to dinner; three of them for that night. He declined the first two on the ground of an enormous press of work incident to his fresh return from a fortnight in New York. But when Violet Williamson called up and said, with a reference to a previous engagement that was shamelessly fictitious: "Jimmy, you haven't forgotten you're dining with us to-night, have you? It's just us, so you needn't dress," he answered: "Oh, no, I've got it down on my calendar all right. Seven-thirty?"

Violet snickered and said: "You wait!—Or rather, don't! Make it seven."

Jimmy was glad to be let off that extra half-hour of waiting. He was impatient for the encounter with Violet—a state of mind most rare with him. He meant to wring all the pleasure out of it he could by way of revenge for Violet's attitude toward Rose after her presence in the Globe chorus had become known—for that biting contempt which was the typical attitude of her class.

Violet said, the moment he appeared in the drawing-room doorway: "John made me swear not to let you tell me a word until he came in. He's simply burbling. He's out in the pantry now mixing some extra-special cocktails—with his own hands, you know—to celebrate the event. But there's one thing he won't mind your telling me, and that's her address. I'm simply perishing to write her a note and tell her how glad we are."

Jimmy made a little gesture of regret. He'd have spoken too, but she didn't give him time. "You don't mean," she cried, "that you didn't find out where she lived while you were right there in New York!"

John came in just then with the cocktails, and Violet, turning to him tragically, repeated, "He doesn't even know where she lives!"

"Oh, I'm a boob, I know," said Jimmy. "Give me a cocktail. But, as I told the other five . . ."

Violet frowned as she echoed, "The other five—what?"

Jimmy turned to John Williamson with a perfectly electric grin. "The other five of Rose Aldrich's friends—and yours," he said, "who called me up this afternoon and invited me to dinner, and asked for her address so that they could write her notes and tell her how glad they were."

John said "Whoosh!"—all but upset his tray, and slammed it down on the piano in order to leave himself free to jubilate properly.

Violet stood looking at them thoughtfully. A little flush of color was coming up into her face. "You two men," she said, "are trying to act as if I

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weren't in this; as if I weren't just as glad as you are, and hadn't as good a right to be. John here," this was to Jimmy, "has been gloating ever since he came home with the paper. And you . . . Did you mean me by that snippy little thing you said about the 'I-knew-her-when club'? Well, you'll get your punishment. There's dinner! But you won't be allowed to eat. You'll have to begin at the beginning and tell us all about her."

Jimmy, his effect produced, his long-meditated vengeance completed by the flare of color he'd seen come up in Violet's cheeks, settled down seriously to the telling of his tale, stopping occasionally to bolt a little food just before his plate was snatched away from him, but otherwise without intermission.

He'd suspected nothing about the costumes on that opening night of "Come On In," until a realization of how amazingly good they were made him search his program. The line "Costumes by Dane" had lighted up in his mind a wild surmise of the truth, though he admitted it had seemed almost too good to be true. Because the costumes were really wonderful.

He cast about, he said, for some way of finding out who Dane really was. And, having learned that Galbraith was putting on the show at the Casino, he looked him up.

Galbraith proved a mine of information—no, he was more like one of those oil-wells technically known as a gusher. He simply spouted facts about Rose, and couldn't be stopped. She was his own discovery. He'd seen her possibilities when she designed and executed those twelve costumes for the sextette in "The Girl Up-stairs." He'd brought her down to New York to act as his assistant. She worked for Galbraith the greater part of last season. Jimmy had never known of anybody having just that sort of job before. Galbraith, busy with two or three productions at once, had put over a lot of the work of conducting rehearsals on her shoulders. He'd get a number started, having figured out the maneuvers the chorus were to go through, the steps they'd use, and so on, and then Rose would actually take his place; would be in complete charge of the rehearsal as the director's representative.

THE costuming last season had been a side issue, at the beginning at least, but she'd done part of the costumes for one of his productions, and they were so strikingly successful that Abe Shuman had snatched her away from him.

"The funny thing is the way she does them," Jimmy said. "Everybody else who designs costumes just draws them: dinky little water-colored plates, and the plates are sent out to a company like the Star Costume Company and they execute them. But Rose can't draw a bit. She got a manikin—not an ordinary dressmaker's form, but a regular painter's manikin with legs, and made her costumes on the thing; or at least cut out a sort of pattern of them in cloth. But somehow or other, the designing of them and the execution are more mixed up together by Rose's method than by the orthodox one. She wanted to get some women in to sew for her, and see the whole job through herself; deliver the costumes complete, and get paid for them. But it seems that the Shumans, on the side, owned the Star Company and raked off a big profit on the costumes that way. I don't know all the details. I don't know that Galbraith did. But anyhow, the first thing anybody knew, Rose had financed herself. She got one of those rich young bachelor women in New York to go into the thing with her, and organized a company, and made Abe Shuman an offer on all the costumes for 'Come On In.' Galbraith thinks that Abe Shuman thought she was sure to lose a lot of money on it and go broke, and that

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RODNEY REFLECTED THAT HIS OWN HOUSE WAS MEEK BESIDE THIS.

then he could put her to work at a salary, so he gave her the job. But she didn't lose. She evidently made a chunk out of it, and her reputation at the same time."

Violet was immensely thrilled by this recital. "Won't she be perfectly wonderful," she exclaimed, "for the Junior League show, when she comes back!"

Jimmy found an enormous satisfaction in saying: "Oh, she'll be too expensive for you. She's a regular robber, she says."

"She *says!*" cried Violet. "Do you mean you've talked with her?"

"Do you think I'd have come back from New York without?" said Jimmy. "Galbraith told me to drop in at the Casino that same afternoon. Some of the costumes were to be tried on, and 'Miss Dane' would be there.

"Well, and she came. I almost fell over her out there in the dark, because of course the auditorium wasn't lighted at all. I'll admit she rather took my breath, just glancing up at me, and then peering to make out who I was, and then her face going all alight with that smile of hers. I didn't know what to call her, and was stammering over a mixture of Miss Dane and Mrs. Aldrich, when she laughed and held out a hand to me and said she didn't remember whether I'd ever called her Rose or not, but she'd like to hear some one call her that, and wouldn't I begin?"

There hadn't been any chance to talk much, Jimmy explained. "The costumes began coming up on the stage just then (on chorus girls, of course), and she was up over the runway in a minute, talking them over with Galbraith. When she'd finished, she came down to me again for a minute, but it was hardly longer than that really. She said she wished she might see me again, but that she couldn't ask me to come to the studio, because it was a perfect bedlam, and that there was no use asking me to come to her apartment, because she was never there herself these days, except for about seven hours a night of the hardest kind of sleep. If I could stay around till her rush was over . . . But then, of course, she knew I couldn't."

"And you never thought of asking her," Violet wailed, "where the apartment was, so that the rest of us, if we were in New York, could look her up, or write to her from here?"

"No," said Jimmy. "I never thought of asking for her address. But it's the easiest thing in the world to get it. Call up Rodney. He knows."

"What makes you think he knows?" Violet demanded.

"Well, for one thing," said Jimmy, "when Rose was asking for news of all of you, she said: 'I hear from Rodney regularly. Only he doesn't tell me much gossip.' "

"*Hears* from him!" gasped Violet. "*Regularly!*" She was staring at Jimmy in a dazed sort of way. "Well, does she write to him? Has she made it up with him? Is she coming back?"

"I suppose you can just hear me asking her all those questions? Casually, in the aisle of a theatre, while she was getting ready for a running jump into a taxi?"

The color came up into Violet's face again. There was a maddening sort of jubilant jocularity about these men, the looks and almost winks they exchanged, the distinctly saucy quality of the things they said to her.

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"Of course," she said coolly, "if Rose had told me that she heard from Rodney regularly, although he didn't send her much of the gossip, I shouldn't have had to ask her those questions. I'd have known from the way she looked and the way her voice sounded, whether she was writing to Rodney or not, and whether she meant to come back to him or not; whether she was ready to make it up if he was—all that. Any woman who knew her at all would. Only a man, perfectly infatuated, grinning . . . See if you can't tell what she looked like and how she said it."

Jimmy, meek again, attempted the task. "Well," he said, "she didn't look me in the eye and register deep meanings or anything like that. I don't know where she looked. As far as the inflection of her voice went, it was just as casual as if she'd been telling me what she'd had for lunch. But the quality of her voice just richened up a bit, as if the words tasted good to her. And she smiled, just barely, as if she knew I'd be staggered and didn't care a damn. There you are! Now interpret unto me this dream, O Joseph."

Violet's eyes were shining. "Why, it's as plain," she said. "Can't you see that she's just waiting for him; that she'll come like a shot the minute he says the word? And there he is, eating his heart out for her, and in his rage charging poor John perfectly terrific prices for his legal services, when all he's got to do is to say 'please,' in order to be happy."

Rodney gets a clear view of himself.

IT WAS Rose herself who began this correspondence with Rodney, within a month of her arrival in New York. And Rodney, when he finished reading her letter, tore it to pieces and flung it into the fire, in a transport of disappointment and anger. The sight of her writing on the envelop had brought his heart into his mouth, of course. And when his shaking fingers had got it open and he saw that it indeed contained a letter from her, beginning "Dear Rodney," and signed "Rose," the wild surge of hope that swept over him actually turned him giddy, so that it was two or three minutes before he could read it.

But the thing ran like another instalment of the talk they had had in Dubuque. She knew he had been distressed over the shabbiness of her surroundings, knocking about with that road company, and she was afraid that in spite of the assurance she had then given him, he was still worried about her. She was sure he'd be glad to know that she'd quit the stage for good, as an active performer upon it, at least; that she was earning an excellent salary, fifty dollars a week, doing a highly congenial kind of work which had good prospects of advancement in it. She had a very comfortable little apartment (she gave him the address of it) and was living in a way that—she had written—"even Harriet," but scratched this out—"Frederica, for example, would consider entirely respectable." And she hoped he and the babies were well.

It was not until hours afterward, when the letter was an indistinguishable fluff of white ash in the fireplace, that it occurred to him that it had no satirical intent whatever and that the purpose of it had been, quite simply, what it had pretended to be: namely, to reassure him and put an end to his anxieties.

As he had read it, in the revulsion from that literally sickening hope of his, it had seemed about the most mordant piece of irony that had ever been launched against him. The assumption of it had seemed to be that he was the most pitiable snob in the world; that all he'd cared for had been that she'd disgraced him. He'd be glad to know that she was once more respectable.

"DON'T BE *TOO* DENSE, RODNEY."

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ELEANOR WAS COMING DOWN THE STAIRS, FOLLOWED BY A MAID WITH HER CARRIAGE-COAT.

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BERTIE WILLIS, HAT IN HAND, WAS WAITING FOR HER, AND RODNEY'S GRIN BRIGHTENED AT SIGHT OF HIM.

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Well—this was the question which, as I said, he did not ask himself until hours later—wasn't she justified in believing that? Certainly that night, in her little room on North Clark Street, he'd given her reason enough for thinking so. But later, in Dubuque?—Well, hadn't he quoted Harriet to her? Hadn't he offered to help her as a favor to himself, because he couldn't endure it that she should live so? Had he exhibited anything to her in their two encounters but an uncontrolled animal lust and a perfectly contemptible vanity?

He bitterly regretted having destroyed the letter. But the tone of it, he was sure, except for that well-merited jibe about Harriet, which had been erased, was kindly. Yet he had acted, once more, like a spoiled child about it.

COULD he write and thank her? In Dubuque she had asked him not to come back. Did that prohibition cover writing? He decided to venture.

It was due only to luck that he hadn't destroyed her address with the letter. But she had duplicated it on the flap of the envelop, and the envelop was not thrown in the fire.

He spent hours composing a reply. And the thing he finally sent off, once it was committed to the post, seemed quite the worst of all his efforts. His impulse was to send another on the heels of it. But he waited a week, then wrote again. And this time, the stiffness of self-consciousness was not quite so paralyzing. He managed to give her a little real information about the condition of the twins and the household.

He experienced a very vague, faint satisfaction, two days later, over the reflection that this letter was in her hands, and he came presently to the audacious resolution that until she forbade him, he would go on writing to her every week.

She began pretty soon to answer these letters with stiff little notes, strictly limited to a bulletin of her own activities and a grateful acknowledgment of the latest one he had sent her. Invariably, every Tuesday morning, one of these notes arrived. And this state of things continued, unchanged, for months.

He experienced a bewildering mixture of emotions over these letters of hers. They drove him, sometimes, into outbursts of petulant rage. Often the knowledge that one of them was to be expected in the morning delivered him up, against all the resistance he could make, to a flood of tormenting memories of her. And across the mood the letter would find him in, its cool little commonplaces would sting like the cut of a whip.

The mere facts her letters recounted aroused contradictory emotions in him, too. They all spelled success and assurance, and almost from week to week they marked advancement. The first effect of this was always to make his heart sink; to make her seem farther away from him; to make the possibility of any future need of him that would give him his opportunity seem more and more remote. The other feeling, whose glow he was never conscious of till later—a feeling so surprising and irrational that he could hardly call it by name—was pride. What in God's name had he to be proud of? Was she a possession of his? But the glow persisted in spite of these questions.

If Rodney had done an unthinkable thing; if he had kept copies of his letters to Rose, along with her answers, in a chronological file, he would have made the discovery that the stiffness of those letters had gradually worn away and that they were now a good deal more than mere *pro forma* bulletins. There had crept into them, so subtly and so gently that between one of them and the next no striking difference was to be observed, a friendliness, quite

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cool, but wonderfully firm. She was frankly jubilant over the success of her costumes in "Come On In," and she enclosed with her letter a complete set of newspaper reviews of the piece.

It was a week later that she wrote: "I met James Randolph coming up Broadway yesterday afternoon, about five o'clock. I had a spare half-hour, and he said he had nothing else but spare half-hours; that was what he'd come to New York for. So we turned into the Knickerbocker and had tea. He's changed, somehow, since I saw him last; as brilliant as ever, but rather—lurid. Do you suppose things are going badly between him and Eleanor? He spoke of calling me up again, but this morning, instead, I got a note from him saying he was going back to Chicago. He told me he hadn't seen you forever. Why don't you drop in on him?"

HER PARTNER WAS ALICE PEROSINI.

It was quite true that Rodney had seen very little of the Randolphs since Rose went away. When it came to confronting his friends, in the knowledge that they knew that Rose had left him for the Globe chorus, he found that James Randolph was one he didn't care to face. He knew too damned much. He'd be too infernally curious, too full of surmises, eager for experiments.

But Rose's letter put a different face on the matter. The fact that she'd put him, partly at least, in possession of what she had observed and what she guessed, gave him a sort of shield against the doctor. So one evening about nine o'clock he slipped out and walked around to the new house which Bertie Willis had built for Eleanor.

Rodney reflected, as he stood at the door after ringing the bell, that his own house was quite meek and conventional alongside this. Bertie had gone his limit. This thing was perfect Perpendicular. You could, as John Williamson said, kid yourself into the notion, when you walked under the keel-shaped arch to the main doorway, that you were going to church. And the style was carried out with inexorable rigor, down to the most minute details.

THE grin which his reflection afforded him was still on Rodney's lips when, a servant having opened the door, he found himself face to face with the architect. Bertie, top-coated and hat in hand, was waiting for Eleanor, who was coming down the stairs followed by a maid with her carriage-coat. He returned Rodney's nod pretty stiffly, as was natural enough, since Rodney's grin had distinctly brightened up at sight of him.

Eleanor said, rather negligently: "Hello, Rod. We're just dashing off to the Palace to see a perfectly exquisite little dancer Bertie's discovered down there. She comes on at half-past nine, so we've got to fly. Want to come?"

"No," Rodney said. "I came over to see Jim. Is he at home?"

The maid was holding out the coat for Eleanor's arms. But Eleanor, at Rodney's question, just stood for a second quite still. She wasn't looking at anybody, but the expression in her eyes was sullen. "Yes, he's at home," she said at last.

"Busy, I suppose," said Rodney. Her inflection had dictated this reply.

"Yes, he's busy," she repeated absently and in a tone still more coldly hostile, though Rodney perceived that the hostility was not meant for him. She looked around at Bertie.

"Wait two minutes," she said, "if you don't mind." Then, to Rodney,

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"Come along." And she led the way up the lustrous, velvety teakwood stair.

He followed her. But, arrived at the drawing-room floor, he stopped. "Look here," he said. "If Jim's busy . . ."

"Oh, don't be *too* dense, Rodney!" she said. "A man has to be 'busy' when he's known to be in the house and won't entertain his wife's guests. Go up one flight more and to the door that corresponds to that one. It won't do you any good to knock. He'll either not answer or else tell you to go to hell. Just sing out who you are and go right in." She gave him a nod and a hard little smile, and went down-stairs again to Bertie.

Rodney mounted the next flight, found the door Eleanor had indicated, knocked smartly on it, and, to forestall his getting told to go to hell, sung out at the same time, "This is Rodney Aldrich. Can I come in?"

"Come in, of course," Randolph called. "I'm glad to see you," he added, coming to meet his guest, "but do you mind telling me how the devil you got in here? Some poor wretch will lose his job, you know, if Eleanor finds out about this. When I'm in this room, sacred to reflection and research, it's a first-class crime to let me be disturbed." It didn't need his sardonic grin to point the satire of his words.

Rodney said curtly: "Eleanor sent me up herself. I didn't much want to come, to tell the truth, when I heard you were busy."

"Eleanor!" her husband repeated. "I thought she'd gone out—with her poodle."

Rodney said, with unconcealed distaste: "They were on the point of going out when I came in. That's how Eleanor happened to see me."

With a visible effort, Randolph recovered a more normal manner. "I'm glad it happened that way," he said. "Get yourself a drink. You'll find anything you want over there, I guess, and something to smoke; then we'll sit down and have an old-fashioned talk."

THE source of drinks he indicated was a well-stocked cellarette at the other side of the room. But Rodney's eye fell first on a decanter and siphon on the table, within reach of the chair Randolph had been sitting in.

"I don't believe I want anything more to drink just now," Rodney said. And, as he followed Rodney's glance, Randolph allowed himself another sardonic grin.

The preliminaries were gone through rather elaborately; chairs drawn up and adjusted, ash-trays put within reach; cigars got going satisfactorily. But the talk they were supposed to prepare the way for, didn't at once begin.

Randolph took another stiffish drink and settled back into a dull, sullen abstraction. Finally, for the sake of saying something, Rodney remarked: "This is a wonderful room, isn't it?"

Randolph roused himself. "Never been in here before?" he asked. "Well then, here's two more rooms you must see."

The first one, opening from the study, explained its purpose at a glance, with a desk and typewriter, and filing-cabinets around the walls. "Rubber floor," Randolph pointed out, "felt ceiling; absolutely sound-proof. Here's where my stenographer sits all day, ready—like a fireman. And this," he concluded, leading the way to the other room, "is the holy of holies."

It had a rubber floor, too, and, Rodney supposed, a felt ceiling. But its only furniture was one chair and a canvas cot.

"Sound-proof too," said Randolph. "But sounding-boards or something in

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all the walls. I press this button, start a dictaphone, and talk in any direction, anywhere. It's all taken down. Here's where I'm supposed to think, make discoveries and things. I tried it for a while. My God!"

They went back into the study. "Clever beasts, though--poodles," he remarked, as he nodded Rodney to his chair and poured himself another drink. "Learn their tricks very nicely. But, good heavens, Aldrich, think of him as a man! Think what our American married women are up against, when they want somebody to play off against their husbands and have to fall back on tired little beasts like that. Eleanor doesn't mean anything. She's trying to make me jealous. That's her newest experiment. But it's downright pitiful, I say."

"CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? HAVEN'T YOU SEEN IT YET?"

Rodney got up out of his chair. It wasn't a possible conversation. "I'll be running along, I think," he said. "I've a lot of proof to correct to-night, and you've got work of your own, I expect."

"Sit down again," said Randolph sharply. "I'm just getting drunk. But that can wait. I'm going to talk. I've got to talk. And if you go, I swear I'll call up Eleanor's butler and talk to him. You'll keep it to yourself, anyway." He added, as Rodney hesitated, "I want to tell you about Rose. I saw her in New York, you know."

Rodney sat down again. "Yes," he said, "so she wrote. Tell me how she looked. She's been working tremendously hard, and I'm a little afraid she's overdoing it."

"She looks," Randolph said very deliberately, "a thousand years old." He laughed at the sharp contraction of Rodney's brows. "Oh, not like that! She's as beautiful as ever. Her skin's still got that bloom on it, and she still flushes up when she smiles. She's lost five pounds, perhaps, but that's just condition. And vitality! But a thousand years old, just the same."

"I'd like to know what you mean by that," said Rodney.

"Why, look here," Randolph said. "You know what a kid she was when

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you married her. Schoolgirl! I used to tell her things and she'd listen, all eyes —holding her breath! Until I felt almost as wise as she thought I was. She was always game, even then. If she started a thing, she saw it through. If she said, 'Tell it to me straight,' why, she took it, whatever it might be, standing up. She wasn't afraid of anything. Courage of innocence. Because she didn't know. Well, she's courageous now, because she knows. She understands—I tell you—everything.

"Why, look here! We all but ran into each other on the corner, there, of Broadway and Forty-second Street; shook hands, said howdy-do. If I had a spare half-hour, would I come and have tea with her here at the Knickerbocker? She'd nodded at two or three passing people while we stood there. And then somebody said, 'Hello, Dane,' and stopped. A miserable, shabby, shivering, little painted thing. Rose said 'Hello' and asked how she was getting along. Was she working now? She said no; did Rose know of anything? Rose said, 'Give me your address, and if I can find anything I'll let you know.' The horrible little beast told her where she lived and went away. Rose didn't say anything to me, except that she was somebody who'd been out in a road company with her. But there was a look in her eyes . . .! Oh, she knew—everything. Knew what that kid was headed for. Knew there was nothing to be done about it. She had no flutters about it, didn't pull a long face, didn't, as I told you, say a word. But there was a look in her eyes, *behind* her eyes, somehow, that understood and *faced*—everything. And then we went in and had our tea.

"I had a thousand curiosities about her. I'd have found out anything I could. But it was she who did the finding out. Beyond inquiring about you, how lately I'd seen you, and so on, she hardly asked a question; but pretty soon I saw that she understood me. She knew what was the matter with me; knew what I'd made of myself. And she didn't even despise me!

"I came back here to kick this damned thing to pieces, give myself a fresh start. And when I got here, I hadn't the sand. I get drunk instead." He poured himself another long drink and sipped it slowly. "Everybody knows," he said at last, "that prostitutes almost invariably take to drugs or drink. But I know *why* they do."

THAT remark stung Rodney out of his long silence. During the whole of Randolph's recital of his encounter with Rose, he'd never once lifted his eyes from the gray ash of his cigar. He didn't want to look at Randolph, nor think about him. Just wanted to remember every word he said, so that he could carry the picture away intact.

There was something peculiarly horrifying to him in the exhibition Randolph had been making of himself. He'd never in his life taken a drink except convivially, and then he took as little as would pass muster. Going off alone and deliberately fuddling oneself, as a means of escaping unpleasant realities, struck him as an act of the basest cowardice. But for that picture of Rose he'd have gone long ago and left Randolph to his bemused reflections. Only . . . Rose had asked him to drop in on the doctor for a visit. Did she mean she wanted him to try to help?

He tried, though not very successfully, to conceal his violent disrelish of the task, when he said: "Look here, Jim! What the devil *is* the matter with you? Are you sober enough to tell me?"

Randolph put down his glass. "I have told you," he said. "It's a thing that can be told in one word. I'm a prostitute. I'm Eleanor's kept man.

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Well kept, oh, yes! Beautifully kept. I'm nothing in God's world but a possession of hers! A trophy of sorts, an ornament. I'm something she's made. I have a hell of a big practise. I'm the most fashionable doctor in Chicago. They come here, the women, in shoals. That's Eleanor's doing. I'm a faker, a fraud, a damned actor. I pose for them. I play up. I give them what they want. And that's her doing. They go silly about me; fancy they're in love with me. That's what she wants them to do. It increases my value for her as a possession.

"I haven't done a lick of honest work in the last year. I can't work. She won't let me work. She—smothers me. Wherever I turn, there she is, smoothing things out, trying to make it easy, trying to 'anticipate my wants.' I've only one want. That's to be let alone. She can't do that. She's insatiable. There's always something more she's trying to get, and I'm always trying to keep something away from her, and failing.

"AND why? Do you want to know why, Aldrich? That's the cream of the thing. Because we're so damnably in love with each other. She wants me to live on her love. To have nothing else to live on. Do you know why she won't have any children? Because she's jealous of them. Afraid they'd get between us.

"Do you want to know what my notion of heaven is? It would be to go off alone, with one suit of clothes in a hand-bag, oh, and fifty or a hundred dollars in my pocket—I wouldn't mind that; I don't want to be a tramp—to some mining town, or slum, where I could start a general practise; where the things I'd get would be accident cases, confinement cases: real things, urgent things, that night and day are all alike to. I'd like to start again and be poor; get this stink of easy money out of my nostrils. I'd like to see if I could make good on my own.

"I came back from New York, after that look at Rose, meaning to do it; meaning to talk it out with Eleanor and tell her why, and then go. Well, I talked. Talk's cheap. But I didn't go. I'll never go. I'll go on getting softer and more of a fake; more dependent. And Eleanor will go on eating me up until the last thing in me that's me myself is gone. And then, some day, she'll look at me and see that I'm nothing."

Then, with suddenly thickened speech (an affectation, perhaps), he looked up at Rodney and demanded: "What the hell are you looking so s-solemn about? Can't you take a joke? Come along and have another drink."

"No," Rodney said, "I'm going. And you'd better get to bed."

Rodney walked home that night like a man dazed. The vividness of one blazing idea blinded him. The thing that Randolph had seen and lacked the courage to do; the thing Rodney despised him for a coward for having failed to do—that thing Rose had done.

GALBRAITH MET HER WITH A DOG-CART AND A FAT PONY.

Without knowing it, yielding to a blind, unscrutinized instinct, he'd wanted Rose to live on his love. He'd tried to smooth things out for her, anticipate her wants. He'd wanted her soft, helpless, dependent. She'd seen, even then, something he'd been blind to—something he'd blinded himself to: that love, by itself, was not enough. That it could poison, as well as feed. And,

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seeing, she had had the courage . . . He pressed his hands against his eyes.

When there could be friendship as well as love between them, she'd said, she'd come back. Would she come back now, even for his friendship?

His love had played her false; had tried, instinctively, to smother her, and, defeated at that, had outraged and tortured her. She couldn't possibly look at it any way but that. And now that she was free, self-discovered, victorious, was it likely she would submit to its blind caprices again?

But she had won, among the rest of her spoils of victory, the thing she had originally set out to get. His friendship and respect. Friendship, he remembered her saying, was a thing you had to earn. When you'd earned it, it couldn't be withheld from you. Well, it was right she should be told that; made to understand it to the full. He couldn't ask her to come back to him. But she must know that her respect was as necessary now to him as she'd once said his was to her. He must see her and tell her that.

He stopped abruptly in his walk. His bones, as the Psalmist said, turned to water. How should he confront that gaze of hers, which knew so much and understood so deeply—he with the memory of his two last ignominious encounters with her behind him?

Rose gains a friend—and needs one.

EXCEPT for the vacuum where the core and heart of it all ought to have been, Rose's life in New York during the year that put her on the high-road to success as a designer of costumes for the theatre was a good life, broadening, stimulating, seasoning. It rested, to begin with, on a foundation of adequate material comfort which the unwonted physical privations of the six months that preceded it made seem like positive luxury.

After a preliminary fortnight in a little hotel off Washington Square. she found an apartment in Thirteenth Street, west of Sixth Avenue. It was in a quiet block of old private residences. But this building was clean and new, with plenty of white tile and modern plumbing, and an elevator. Her apartment had two rooms in it, besides a nice white bathroom and a tiny kitchen. She paid thirty-seven dollars a month for it, and five dollars a month for a share in a charwoman who came in every day and made her bed and washed up dishes. She furnished it, a bit at a time, with articles chosen in the order of their indispensability, and she went on, during the summer, to buy some things which were not indispensable at all. But not very many.

For the first month after she came to New York to work for Galbraith she found him a martinet. She never once caught that twinkling gleam of understanding in his eye which had meant so much to her during the rehearsals of "The Girl Up-stairs." His manner toward her carried out the tone of the letter she'd got from him in Centropolis. It was stiff, formal, severe. He seldom praised her work, and never ungrudgingly. His censure was rare, too, to be sure, but this obviously was because Rose almost never gave him an excuse for it. Working for him in this mood gave her the uneasy sensation one experiences when walking abroad under a sultry, overcast sky, with mutterings and flashes in it. And then one night the storm broke.

They had lingered in the theatre after the dismissal of a rehearsal, to talk over a change in one of the numbers Rose had been working on. It refused to come out satisfactorily. Rose thought she saw a way of doing it that would work better, and she had been telling him about it. Eagerly, at first, and with a limpid directness which, however, became clouded and troubled when she felt he wasn't paying attention. It was a difficulty with him she had encountered before.

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But to-night, after an angry turn down the aisle and back, he suddenly cried out: "I don't know. I don't know what you've been talking about. I don't know, and I don't care." And then, confronting her, their faces not a foot apart, for by now she had got to her feet, his hands gripped together and shaking, his teeth clenched, his eyes glowing there in the half-light of the auditorium almost like an animal's, he demanded: "Can't you see what's the matter with me? Haven't you seen it yet? My God!"

OF COURSE she saw it now, plainly enough. She sat down again, managing an air of deliberation about it, and gripped the back of the orchestra chair in front of her. He remained standing over her there in the aisle.

When the heightening tension of the silence that followed this outburst had grown absolutely unendurable, she spoke. But the only thing she could find to say was almost ludicrously inadequate. "No, I didn't see it until now. I'm sorry."

"You didn't see it," he echoed. "I know you didn't. You've never seen me at all, from the beginning, as anything but a machine. But why haven't you? You're a woman. If I ever saw a woman in my life, you're one all the way through. Why couldn't you see that I was a man? It isn't because I've got gray hair, nor because I'm fifty years old. I don't believe you're like that. But even back there in Chicago, the night we walked down the Avenue from Lessing's store—or the night we had supper together after the show . . . "

"I suppose I ought to have seen," she said dully. "Ought to have known that that was all there was to it. But I didn't."

"Well, you see it now," he said savagely fairly, and strode away up the aisle and then back to her. He sat down in the seat in front of her and turned around. "I want to see your face," he said. "There's something I've got to know. Something you've got to tell me. You said once, back there in Chicago, that there was only one person who really mattered to you. I want to know who that person is. What he is. Whether he's still the one person who really matters. If he isn't, I'll take my chance."

Remembering the scene afterward, Rose was a little surprised that she'd been able to answer him as she did, without a hesitation or a stammer, and with a straight gaze that held his until she had finished.

"The only person in the world," she said, "who ever has mattered to me, or ever will matter, is my husband. I fell in love with him the day I met him. I was in love with him when I left him. I'm in love with him now. Everything I do that's any good is just something he might be proud of if he knew it. And every failure is just something I hope I would make him understand and not despise me for. It's months since I've seen him, but there isn't a day, there isn't an hour in a day, when I don't think about him and—want him. I don't know whether I'll ever see him again, but if I don't, it won't make any difference with that. That's why I didn't see what I might have seen about you. It wasn't possible for me to see. I'd never have seen it if you hadn't told me in so many words, like this. Do you see now?"

He turned away from her with a nod, and put his hands up to his face. She waited a moment to see whether he had anything else to say, for the habit of waiting for his dismissal was too strong to be broken even for a situation like this. But finding that he hadn't, she got up and walked out of the theatre.

There was an hour after she had gained the haven of her apartment when she pretty well went to pieces. So this was all, was it, that she owed her

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illusory appearance of success to? The amorous desires of a man old enough to be her father! Once more, she blissfully and ignorantly unsuspecting all the while, it was love that had made her world go round. The same long-circuited sex attraction that James Randolph long ago had told her about. All she'd accomplished in that bitter year since she left Rodney had been to make another man fall in love with her!

But she didn't let herself go like that for long. The situation was too serious for the indulgence of an emotional sprawl. Here she was in an apartment that cost her thirty-seven dollars a month. She'd got to earn a minimum of thirty dollars a week to keep on with it. Of course she couldn't go on working for Galbraith. The question was, what could she do? Well, she could do a good many things. Whatever Galbraith's motives had been in giving her her chance, she had taken that chance and made the most of it. The thing to do now was to get a night's sleep, and confront the situation with a clear mind in the morning.

IT WAS barely nine o'clock when Galbraith called her up on the telephone. He appologized for calling her so early. "I wanted to be sure of catching you," he said, "before you did anything. You haven't yet, have you? Not written to Shuman throwing up your job, or anything?"

Even over the telephone his manner was eloquent with relief when she told him she had not. "I want to talk with you," he said. "It's got to be somewhere where we won't be interrupted." He added: "I sha'n't say again what I said last night. You'll find me perfectly reasonable."

Somehow his voice carried entire conviction. The man she visualized at the other telephone was neither the distracted pleader she had left last night nor the martinet she had been working for during the past month here in New York, but the John Galbraith she had known in Chicago.

"All right," she said. "I don't know any better place than here in my apartment, if that's convenient for you. In about an hour."

It occurred to her, as the moment of his arrival drew near, that she might better have thought twice before appointing their meeting here in her apartment. But she didn't take this consideration very seriously, and with the first real look she got into his face after she had let him in, she dismissed it utterly. They shook hands and said "Good morning," and she asked him to sit down, all as if nothing had happened the night before. But he wasted no time in getting to the point.

"There's one idea you'll have got, from what I said last night, that's a mistake, and that's got to be set right before we go any further. That is, that you owe your position here, as my assistant, to the fact that I'd fallen in love with you. That's not true. In fact, it's the opposite of the truth. That feeling of mine has worked against you instead of for you. I'll have to explain that a little. And, if you won't mind, I'll have to talk pretty straight."

She gave him a nod of assent, but he did not immediately go on. It was a reflective pause, not an embarrassed one.

"I've always despised," he said, "a man who mixed up his love affairs with his business. You can't do decent, honest work when your mind's on that sort of thing.

"Well, that night in Chicago, after the opening of 'The Girl Upstairs,' when I took you out to supper, I didn't know what I wanted. That's the truth. I'd been fighting my interest in you, my personal interest that is, calling myself all kinds of an old fool. I'd never had a thing get me like that before, and I didn't know what to make of it. Well, the business was over, of course. I was

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"YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND," SHE SAID. HER HAND SUDDENLY GRIPPED HARD ON HIS SHOULDER. "AND I GUESS I NEED ONE."

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entitled to a little vacation. I suppose, that night, if you'd shown the least sense of how I felt, even if it was just by seeming frightened, I might have flared up and made love to you. But you didn't see it at all. You had some sort of—fence around you that held me off. And for a while you even made me forget that I was in love with you. I saw how enormously valuable you'd be to me in this job you've got now, and I offered it to you.

"AND then, all in a wave, the other feeling came back. On my way to New York I decided that as long as I felt like that I'd have nothing more to do with you. A man couldn't possibly do any decent work with a woman he was in love with, either after he'd got her or while he was trying to get her. That's why you didn't hear from me within a month after I'd got back to New York. But as time went on I forgot how strong my feeling had been. I'd been looking for some one else to take the place I'd designed for you, and I couldn't find anybody. So I persuaded myself that I could get along without thinking about you the other way. And I sent for you.

"But the minute I saw you I knew I'd have to look out. I've tried to; you know that. I've been treating you like a sweep since you've been down here. I didn't mean to, but I couldn't help it. I was in such a rage with myself for going on like a sentimental fool about you. And the way you took it, always good-humored and never afraid, made me all the more ashamed of myself, and all the more in love with you. And so, last night, I burst. In a way, I'm glad I did. I think perhaps it will clear the air. But I'll come to that later. I want to know now whether you're convinced that what I said is true. That the fact that I fell in love with you has been against you and not in your favor?"

"Yes," Rose said, "I'm convinced of that, and I want to thank you for telling me. Because the other feeling was pretty—discouraging."

"All right," he said with a nod, "that's understood. Now, here's my proposition. That you go on working for me exactly as if nothing had happened."

"Oh, but that's impossible!" she said, and when he put in "Why is it?" she told him he had just said so himself. That it was impossible for a man to do decent work with a woman he was in love with.

"That's what I thought last night when I blew up," he admitted, "but I've got things a bit straighter since. In the first place, we have been doing decent work all this past month."

She said, "Yes, but I didn't know——"

"Understanding's better than ignorance," he interrupted, "any time. Between people of sense, that is. We'd get on better together, not worse. Look at us now. We're talking together sensibly enough, aren't we? And we're here in your sitting-room, talking about the fact that I fell in love with you. Couldn't we talk just as sensibly in the theatre, about whether a song or number was in the right place or not? Of course we could."

The truth of this argument rather stumped Rose. It didn't seem reasonable, but it was true. Instead of distressing her, this talk with Galbraith was restoring her confidence. "You seem different this morning, somehow," she said.

"Why," he told her, "I am different. Permanently different toward you. I am convinced of it. I don't pretend to understand it myself, but somehow—I'm relieved. For one thing, I never wanted to fall in love with you. It was quite against my will that I did it. And then I've always been tortured with curiosity about you. I've wondered. Were you as unconscious of me as you seemed? Was it possible that you didn't know? And if you did know, was it possible that you were—waiting? That it only needed a word of mine to put

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everything between us on a different basis? I couldn't get rid of that idea. It kept nagging at me. But after what you told me last night that idea's exploded. I know now that I haven't a chance. From now on, I imagine, I'll be able to treat you like a human being. Well, are you willing to try it?"

"Yes, that's what we'll do," she said. "And, well, I'm much obliged to you."

It was natural, of course, that the relation between them, after that day, should not prove quite so simple and manageable a thing as it had looked that morning. There were breathless days when the storm visibly hung in the sky; there were strained, stiff, self-conscious moments of rigidly enforced politeness. Things got said despite his resolute repression that had, as resolutely, to be ignored. But in the intervals of these failures there emerged the new thing they sought—genuine friendliness, partnership.

It was just after Christmas that Abe Shuman took her away from Galbraith and put her to work exclusively on costumes. And the swift sequence of events within a month thereafter launched her in an independent business: the new partnership, with the details of which, through Jimmy Wallace, you are already sufficiently acquainted.

Her partner was Alice Perosini, the daughter of a rich Italian Jew, a beautiful —really a wonderful—person to look at, but a little unaccountable, especially with the gorgeous clothes she wore, in the circle of women who "did things," of which Rose had become a part. Rose took her time about deciding that she liked her, but ended by preferring her to all the rest. But the fact that they had become partners served, somehow, to divert a relation between them which might otherwise have developed into a first-class friendship. Not that they quarreled, or even disappointed each other in the close contacts of the day's work. But at the end of the day's work they tended to fly apart rather than to stick together. More and more Rose turned to Galbraith for a friendship that really understood; gripped deep.

There were long stretches of days, of course, when they saw nothing of each other, and Rose, as long as she had plenty to do, was never conscious of missing him. But the prospect of an empty Sunday morning, for instance, was always enormously brightened if he called up to say that it was empty for him, too, and shouldn't they go for a walk or a ferry-ride somewhere?

ALL told, she learned more about men, as such, from him than ever she had learned, consciously at least, from Rodney. She'd never been able to regard her husband as a specimen. He was Rodney, *sui generis*, and it had never occurred to her either to generalize from him to other men or to explain anything about him on the mere ground of his masculinity. She began doing that now a little, and the exercise opened her eyes.

In a good many ways Galbraith and her husband were a good deal alike. Both were rough, direct, a little remorseless, and there was in both of them, right alongside the best and finest and clearest things they had, an unaccountable vein of childishness. She'd never been willing to call it by that name in Rodney. But when she saw it in Galbraith too, she wondered. Was that just the man of it? Did a man, as long as he lived, need somebody in the rôle of —mother? The thought all but suffocated her.

Spring came upon them with a rush that year; swept a vivid flush of green over the parks and squares, all in a day; pumped the sap up madly into the little buds so that they could hardly swell fast enough, and burst at last into a perfectly riotous fanfare through the shrubberies. It pumped blood, too, as well as sap, and made hearts flutter to strange, irregular rhythms with the

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languorous insolence of its perfumes, and the soft pressures of its south wind.

It worried Rose nearly mad. She was bound to have gone slack anyway; to have experienced the well-earned, honest lassitude of a finished struggle and an achieved victory. Dane and Company had any amount of work in sight, to be sure, but it would be months before any of the new work was wanted.

Alice, who could see plainly enough that something was the matter, kept urging Rose to run away somewhere for a long vacation. Rose steadily refused. The reason, which she tried to avoid stating even to herself, was that she couldn't bear to go one step farther away from Rodney than she was.

A letter from him was always in the first Saturday-morning delivery, and she never left for her atelier till she got it. She had perceived, what he had not, the steadily growing friendliness of those letters. He was not telling her things because he thought she'd like to be told, but because it had insensibly become a need of his to tell her.

A YEAR ago those letters would have made her wildly happy; would have filled her with the confidence that the end she sought was in sight at last. Now they drove her half-mad with disappointment. She never opened one of those dearly familiar envelopes without the irrepressible hope that it contained a love-letter, a passionate demand that she come back to him. And her disappointment and inconsistency bewildered her.

She didn't yield, passively, to these thoughts and feelings. She fought them relentlessly, methodically. She went to a women's gymnasium every evening, threw a medicine-ball around for a while, and then played a hard game of squash, in the attempt to get tired enough so that she'd have to sleep.

One Saturday morning, toward the end of May, just after a rather shorter, more clearly friendly letter than usual had made her more then usually miserable, Galbraith called up and wanted to know if she wouldn't come over to his Long Island farm the following morning and spend the day. She had visited the place two or three times, and had always enjoyed it immensely there. It wasn't much of a farm, but there was a delightful old Revolutionary farmhouse on it, with ceilings seven feet high, and casement windows, and the floors of all the rooms on different levels; and Galbraith, there, was always quite at his best. His sister and her husband, whom he had brought over from England when he bought the place, ran it for him. Rose accepted eagerly.

Galbraith met her with a dog-cart and a fat pony, and when they had jogged their way to their destination, they spent what was left of the morning looking over the farm. Then there was a midday farm dinner, which Rose astonished herself by dealing with as it deserved, and by feeling sleepy at the conclusion of. Galbraith caught her biting down a yawn, and packed her off to the big Gloucester swing in the veranda for a nap; and obediently she did as he bade her.

Coming into the veranda about four o'clock, and finding her awake, he suggested that they go for a walk. She had dressed, in anticipation of this, in a short skirt and heavy walking-boots, so they set out across the fields. Two hours later, having swung her legs over a stone wall which had a comfortably inviting flat top, she remained sitting there and let her gaze rest, unfocused, on the pleasant farm land below them.

After a glance at her he leaned back against the wall at her side and began filling his pipe. She dropped her hand on his nearer shoulder. After all these months of friendship it was the first approach to a caress that had passed between them. "You're a good friend," she said; and then the hand that had rested on him so lightly suddenly gripped hard. "And I guess I need one."

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He went on filling his pipe. "Anything special you need one for?" he asked.

She gave a ragged little laugh. "I guess not. Just somebody strong and steady to hold on to like this."

"Well," he said, very deliberately, "you want to realize this: You say I'm a friend, and I am, but if there is anything in this friendship which can be of use to you, you're entitled to everything there is in it. Because you made it."

"ONE person can't make a friendship," she said. "But you *are* content with it, aren't you? Like this? I haven't—cheated? Used you? It's easy for a woman to do that, I think. It isn't—?" She asked that last question by taking her hand off his shoulder.

"No, put it back," he said. "It's all right." He smoked in silence for a minute; then went on: "Why, 'content' is hardly the word for it. When I think what it was I wanted and what you've given me instead— It wasn't self-denial or any other high moral principle that kept me from flaring up when you took hold of me just now. It's because I've got a better thing. Something I wouldn't trade for all the love in the world. Content!"

"I'd like to believe it was a better thing," she said, "but I'm afraid I can't."

"Neither could I when I was—how old are you?—twenty-four. Perhaps when you're fifty-one you can."

"I suppose so," she said absently. "Perhaps if it were a question of choosing between a love that hadn't any friendship in it and a friendship . . . But it can't be like that! Can it? Can't one have both? Can't a man—love a woman and be her friend and partner all at the same time?"

"I can't answer for every man," he said reflectively. "Take a dozen sound, normal, healthy men, and if you could find out the truth about them, which it would be pretty hard to do, you'd find immense differences in their wants, habits, feelings. But I've a notion that nine out of the dozen, if you could get down to the actual bedrock facts about them, would own up that if they were in love with a woman—really, you know—they wouldn't want her for a partner, and wouldn't be able to see her as a friend. That's just a guess, of course. But there's one thing I know, and that is that I couldn't."

She gave a little shiver. "*Oh*, what a mess it is!" she said. "What a perfectly hopeless blunder it is!" She slid down from the wall. "Come, let's walk."

He fell in beside her, and they tramped sturdily along for a while in silence. At last she said: "Can you tell me why? Suppose there hadn't been any one else with me; suppose I'd felt toward you the way you did toward me, why couldn't you have gone on being my friend and partner as well as my lover?"

"Oh, I don't know that I can explain it," he said. "But I don't think I'd call it a blunder that a strip of spring steel can't bend in your fingers like copper and still go on being a spring. You see, a man wants his work, and then he wants something that's altogether apart from his work. Love's about as far away as anything he can get. So that the notion of our working ourselves half to death over the same job, and then going home together——"

"Yes," she admitted. "I can see that. But that doesn't cover friendship."

He owned that it didn't. "But when I'm in love with a woman—this isn't a fact I'm proud of, but it's true—I'm jealous of her. Not of other men alone, though I'm that too, but jealous of everything. I want to be all around her. I want to be everything to her. I want her to think nobody else could be right and I be wrong. And I want to be able to think the same of her." He thought it over a bit longer, and then went on: "No, I've been in love with women I thought were lying to me, cheating me; women I've hated; women

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I've known hated me. But I've never been in love with a woman who was my friend." He had been tramping along, communing with his pipe, thinking aloud. If he'd been watching Rose's face he wouldn't have gone so far.

"Well, if it's like that—" she said, and the quality of her voice drew his full attention instantly—"if love has to be like that, then the game doesn't seem worth going on with. You can't live with it, and you can't live—without it." Her voice dropped a little, but gained in intensity. "At least, I can't. I don't believe I can." She stopped and faced him. "What can one *do?*" she demanded. She turned away with a despairing gesture and stood gazing out, tear-blinded, over the little valley the hilltop they had reached commanded.

"You want to remember this," he said at last. "I've been talking about myself. I might have been different if my first love affair had been an altogether different thing. If it had been the kind that gave me a home and kids. So you don't want to take what I've said for anything more than just the truth about me. And I'm not, thank God, a fair sample."

"MY LOVE affair brought me a home and—kids," she said. "There are two of them—twins—a year and a half old now; and I went off and left them; left him. And all I did it for was to make myself over, into somebody he could be friends with, instead of just—as I said then—his mistress. I'd never known a woman then who was a man's mistress, really, and I didn't see why he should be so angry over my using the word. And the day I left his house I came to you and got a job in the chorus in 'The Girl Upstairs.' I thought that by earning my own way, building a life that he didn't —surround, as you say, I could win his friendship. And have his love besides. I don't suppose you would have believed there could be such a fool in the world as I was to do that."

He took a while digesting this truly amazing statement of hers. But at last he said: "No, I wouldn't call you a fool. I call a fool a person who thinks he can get something for nothing. You didn't think that. You were willing to pay —a heavy price it must have been, too—for what you wanted. And I've an idea, you know, that you never really pay without getting *some*thing."

"I don't know," she said raggedly. "Perhaps . . . "

"As to whether you did right or wrong in leaving him," he went on, "you've got to figure it this way: Suppose you hadn't gone? You thought that was your great chance. Well, you couldn't have stayed without feeling that you'd had your big thing to do and had been afraid to do it. And that knowledge would have gone a long way toward making you the thing you thought you were. Well, you did your big thing. And a person who's done that knows that when his next big thing comes along he'll do that, too. I don't pretend that you'll always come out right in the end if you do the big thing, but I'm pretty sure of this: that you never come out at all if you refuse it."

There was a seven-thirty train to town, and they finished their walk at the station. She got back to her apartment about nine. Two corners of white projected from under her door, a visiting-card and a folded bit of paper. She turned the card over and gave a little half-suffocated cry. It was Rodney's card, and on it he'd written: "Sorry to have missed you. I'll come back at eight."

The concluding instalment of ***"The Real Adventure"*** *will appear in the February number.*

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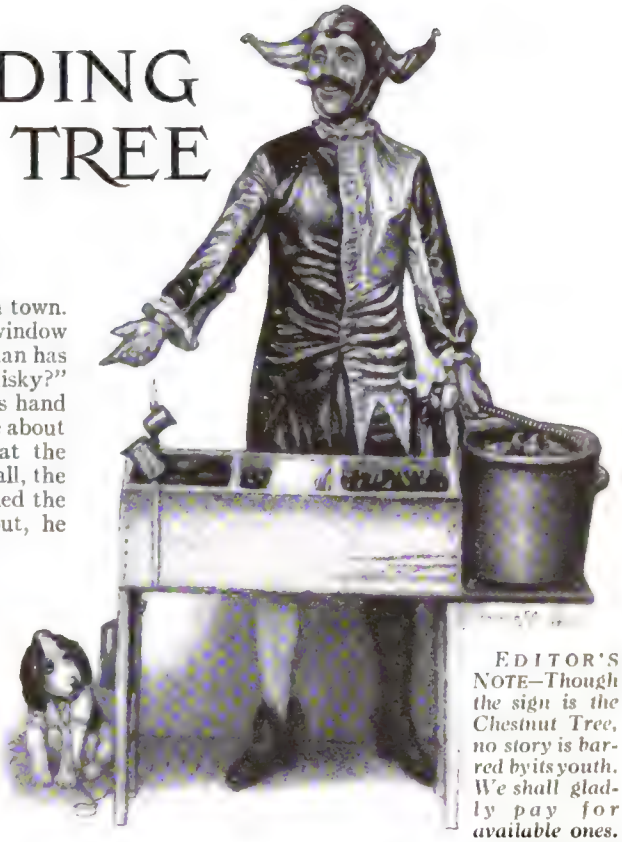
UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE



THE train stopped in a Prohibition town. A man thrust his head out of a window and excitedly called out: "A woman has fainted in here! Has any one any whisky?" A man in the crowd reluctantly put his hand to his hip pocket and drew forth a bottle about half full, and handed it up to the man at the open window. To the astonishment of all, the man put the bottle to his lips and drained the contents. Then, as the train pulled out, he called back to the bewildered onlookers:

"It always did make me nervous to see a woman faint!"

"Now, wouldn't you like to walk with your husband to the polls and cast in your vote with his?" asked the city lady of Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown shook her head as she answered wearily: "For the land sakes, if there's anything a man can do by himself, let him do it."

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A lady and her little daughter were walking through a fashionable street when they came to a portion strewn with straw, so as to deaden the noise of vehicles passing a certain house.

"What's that for, mama?" said the child.

The mother replied: "Why, the lady in that house has had a little baby girl sent her."

The child thought a moment, looked at the quantity of straw, and said: "Awfully well packed, wasn't she, mama?"

A Northern attorney, after acquiring a large South Carolina estate, formed the Eureka Debating Society to encourage free speech among the negroes of the neighborhood. On his next trip South he was confronted by the proud winner of the Society's prize.

"Now, what was the subject of the debate, Sam?" asked the attorney.

"De subject were, What is de mos' benefit to mankind, sah, de sun or de moon?" answered the negro.

"And which side did you uphold?"

"De moon, sah. I jes' argued dat de sun shines by day, when we doan' need de light, but de moon it shines by night, when dat light certainly am needed. An' dey couldn't answer dat, sah!"

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The transcontinental tour of the Liberty Bell occasionally revealed a confusion of ideas about United States history on the part of the observers. Take, for instance, the remark of the Englishman as the bell made its triumphal progress through Los Angeles.

Removing his hat in solemn respect to the great emblem, he turned to his companion. "But—I say, old chap—" he expostulated in puzzled disappointment, "why don't they have the lady clinging to the clapper?"

"Will you have some more cake, Johnny?" politely asked a woman at the church tea.

"Yes'm," replied Johnny. "I can't swaller, but I can still chew."

In full view of the crowd in a very busy street, two vendors of berries were busy with piles of thin wooden boxes, each scantily filled with immature fruit. Emptying box after box, the vendors deftly punched up one layer of the box bottom to a sharp angle pointed in the middle, propped it there with paper, and then refilled the receptacle, taking great care that the finest and freshest-looking berries should make a showy top covering.

One of the spectators grew indignant. "How in the world," he demanded, "do you expect to sell your wares when you openly show that they are not what they seem to be?"

"Aw, gwan," said the vendor addressed. "This is New York, and there are more trains coming with more people."

"Uncle Joe" Cannon has a way of speaking his mind that is sometimes embarrassing to others. On one occasion an inexperienced young fellow was called upon to make a speech at a banquet at which former Speaker Cannon was present.

"Gentlemen," began the young fellow, "my opinion is that the generality of mankind in general is disposed to take advantage of the generality of——"

"Sit down, son," interrupted "Uncle Joe." "You're coming out of the same hole you went in at!"

"I'm sorry to have to do this," said Johnny, as he spread the jam on the cat's face; "but I can't have suspicion pointing its finger at me."

At one time Kid Brown, a famous dance-hall proprietor and early-day character of Alaska, was approached by a gambler and requested to lend him ten dollars. Without saying a word, the Kid punched the cash-register, pulled out a five, and handed it to the gambler.

"What?" said the latter. "Didn't I ask you for a ten-spot?"

The Kid shifted his chew of tobacco over to the other side of his mouth, kicked his slippers in the corner, and drawled in his characteristic fashion:

"We both lose five."

While visiting in the Highlands of Scotland last summer, a little old English lady made use of an ear-trumpet when she attended divine service. Such a contrivance being entirely unknown in those simple parts, it caused much excited discussion, and finally one of the elders was deputed to deal with the lady.

On the following Sunday the unconscious offender again made her appearance, and again produced the much-discussed trumpet; whereupon the chosen elder rose from his seat and marched down the aisle to where the old lady sat and, raising an admonitory finger, said severely: "The first toot, ye're oot!"

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CLAUDE KITCHIN—DEMOCRAT OR WHAT?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE M. RICHARDS

WITH Woodrow Wilson as President, with Claude Kitchin as Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, and with James Hay as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs of that House, the American people may well ask themselves: "Is it ever going to be possible, under American political institutions, for any government at Washington to be sure of being able to offer to this country, even in matters of primary national importance, a consistent, harmonious, effective policy?"

The government of the United States to-day is the Democratic Party. The Democratic Party is one party. The idea in Party Government is to get a pilot—to steer the ship of state. Instead of having a lot of pilots, each belonging to a party of his own, and each trying to steer the ship in a different direction, you put one party in charge and tell it to steer.

What happens? What has happened in this case? The Democratic Party puts into the White House a man who believes in a further degree of Preparedness. It puts into the chairmanship of the Ways and Means Committee, which must raise the money, a man who is opposed to Preparedness altogether. And it puts into the chairmanship of the Military Affairs Committee, which must appropriate the money for the army part of Preparedness, a man who temperamentally believes not only in utter un-Preparedness, but in utterly unscientific spoils-system, pork-barrel methods of operating whatever shreds of an army the sentiment of the country may still force upon him.

James Hay, Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, is the man who tried to legislate General Wood out of the army just after Wood had tried to abolish a large number of our useless and expensive army-posts. James Hay is the man who tried to undo all the army-reforms of Elihu Root, and

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Claude Kitchin fears the effects of armament on our national temper.

who tried to take the technical management of the army away from the officers of the army and hand it back to the politicians. James Hay is the man who said, within a year: "I am utterly opposed to adding a single officer or private to the standing army as it now exists." If this man represents the Democratic Party, Wilson doesn't. If Wilson does, this man doesn't.

Claude Kitchin comes from Scotland Neck, North Carolina. He is of Scotch-English descent. He is six feet tall, and rugged. His father, "Buck" Kitchin, was congressman before him. "Buck" Kitchin used to have fits of enormous anger, in which he would thoroughly thrash some offending antagonist. He would then repent, and would spend the night in grief and lamentations, and would go forth next morning to search out his antagonist and to offer him regrets and amends. The present Kitchin fears that if we have any more dreadnoughts we might, in a moment of impatience, go and break von Hindenburg's head, and then feel sorry afterward. He is entitled to his fears. The point is: Has the Democratic Party a mind? If so, what and who is it?

IN ALL other countries with genuine parliamentary institutions the party in charge of the government can not well avoid having a mind. The government is the ministry. The ministry must have a policy. If any member of the party is out of harmony with that policy, in any matter nationally important, he either refrains from becoming a member of the ministry, or, in case he is already a member, he retires. The government, the ministry, is a pilot, with just one direction of steering. This method, meaning unity, means action.

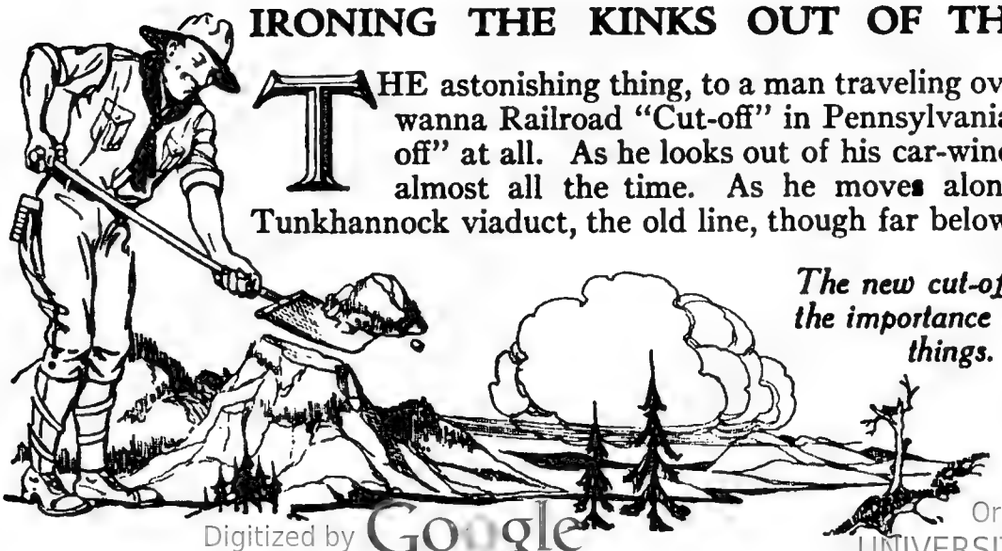
We, on the other hand, by splitting our government so thoroughly into the executive and the legislative, and by making these two departments so thoroughly independent of each other, have brought it about that we can be headed west in one department and east in the other, even when both departments are controlled by the very same political party.

In some of our cities we have got around this difficulty by adopting what we call the "Commission" form of government. It is nothing, at heart, but a very simplified form of the parliamentary institutions through which England and France govern themselves nationally. In a commission-governed city we elect a certain number of men to sit in one body and to be the legislative department and the executive department simultaneously. Through a majority vote in that body the mind of the government is discovered and declared. There is only one body; there must always, naturally, be a majority in it; and therefore there is only one mind.

At Washington, besides the two minds we have already mentioned, there is a third—the Senate. Unlike the British House of Lords, the Senate has a real mind—a mind of its own. Washington can believe that cherries are ripe, in the right wing of the Capitol; it can believe that cherries are green, in the left wing of the Capitol; and it can believe that there is no such fruit, in the White House. Some day surely the spirit of Commission Government, of unity, and of effective action, must permeate even our Federal Constitution.

IRONING THE KINKS OUT OF THE LACKAWANNA

THE astonishing thing, to a man traveling over the famous new Lackawanna Railroad "Cut-off" in Pennsylvania is that it is not a "Cut-off" at all. As he looks out of his car-window, he sees the old line almost all the time. As he moves along over the colossal new Tunkhannock viaduct, the old line, though far below, is so close that it seems



The new cut-off shows the importance of little things.

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as if he might drop a stone on it. When he comes to Martin's Creek viaduct, the old line runs through one of the arches beneath him.

To a layman, the route followed by the new line is not a new route at all. It is the same route. The old line climbed to a certain height above sea-level. The new line climbs to within a few feet of that same height. The old line made certain large swerves. The new line makes similar ones. The advantage of the new line over the old one is of a sort which amazingly illustrates the modern economic importance of things that seem not large but small.

What the new line does, is to iron out the relatively small wiggles and the relatively small ups and downs. It is as if you took a kinked wire and straightened it with pliers. It would still have big bends in it, as you laid it on the ground, but every inch of it would be "straighter" than it was before.

The total "curvature" in the old line, the mathematical sum of all its wiggles, was 3970 degrees. A locomotive had to haul its train, windingly, grindingly, around all those degrees of kinked track on its way from one end of the old line to the other. Now, on the new line, the total number of degrees of curvature to be traveled is only 1570.

Similarly, the old line went up and went down—and down some more and up some more—until it had accomplished 553 feet of "rise and fall." On the new line the number of feet of "rise and fall" has been reduced to 226.

But how small that saving seems—to the layman! The difference between 553 and 226 is only 327. It is a saving of less than one-fifteenth of a mile. It is spread along over a distance of approximately forty miles. In forty miles, the Lackawanna, through building a "Cut-off" costing $12,000,000, has saved one-fifteenth of a mile of "rise and fall."

The preference of the steam locomotive for the straight and level path has surely never been better proved. The friends of electrification have always claimed that in the mountain districts of this country, as soon as freight traffic became really dense, it would be necessary either to put on electric locomotives, which seem to climb steep grades with pleasure, or else to totally rebuild our railway systems in those districts, in order to give the steam locomotive the levelness it needs. The Norfolk & Western electrified one section of its track. The Lackawanna has rebuilt. The struggle between the two methods is evidently beginning.

INCREASED COST OF WOMEN'S FEET

The man who thought up shoe "novelties" is earnestly repentant.

THERE is a shoe-manufacturer who has offered as many as 1577 separate and different styles of shoes in one season. His samples alone, for his salesmen, have cost him some $40,000. He doubtless is among the shoe-men who are filled with deep regret that any attempt was ever made to introduce the full "style idea" into the shoe trade.

When you see—when you can not help seeing—a lady whose shoes are laced at the side, and when you see her a few weeks later with shoes that lace behind, you may be filled with what you think is a superior sort of sorrow for her, and may point her out to your friends as a "victim" of fashion. Your sympathy is misplaced. The person who can use any sorrow you may happen to have to spare is the manufacturer—or retailer—of female footwear.

Only a few seasons back the ladies were really rather neglectful of their footwear. They bought shoes without one-tenth of the thought or of the toil which they lovingly expended on hats or on waists. There were styles in shoes even then, of course; but they were few. Shoes were, one might say, for each

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successive season, "standard." They were made months ahead of time. The dealer bought them in quantity and kept them in stock. Women purchased them for quality and for price, leaving the question of style very largely to whatever shop they happened to enter.

At this point some unwise shoe-manufacturer, fancying that he understood women—a state of mind which never fails to lead to disaster—determined to stimulate purchases by increasing the number of styles, and by trying to make them widely known and popularly demanded. He calculated that in this way he could cause women to buy more shoes. He caused. They bought. They bought so hard that now it is thought by some shoe-men that, in certain places at least, fifty per cent. of all shoe sales are not of standard styles at all, but of "novelties;" and the manufacturing and merchandizing of shoes has taken on many of the characteristics of a mad-house.

NO LONGER can the retailer lay in a line of shoes and have any sure faith in being able to sell them. He has bought, let us say, a certain number of shoes with gray tops; but no sooner do these shoes appear in his windows than there is designed and offered to the trade a totally new shoe, which has a front seam which goes all the way down to the toe. Those gray-topped shoes have no such seam. Besides, they have gray tops. A month back, on that street, the gray top (of that particular sort) was style. Now it is infamous.

What does the retailer do? He sells—an actual incident—for $5.50 certain pairs of improperly gray-topped shoes which would have yielded him only a normal profit at their former scheduled retail price of $12.00; and he then buys a certain number of the new shoes which have replaced them; but *he buys those new shoes in the smallest possible quantities*, and he does his best not to keep any large supply of shoes of any sort on his shelves.

This policy, on the part of the retailer, paralyzes the manufacturer. No longer can he look ahead with certainty to the sale of certain amounts of certain sorts of shoes during next summer, and use that knowledge in organizing the work of his factory during this winter. He must wait, and watch what happens, and make new designs, and imitate the designs of other manufacturers, and guess, and see, perhaps, more than half his offerings turn out to be losers, and only a few of them turn out to be genuine winners. And then, when orders do come in, he must manufacture with the haste which is supremely costly.

Last summer an additional blow was leveled at the shoe-men by the uplift in skirts. They had thought that at least one prospect for the summer season was secure. In summer, women would wear their shoes low. In that summer, however, skirts rose and went short. Women, now believing in styles in shoes, determined to wear high shoes—boots. The manufacturer, who had already made low shoes for them, turned in and made boots for them; and millions of low shoes waited on the shelves for buyers that never came.

There must be wrinkles in the leather above the ankle. It must be a "botte cosaque." The top must be almost at the knee. It must then come down three inches, and have the wrinkles ironed out, and be a "botte Apache," perhaps, in a month.

A great query rises. In millinery, where styles change with greater rapidity than in any other trade, the small local milliner who makes to order has been able to hold her own against the large manufacturer—the custom-made hat has been able to survive and thrive against the manufactured hat—largely because hat styles lend themselves to extreme individuality.

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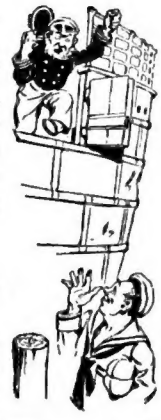
Will the custom-made shoe now begin to be a larger element in the shoe-market? Will women, seeing how one shoe differeth from another in glory, begin to express their individualities as variously in footwear as in headgear? It is not a thought to which the shoe-manufacturer can turn with joy. Women have been given the chance to buy more shoes. They have been offered the opportunity to spend more money. They have welcomed it. They have clung to it. That first shoe manufacturer, who sought to play upon their alleged weakness, may now realize the truth of the adage that man proposes once, but woman accepts for keeps.

AMERICA TO BENEFIT BY SEAMEN DESERTING



"Deserting" a ship has ceased to be a crime.

ONE possible effect of the new Seaman's Law has been widely overlooked. The owners of American ships complain about the high wages which they say they are obliged to pay their crews. They say they pay American wages, and compete with foreign ships paying foreign wages. Andrew Furuseth, president of the Seaman's Union, claims that the provision in the new law which permits seamen to "desert" their ships will tend to "equalize" wages. It will have consequences, according to Mr. Furuseth, as follows:

A Greek ship comes to New York. Certain members of its crew take half of their wages, forfeit the other half, and quit. The captain of the ship must replace them. He must hire new seamen out of New York boarding-houses.

At what wages will he be able to hire them? Apparently only at the wages which are current in New York harbor—that is, at wages that are American.

Similarly, an American ship goes to Odessa. It there loses, by "desertion," a certain part of its crew. The captain of the ship must hire new seamen out of the boarding-houses of Odessa. Will he not get them at Odessa wages—that is, at wages that are Russian?

In time, then, according to Mr. Furuseth, there will be a free and open market for seamen in all the ports of the United States, and in all the ports at which American ships touch in foreign countries. The wages paid on American ships and the wages paid on foreign ships will tend to become "equalized."

It may be remarked that a similar "equalization" in another part of the cost of owning and operating ocean ships will be accomplished by the provisions which oblige American ships and foreign ships equally to make certain arrangements and to install certain apparatus for safety.

This idea of "equalization" might perhaps be carried still farther. If every foreign ship sailing from an American port were obliged to conform in every particular to all requirements imposed on American ships, what difference could there be between them in cost of operation and maintenance? The need of subsidies to American ships would then vanish. Mr. Furuseth may hold a place in history some day, not only as a benefactor of the sailor-man, but as one of the founders of the new American merchant marine.

ELKS IN THE BREAD LINE

IT SEEMS clear that the wapiti can now be regarded as the "national pet" of the United States. Another name for the wapiti is elk. Uncle Sam now feeds elk out of his hand, when the weather is very cold and the snow is very deep and the elk would otherwise suffer from hunger and perhaps not live to see the spring. Uncle Sam does this in case the elk come to

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Jackson Hole. Any elk that reports to Jackson Hole—which is in Wyoming—at any time during any of the really bad cold spells of this winter, will there hear of something to his advantage.

In the Jackson Hole neighborhood, for that very reason, there live a certain number of men about whom it could perhaps be said that they have experienced a keener sensation of astonishment than has ever fallen to the lot of any other group of men in the United States. These men are farmers who, in former years, used to go out and sleep beside their stacks of hay in order to prevent the elk from eating their hay-supply entire. There sleeps the farmer. Enter to him Uncle Sam. Uncle Sam:

"We must preserve the wapiti. He is a noble animal. We must not slay him in wrath. We must leave him alone. And we must not be content with not slaying him and with leaving him alone. We must feed him. We must feed him hay."

It was not till consciousness had been restored to the farmer that the wisdom of this idea became clear to him. Elk, when numerous, attract hunters; and it is calculated that almost any hunter can be despoiled of at least fourteen dollars a day by the guides and camp-owners of any intelligently populated district. The inhabitants of the Jackson Hole district are highly intelligent, and the elk are amazingly numerous. The total number of elk descending from the surrounding mountains into that district for the winter season is put at twenty thousand.

During severe weather their food supply is the twigs of the aspen poplar and the bark of the spruce. Even loose brush, left behind at nightfall by the woodchopper, is devoured before morning. In the winter of 1910-1911, some two thousand elk in the Jackson Hole district starved to death. The method through which nature prevents any one wild animal from multiplying to the point of taking up all the standing-room on earth is harrowingly exhibited in a United States Biological Survey picture, which shows a fenced haystack with dead elk lying on the ground about it. Nature's supply of food had been exhausted. The artificial supply, in this case, had been too carefully protected.

In 1911 Congress voted $20,000 for carrying food to wapiti. Later, it voted $50,000 for buying a tract of land to be a wapiti-refuge, and also to be, in part, a hay-field on which wapiti-food could be grown. Some seven hundred tons of hay, in certain winter seasons lately, have been spread before the wapiti of Jackson Hole, to the great improvement of their manners toward mankind.

There are a great many children in New York who will frequently go to school hungry this winter.

"The state is pushing me into a life of reckless ballot-bluffing crime."

CONFESSIONS OF A VOTER—CHAPTER ONE

I HAVE read the confessions of promoters of oil companies and of brokers of war-supplies and of operators of matrimonial bureaus, but I never yet have read the confessions of a voter. This seems to indicate one of the few gaps in the literature of self-revelation. I have determined to fill it. Being a voter myself, and being acutely conscious at last of the pangs of conscience, I propose, from time to time, to lay bare my actions and my feelings to a public which never fails to profit from the information which it thus gets.

Like all impostors, I am not responsible. I have been flattered, even tricked, even coerced, into my present way of life. This fact will appear clearly in the incident I am about to recount—an incident which took place only this year.

The state of New Jersey—my home state—this year submitted to me and to

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my fellow voters a question which surely was calculated to arouse the vanity and to stimulate the recklessness of even the most modest and cautious of citizens. There exists, in the southern part of the state, a large area of land called the Wharton tract. It is very wet. The question was: Shall the Wharton tract be bought for $1,000,000, to be developed as a source of drinking-water for the teeming millions of our industrial centers?

I WAS profoundly touched. The confidence which my state exhibited in me was exquisite. How it shone in comparison with the short-sighted skepticism of, for instance, the Lackawanna Railroad! When the Lackawanna is trying to decide whether or not to build a new type of round-house, does it consult me? On the contrary, it consults some mechanical engineer whose mind has been dulled by a constant daily study of round-houses. The state of New Jersey had risen to what I may safely call a more imaginative level. It appealed directly to the instinct, the unharassed and unexhausted instinct, for engineering, and particularly for watershed engineering, which it divined to lie, totally undulled by use, in my mental character.

I must confess that for some time I thought of taking a course of formal instruction in engineering at Stevens Institute. I found, however, that such a course would require several years, and that I had only a few months to devote to watershed studies before election day would arrive. Moreover, I soon perceived that in confining my studies to those few months, the state of New Jersey was actuated by a consistent policy. It wished to get the benefit of that instinct of mine of which I have spoken, and it did not intend to allow me to demoralize that instinct by excessive research.

I contented myself, therefore, with my daily newspaper, and I was rewarded. I soon ran across the primary element in the problem. The Wharton Tract would produce 340,000,000 gallons of water every day. It was clear to me that this was a very large amount of water. The price to be paid for the Tract was $1,000,000. I determined to buy it.

I CONTINUED in that determination for several days. At the end of that time the primary element in my problem was shattered. My newspaper printed the fact that the State Geological Survey had once found that the daily yield of water from the Wharton Tract would be only 200,000,000 gallons or even less. It printed the further fact, too, that the towns and cities in the vicinity of the Wharton Tract would stand in no need of additional supplies of drinking-water for some twenty-five years. Would I buy an area of wet land with only 200,000,000 gallons of water a day on it, and have it on my hands for twenty-five years, producing nothing but unsalable dampness all that time? I would not. I determined to vote "No."

I continued in this determination for several weeks. My newspaper then hired a reporter who discovered that the Wharton Tract was a splendid place for cranberries. Till we were ready to drink it, we could grow cranberries on it.

It was a fascinating prospect. Magnificent stretches of cranberry-plants, lifting their crimson offerings to the golden autumn sky, and then traveling away in long, heavy freight trains to inspirit the American people in Texas, perhaps, and in California, at a profit to the state of New Jersey! I went into the cranberry question rather deeply, and I might have found it useful and even decisive in solving my problem, had I not been interrupted by my wife, who needed cranberries for Thanksgiving and who felt that, instead of giving my whole time to becoming a student of cranberries on behalf of the state of

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New Jersey, I might well try to earn a couple of them for her. She suggested also, with a reverence for expert professional advice which betrayed the merely prospective voter ignorant of the spiritual value of government by popular intuition, that I ought to write to the New Jersey Water Supply Commission which had expertly professionally studied the Wharton Tract plan. In a moment of weakness I consented.

My determination at that moment, as I have said, was to vote "No," and I had not been quite shaken away from it even by the cranberries. There came, however, a communication from the Water Supply Commission which left me no alternative but to change my mind completely. The members of that commission had been all over the ground, they knew all about it, and they believed that it should be bought—with enthusiasm. I determined to vote "Yes."

I continued in that determination for several hours. At the end of that time I was able to enjoy a triumph (which I deeply appreciated) over my wife's thoroughly wooden conception of government. An interview was given out by the New Jersey Commission on Conservation and Development. This Commission was quite equal in dignity and in value to the Water Supply Commission. And it said that the Wharton Tract was a very doubtful bargain, indeed, and that the proposed scheme for purchasing it should be rejected—and rejected with emphasis.

"THERE!" I said to my wife. "You see! Here are two sets of experts. They differ. So the state asks me to settle it. That's the very genius of the whole idea I've tried so often to explain to you. When the state asks me to say which of my neighbors has the general common-sense qualities which would help him to be a good member of the legislature, it asks me to do something which I conceivably can do. But that sort of thing is done even in England and in France. This is different. Here the state asks me to vote on a statute which is full of technical considerations, on which its own local experts disagree. In such circumstances the Lackawanna Railroad might go and find the greatest ultimate expert in the world and leave it to him. Not so the state of New Jersey. It leaves it to me. That's real confidence in the people. That's faith!"

"Well," said my wife, "you'd better take the advice of the Commission on Conservation and Development. It was founded after the other commission, and it has had less time to study the question."

I must admit that this advice of hers seemed to me to promise that she might one day make a safe voter. I followed it. I voted "No." And I was right. Only about 100,000 of the voters of New Jersey voted "Yes." More than 120,000 of them voted "No." The people had spoken. The proposed scheme would have been a technical mistake. I was right.

Of course I have thrown over this incident a conviction of virtue which I do not always feel. Sometimes, in moments of comparative political sobriety, I realize that I ought to be arrested and thrown into jail as a confidence-man. I am continually using my vote to induce the state to take action of one sort or another in matters of which I know nothing. Yet I can not stop. If there were a Refuge for Reformed Voters where I could be kept till I was sobered up completely, I might be restored to a decent life. At present, as will appear in subsequent instalments of my narrative, the state itself is pushing me farther and farther down into a life of reckless ballot-bluffing crime.

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